

# Ganggajang, Nomadsland

(Robert James)

I can feel the earth for the first time since my birth  
I can feel it through the holes in my old walking shoes  
Don't know where I'm going, I don't know where I've been  
I'm just blowing in the wind in between  
Here in Nomadsland  
Walking in Nomadsland

Somewhere in the middle lands an echo from the streets  
Fleeting noises disappear along the lonely creeks  
To the rivers of forgetfulness in the wastelands of time  
You can grow a garden on a grain of sand  
Here in Nomadsland  
Walking in Nomadsland

I'm walking through time in Australia  
Two hundred years later  
Walking through time in Australia  
Two hundred years later

...Sixty thousand years later