

# Last Frontier

Jimmy Barnes

Pushin' ever westward, across the great divide.  
Beyond the darling river,  
Towards the outback sky.

The lawless and the brave, searching for a dream.  
When all they found was sand and stone,  
Where rivers once had been.

They tried to follow nomads, like ghosts in desert dreams,  
And suffered in a sunburnt land,  
Down in the last frontier.

And they sent them from the motherlands,  
Into the greatest fear.  
To live and die for freedoms cry,  
Down in the last frontier.

A drover rides in search of work, across the sweeping plains.  
A farmer kneels in a hungry church,  
As his children pray for rain.

Back in a land across the sea,  
They found another war.  
They asked the Anzacs to believe,  
In what their fighting for.

And they sent them from the motherlands,  
Into the greatest fear.  
To live and die for freedoms cry,  
Down in the last frontier.

And they sent them to another land,  
Into the greatest fear.  
To fight and die for freedoms cry,  
And for the last frontier.

People in the lucky land, who searched for paradise,  
Are reaching out for something more,  
And they don't believe their lies.

The promises of hope and work, still ringing in their ears.  
The hungry and the homeless cry,  
Down in the last frontier.

And they sent them from the motherlands,  
Into the greatest fear.  
To live and die for freedoms cry,  
Down in the last frontier.

And they sent them to another land,  
Into the greatest fear.  
To live and die for freedoms cry,  
And for the last frontier.

The promises of hope and work, still ringing in their ears.  
The hungry and the homeless cry,  
Down in the last frontier.

The last frontier.  
The last frontier.