

Yes, 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