

# From Little Things Big Things Grow

## The Waifs

Gather round people let me tell you're a story  
An eight year long story of power and pride  
British Lord Vestey and Vincent Lingiarri  
Were opposite men on opposite sides

Vestey was fat with money and muscle  
Beef was his business, broad was his door  
Vincent was lean and spoke very little  
He had no bank balance, hard dirt was his floor

From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow

Gurindji were working for nothing but rations  
Where once they had gathered the wealth of the land  
Daily the pressure got tighter and tighter  
Gurindju decided they must make a stand

They picked up their swags and started off walking  
At Wattie Creek they sat themselves down  
Now it don't sound like much but it sure got tongues talking  
Back at the homestead and then in the town

From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow

Vestey man said I'll double your wages  
Seven quid a week you'll have in your hand  
Vincent said uh-huh we're not talking about wages  
We're sitting right here till we get our land  
Vestey man roared and Vestey man thundered  
You don't stand the chance of a cinder in snow  
Vince said if we fall others are rising

From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow

Then Vincent Lingiarri boarded an aeroplane  
Landed in Sydney, big city of lights  
And daily he went round softly speaking his story

To all kinds of men from all walks of life

And Vincent sat down with big politicians  
This affair they told him is a matter of state  
Let us sort it out, your people are hungry  
Vincent said no thanks, we know how to wait

From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow

Then Vincent Lingiarri returned in an aeroplane  
Back to his country once more to sit down  
And he told his people let the stars keep on turning  
We have friends in the south, in the cities and towns

Eight years went by, eight long years of waiting  
Till one day a tall stranger appeared in the land  
And he came with lawyers and he came with great ceremony  
And through Vincent's fingers poured a handful of sand

From little things big things grow  
From little things big things grow

That was the story of Vincent Lingairri  
But this is the story of something much more  
How power and privilege can not move a people  
Who know where they stand and stand in the law

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written by KELLY, PAUL MAURICE/CARMODY, KEVIN DANIEL  
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