

# Anderson Bruford Wakeman Howe, Birthright

(Anderson / Howe / Wakeman / Bruford / Bacon)

In 1954 the British Government, in order to maintain the balance of power between East and West, exploded their first atom bomb at Woomera. They failed to contact all of the Aborigine peoples at the time. The Aborigines still call this 'the day of the cloud.'

A new born land  
Dreaming by the sky  
The scent of colours  
In the flowers  
Believe it's small  
In many ways  
It holds the key  
That divides the super powers  
This road is never lonely  
To ENGLAND they are tied  
They were blasted by the Silver Cloud  
There were blasted to the wall alive  
This place, this place ain't big enough for stars and stripes  
Counting out the statesmen  
Bungling one by one  
Spelling out this segregation  
So the catchword be  
Looking after number one  
They release the fear inside  
Are human after all  
So begins our dream time  
They hunted like the dinosaur  
We the pure  
They the savage innocent  
How we crush our existence after all  
Come on  
For without them  
We are lonely  
This England we are blind  
Like all the Empires crumble  
Will surely change the tide  
This place ain't big enough for red and white  
This place ain't big enough for stars and stripes  
This place - This place  
This place is theirs, by their birthright  
This place  
The sun gives better reasons  
United we are blind  
To deliver our existence  
Keep it up  
Keep it up  
This human tide, give it some  
We can break the ties  
Of recent changes  
Know the ones who  
Hold the key  
Singing out the congregation  
We are them and they are we  
This place ain't big enough for red and white  
This place ain't big enough for stars and stripes  
This place  
This place  
This place is theirs by their birthright