

# Walking In The Dreamtime

James Reyne

Went a`walking in the sunshine  
About a thousand Brumby ghosts  
Hunters bushmen bandits  
And fence wire on the posts  
Felt that ebony skin  
And felt the whole of the ivory coast  
Not flying away flying away  
Never been across the ocean man  
You didn't sail it out across the sea  
You didn't dig it for gold  
In a little black hole  
Of all the things to be  
You've got Summer light freckles  
You didn't need your ABC  
Not flying away flying away

Oh I walking in the dreamtime  
The dreamtime  
Oh I walking in the sun

Now your lying in a door way brother  
Land of black fatigue  
You say we braved the ocean  
We crossed ten thousand leagues  
You all stung the lashes  
Of a hundred Captain Queegues  
Not flying away flying away  
Cut the name across your backbone  
Stretch the skin across the drum  
Set 'em up in some old island  
Today 'till kingdom come  
Stole that pinch gut pudding  
Covered it with rum  
Not flying away flying away  
Walking in the sun

Spirits in the sky  
Watch them roll by  
Look & listen  
Not flying away  
Flying away