

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