

# THE DREAMING

## Buddha Cafe

Bang, goes another kanga on the bonnet of the van  
See the light ram through the gaps in the land  
Many an Aborigine's mistaken for a tree  
?Til you near him on the motorway  
And the tree begin to breathe  
See the light ram through the gaps in the land  
Coming in with the golden light in the morning  
Coming in with the golden light is the new man  
Coming in with the golden light is my dented van  
Woomera  
The civilized keep alive the territorial war  
See the light ram through the gaps in the land  
Erase the race that claim the place  
And say we dig for ore or dangle devils in a bottle  
And push them from the pull of the bush  
See the light ram through the gaps in the land  
You find them in the road  
See the lights bounce off the rocks to the sand, in the road  
Coming in with the golden light in the morning  
Coming in with the golden light with no warning  
Coming in with the golden light, we bring in the rigging  
Dig, dig, dig, dig away  
M-m-many an Aborigine's mistaken for a tree  
See the light ram through the gaps in the land  
You near him on the motorway  
And the tree begin to breathe  
Erase the race that claim the place  
And say we dig for ore  
See the light ram through the gaps in the land  
Dangle devils in a bottle  
And push them from the pull of the bush  
See the sun set in the hand of the man  
Bang, goes another kanga on the bonnet of the van  
See the light bounce off the rocks to the sand  
You find them in the road  
See the light ram through the gaps in the land  
In the road, see the light  
(Push ?em from the pull of the bush)  
See the light bounce off the rocks to the sand

(Push ?em from the pull of the bush)  
See the sun set in the hand of the man  
Oh, Re mikayina

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