

There's a road train going nowhere  
Roads are cut, lines are down  
We'll be staying at the Roma bar  
Till that monsoon passes on

The backbone of this country's broken  
The land is cracked and the land is sore  
Farmers are hanging on by their fingertips  
We cursed and stumbled across that shore

I hear much support for the monarchy  
I hear the Union Jack's to remain,  
I see Namatjira in custody  
I see Truganini's in chains

And the world won't stand still

Blue collar work it don't get you nowhere  
You just go round and round in debt  
Somebody's got you on that treadmill, mate  
And I hope you're not beaten yet

I hear much support for the monarchy  
I see the Union Jack in flames, let it burn  
I see Namatjira with dignity  
I see Truganini's in chains

And the world won't stand still  
And the world won't stand still  
Chains...  
And the world won't stand still  
And the world won't stand still