

## **Whitlams, The**

### **"400 Miles From Darwin"**

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We pay to shed a sombre tear in the darkness together  
here  
One among the hundreds, crying for the millions  
And when the house lights break the trance  
Only then unclasp our hands  
Compose ourselves and fix our hair  
"We would have all been Schindler there"  
Drive in silence slowly home  
Now horror's more than skin and bone  
And can you see in 20 years  
We'll pay to shed the same cheap tears?  
In a film about an island, watch our hero take a stand  
Pay our money gladly to wash our hands  
Watching the movie we'll ask how the people might  
have known  
Let it happen there without a fight  
Kept driving on quietly home  
Left the Timorese alone  
400 miles from Darwin  
The 2 minute hate is now the 3 hour love  
With any action left to up above  
Those people then could turn their heads  
Now all the same we sleep instead  
While 400 miles from Darwin East Timor is dying  
Watching the movie we'll ask how the people might  
have known  
Let it happen there without a fight  
Kept driving on quietly home  
Left the Timorese alone  
400 miles from Darwin

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