

Icehouse, Great Southern Land

Standing at the limit of an endless ocean
stranded like a runaway, lost at sea
city on a rainy day down in the harbour
watching as the grey clouds shadow the bay
looking everywhere 'cause I had to find you
this is not the way that i remember it here
anyone will tell you its a prisoner island
hidden in the summer for a million years

Great Southern Land, burned you black

so you look into the land and it will tell you a story
story 'bout a journey ended long ago
if you listen to the motion of the wind in the mountains
maybe you can hear them talking like I do
". . they're gonna betray, they're gonna forget you
are you gonna let them take you over this way . ."

Great Southern Land, Great Southern Land
you walk alone like a primitive man
and they make it work with sticks and bones
see their hungry eyes, its a hungry home
I hear the sound of the stranger's voices
I see their hungry eyes, their hungry eyes
Great Southern Land, Great Southern Land
they burned you black, black against the ground

Great Southern Land, in the sleeping sun
you walk alone with the ghost of time
they burned you black, black against the ground
and they make it work with rocks and sand
I hear the sound of the stanger's voices
I see their hungry eyes, their hungry eyes
Great Southern Land, Great Southern Land
you walk alone, like a primitive man
you walk alone with the ghost of time
and they burned you black
yeah, they burned you black
Great Southern Land