

The Dreaming

Kate Bush

Bang, goes another kanga on the bonnet of the van
See the light ram through the gaps in the land
Many an Aborigines mistaken for a treeTil you near him on the motorway
And the tree begin to breathe
See the light ram through the gaps in the landComing 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 vanWoomeraThe 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 bottleAnd 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 roadComing 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 awayM-m-many an Aborigines 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 breatheErase 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 bottleAnd push them from the pull of the bush
See the sun set in the hand of the manBang, 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 landIn 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 manOh, Re mikayina

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