

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 truth I hear a piper and a drum,
see sticks against guns
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to run Peter 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 squeeze I hear a piper and a drum
See sticks against guns
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to run The red coats look like murder and the black coats like birds of prey
The banner on bakery hill has been torn away Sticks 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 yard I hear a piper and a drum,
see sticks against guns,
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to run I hear a piper and a drum
See sticks against guns
Armageddon has begun
Nowhere to run

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