

Native Born

Paul Kelly

Albert Namatjra painted
Not so much the things he saw
But what he felt inside and how he loved the Flinders Range
The only thing he ever wanted
The reason that he painted for
Was that everybody share the dream
His land would never change

Ah but change it did and through the years
They introduced some foreign plants
Familiar things are strange
While strangers play upon the lawn
And mother land has shed her tears
For lives that never stood a chance
And Albert Namatjra cried, as we all cry

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So bow your head old Eucalypt and Wattle Tree
Australia's bush losing its identity
While the cities and the parks that they have planned
Look out of place because the spirit's in the land
Look out of place because the spirit's in the land

Do you remember Joseph Banks?
Who stood upon this sacred earth
And what he felt inside when he looked around and saw
The land to whom we give our thanks
Our mother land who's given birth
To trees and plants and animals he'd never seen before?

So bow your head old Eucalypt and Wattle Tree
Australia's bush losing its identity
While the cities and the parks that they have planned
Look out of place because the spirit's in the land

But no one knows or no one hears
The way we used to sing and dance
And how the Gum Tree stood and stretched to greet the golden morn
And mother land still sheds her tears
For lives that never stood a chance
And Albert Namatjra cried as we all cry

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We cry the Native Born