

## A Fourth World

Xavier Rudd

Here we are under these particular stars  
Here we stand Victorian  
Where the white folk can grow to no so  
Very little about the black folk  
The same folk who rightfully own  
This piece of beauty that we call our home

Well negativity is often heard from society  
With conviction they preach  
Not even knowing of whom they speak  
I guess it's each to there own  
Those that want to will know  
I guess it's each to there own  
Because from the top the views are old and grey

Well I feel so ashamed  
Of this system and these ways  
The tiny hearts that lead our nation  
And tiny minds that let them in  
And I see your confusion  
I see your pain  
I see your pain and your confusion  
And there's still some with my skin  
Who still try and hide the reason