

# The Great Gibber Plain

Midnight Oil

From the great gibber plain  
To the indian ocean  
From the stones at my feet  
To my sawn off emotions  
Already gone  
We've already been  
We're free free  
To secede

From gallipoli's cliffs  
To the banks of the thames  
For those that are nameless  
Does memory remain  
How can we forget  
What's already been  
We're free so free  
To secede

Like crimson turning to gold yeah  
Like crimson turning to gold

Caught in the detail of losses and gains  
You cannot abandon something so tame  
It's already gone already been  
We're free free so free  
To secede