

## 400 Miles From Darwin

The Whitlams

We pay to shed a sombre tear in the darkness together here  
One among the hundreds, crying for the millions  
And when the house lights break the trance  
Only then unclasp our hands  
Compose ourselves and fix our hair  
"We would have all been Schindler there"  
Drive in silence slowly home  
Now horror's more than skin and bone

And can you see in twenty years  
We'll pay to shed the same cheap tears  
In a film about an island, watch our hero take a stand  
Pay our money gladly to wash our hands

Watching the movie we'll ask how the people might have known  
Let it happen there without a fight  
Kept driving on quietly home  
Left the Timorese alone - 400 miles from Darwin

The two-minute hate is now the three-hour love  
With any action left to up above  
Those people then could turn their heads  
Now all the same we sleep instead  
While 400 miles from Darwin  
East Timor is dying

Watching the movie we'll ask how the people might have known  
Let it happen there without a fight  
Kept driving on quietly home  
Left the Timorese alone - 400 miles from Darwin