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 Aborigine?s mistaken for a tree
?Til you near him on the motorway
And the tree begin to breathe
See the light ram through the gaps in the land
Coming 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 van
Woomera
The 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 bottle
And 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 road
Coming 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 away
M-m-many an Aborigine?s 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 breathe
Erase 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 bottle
And push them from the pull of the bush
See the sun set in the hand of the man
Bang, 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 land
In 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 man
Oh, Re mikayina

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