

The Dreaming

Kate Bush

"Bang" goes another Kanga
On the bonnet of the van
(See the lights ram through the gaps in the land)
Many an Aborigine's mistaken for a tree
'Til you near him on the motoreway
The tree begin to breathe
(See the lights ram through the gaps in the land)
Coming in with the golden light in the morning
Coming in with the golden light is the New Man
Coming in with the golden light is my dented van

DRE-A-M-T-I-ME

The civilized keep alive the territorial war
(See the lights ram through the gaps in the land)
Erase the race that claim the place
And say we dig for ore
Or dangle Devils in a bottle
And push them from the Pull Of The Bush
(See the lights ram through the gaps in the land)
You find them in the road
(See the lights bounce of the rocks to the sand)
In the road
Coming in with the golden light - in the morning
Coming in with the golden light - with no warning
Coming in with the golden light - we bring in the rigging
Dig, dig, dig away

DRE-A-M-T-I-ME

Many an Aborigine's mistaken for a tree
You near him on the motoreway, the tree begin to breathe
Erase the race that claim the place and say we dig for ore
(See the lights ram through the gaps in the land)
Dangle Devils in a bottle and push them from the Pull Of The Bush
(See the sun set in the hand of the man)
"Bang" goes another Kanga on the bonnet of the van
(See the lights ram through the gaps in the land)
You find them in the road
In the road
(See the light)
Pull Of The Bush
(See the lights bounce of the rocks to the sand)
Push them from the - Pull Of The Bush
See the sun set in the hand of the man