

Ancient Mountains

John Williamson

by John Williamson Where ancient mountains are whittled down

Millions of years to a little mound

Where giant feet are fossil found

I see spinifex surfing on a dune,

The rock is redder in the afternoon

Tourists clicking madly soon Where spring will come with any rain

A chance to flower and seed again

Forever garden risin' plain

The dangers of the wild remain And away up there where the wind is blown

Never before felt so alone

More aware of skin and bone

I watch the parade of human folk

Strips of rubber, cans of Coke

Making dust and blowing smoke Where the awe-inspiring power of time

Leave some fearful, some sublime

White man finds his progress prime

Black man feels no urge to climb Now I believe we all are one

Features and creatures in the sun

Breathing the air we all belong

I have a dream I can't explain

Wattle soldiers, making claim

And paradise returns again

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