Eureka

Russell Morris

I can hear them in the distance coming over the hills
Marching of the feet sound so battle drilled
Standing in the goldfields with mud on my boots
Won't be long now for the moment of truthI hear a piper and a drum,
see sticks against guns
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to runPeter Lalor talking with his head in the air
I see a silhouette telling men to beware
Livin' on damper and a mountain of dreams
They backed us to the wall in the miners squeezeI hear a piper and a drum
See sticks against guns
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to runThe red coats look like murder and the black coats like birds of prey
The banner on bakery hill has been torn awaySticks picks and shovels are the weapons we share
Against government muskets in a fight that's unfair
Livin' in a city of of canvas' hard
A barefoot fighter in the slaughter yardI hear a piper and a drum,
see sticks against guns,
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to runI hear a piper and a drum
See sticks against guns
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to run

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