

# 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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