

Redgum, Letter To B.J.

Can you hear me Bjelke-Petersen
From your leather padded chair?
There's a tide outside your door
Steadily rising
It's a simple case of freedom
And a lot of us who care
And if demonstrations aren't enough
Well I hope you've said your prayers

It seems this time you've gone too far
Next you'll call the troopers in
And you can put my dossier
In the glossy pages of the bulletin

Oh you think the battle's over
Well the war has just begun
Your legislation's just a piece of tissue
Oh won't you listen to the beat
Of ten thousand marching feet?
Taking to the street

Oh there'll be a national monument
In yellow-cake of course
Oh where the plaque reads
"Look what Bjelke-Petersen did"
A traitor's tree, a traitor's rope,
Thirty bits of silver
And a couple of Queensland
Jackboot kicks

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