

The Spirit Of The Anzacs

Lee Kernaghan

He's a drover drifting over Western plains,
He's a city lad, a clark down Flinder's Lane,
They're in the trenches at Lone Pine,
And on the Flander's firing line,
A willing band of ordinary men.

He's all of them,
He's one of us,
Born beneath,
The Southern Cross,
Side by side,
We say with pride,
He is all of them,
He is one of us.

He's a pilot on a midnight bombing raid,
He's an Able Seaman on the Armidale
She's a nurse in Vietnam,
They're on patrol in Uruzgan,
Sons and daughters rising to the call.

She's all of them,
She's one of us,
Born beneath,
The Southern Cross,
Side by side,
We say with pride,
She is all of them,
She is one of us.

The spirit of the ANZACs,
Proud and strong,
Spirit of the ANZACs,
Will live on and on and on.

He's all of them,
He's one of us,
Born beneath,
The Southern Cross,
Side by side,
We say with pride,
He is all of them,
She is all of them.
They are one of us.

They are one of us