Bullroarer

Krakatau

In the desert in the dry
Before the breaking of the rain
The temperature in the shade
Had reached a hundred and ten againIn the desert in the dry
On the overland telegraph line
Don't take the law into your own hands
Don't go looking for a fightI've heard the bullroarersIn the desert in the dry
Sun sits so high
Long day's mile and the radio crackles
And the bones bleached whiteIt's a knock 'em down storm
See the tin roof shake
Wild dog howls and the long grass whistles
And the tall trees breakI've seen the wild horses
I've heard the bullroarers
I've seen the wild horsesShifting sands and broken plans
Lead me on to my homelandI've seen the wild horses
I've heard the bullroarers
I've seen the wild horsesI've seen the wild
I've heard the bull
I've seen the wild
I've heard the bullroarersNow it's shifting sands and broken plans

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