

# Native Born

## Archie Roach

Albert Namatjira painted  
Not so much the things he saw  
But what he felt inside and how he loved the Flinders Range  
The only thing he ever wanted  
The reason that he painted for  
Was that everybody share the dream  
His land would never change Ah but change it did and through the years  
They introduced some foreign plants  
Familiar things are strange  
While strangers play upon the lawn  
And mother land has shed her tears  
For lives that never stood a chance  
And Albert Namatjira cried, as we all cry  
The Native Born So bow your head old Eucalypt and Wattle Tree  
Australia's bush losing its identity  
While the cities and the parks that they have planned  
Look out of place because the spirit's in the land  
Look out of place because the spirit's in the land Do you remember Joseph Banks?  
Who stood upon this sacred earth  
And what he felt inside when he looked around and saw  
The land to whom we give our thanks  
Our mother land who's given birth  
To trees and plants and animals he'd never seen before? So bow your head old Eucalypt and Wattle Tree  
Australia's bush losing its identity  
While the cities and the parks that they have planned  
Look out of place because the spirit's in the land  
But no one knows or no one hears  
The way we used to sing and dance  
And how the Gum Tree stood and stretched to greet the golden morn  
And mother land still sheds her tears  
For lives that never stood a chance  
And Albert Namatjira cried as we all cry  
The Native Born  
We cry the Native Born  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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