

Beds Are Burning

Profane Omen

Out where the river broke
The blood wood and the desert oak
Holden wrecks and boiling diesels
Steam in fourty-five degrees

The time has come to say fair's fair
To pay the rent, to pay our share
The time has come a fact's a fact
It belongs to them let's give it back

How could we dance when our earth is turning
How do we sleep while our beds are burning
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Four wheels scare the cockatoos
From Kintore East to Yuendumu
The western desert lives and
Breathes in fourty-five degrees.

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