

Footsteps Coming Home

Slim Dusty

See the paintings of the children,
The dark children of this land,
Hear the stories of the dreamtime,
As these people take a stand,
And the children of this country,
They will not stand all alone,
I hear the footsteps of the children,
Comin' home.

Hear the flap-sticks keeping time,
As the dancers sway along,
Hear the elders tell their stories,
As they sing their tribal songs,
I see the children of this country,
They will not stand all alone,
I hear the footsteps of the children,
Comin' home.

See the flag waving high now,
The black flag with red and gold,
See the people march together,
Their native lands no longer sold,
I see the children of this country,
They will not stand all alone,
I hear the footsteps of the children,
Comin' home.

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The dark children of this land,
Hear the stories of the dreamtime,
As these people take a stand,
And the children of this country,
They will not stand all alone,
I hear the footsteps of the children,
Comin' home.
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