

The Great Gibber Plain

Midnight Oil

From the great gibber plain to the Indian ocean
From the stones at my feet to my sown off emotions
Already gone, we've already been
We're free free to secede
From Gallipoli's cliffs to the banks of the Thames
For those that are nameless does memory remain
How can we forget what's already been
We're free so free to secede

Like crimson turning to gold, yeah
Like crimson turning to gold
Caught in the detail of losses and gains
You cannot abandon something so tame
It's already gone already been
We're free free so free to secede

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