

Raining On The Rock

John Williamson

Pastel red to burgundy and spinifex to gold,
We've just come out of the Mulga where the plains forever roll.
And Albert Namatjira has painted all the scenes,
And a shower has changed the lustre of our land.
And it's raining on the Rock,
In a beautiful country,
And I'm proud to travel this big land,
As an Aborigine.
And it's raining on the Rock
What an almighty sight to see,
And I'm wishing and I'm dreaming that you were here with me.
Everlasting daisies and a beautiful desert rose
Where does their beauty come from heaven knows.
I could ask the wedge-tail but he's away too high,
I wonder if he understands it's wonderful to fly.

It cannot be described with a picture,
The mesmerising colours of the Olgas.
Or the grandeur of the Rock
Uluru has power!

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