

A Land He Calls His Own

Slim Dusty

The big old bullocks walking down the red and dusty track
Far from the coast and the city lights in the heart of the great outback
And close behind on a big bay horse astride his leather throne
Sits a native of Australia, in a land he calls his own.

Though his by birth, the laws of man, have kept him from this place
And weeping spirits of the soil kept calling to his race,
Though the earth is cold and empty now, since he wandered from his home
Where is our native brother, in this land he calls his own.

When sacred soil was plundered, and the elders made a stand
Their words were left rejected and drove them to the sand
And the big man in the city, happy with the deal he'd sold
Condemned a thousand people, from the land they call their own.

The land is dead and silent and the white man's hand is gone
And the trees and birds have left us, and the more we hear their song
Though they've lift the spirit from you and carved you to the bone
We're back to claim our birthright this place we call our home,

So big bullocks walking down the red and dusty track
Far from the coast and the city lights in the heart of the great outback
And close behind on a big bay horse astride his leather throne
Sits a native of Australia, In a land he calls his own.