

Xavier Rudd, A Fourth World

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