

## Where?

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Now the land is bare and brown  
And the wind blows empty cross the plains  
I have walked these plains for the whole memory of my soul

And the soul of my mothers  
And the soul of my father's fathers  
We have been the life of these plains, ghosts on these plains,  
The wind once full  
The grass once green  
There were plants in our hands  
The time seems so long ago, now  
Where is the rich dark earth brown and moist?  
Where is the smell of rain dripping from gumtrees?

Everything familiar is gone  
Everything I counted on  
I can't run  
I can't swim away from this land  
Where is the rich dark earth brown and moist?  
Where is the smell of rain dripping from gumtrees?  
Where are the billabongs?  
The long legged birds?  
Where are the rivers, they used to flow clear  
Now they're eaten by mud  
Who will save us?  
From the rabbits?