

Beds Are Burning

Julia Stone

Out where the river broke
The blood-wood and the desert oak
Holden wrecks and boiling diesels
Steam in forty-five degrees

The time has come
To say fair's fair
To pay the rent
To pay our share

The time has come
A fact's a fact
It belongs to them
Let's give it back

How can we dance
When our earth is turning
How do we sleep
While our beds are burning

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When our earth is turning
How do we sleep
While our beds are burning

The time has come
To say fair's fair
To pay the rent
Now to pay our share

Four wheels scare the cockatoos
From Kintore East to Yuendumu

The western desert lives and breathes
In forty-five degrees

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