

## Jenny Morris

# "Land Of The Long White Cloud Aotearoa"

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It's a cryin' shame - you can't call me sister  
You keep seein' other people's messes  
And you think that there's a mess here too  
What is to be done - when you just can't be satisfied  
Is there nothin' we can do  
To sit around and shout'll never work it out  
Aoteroa you're drivin' me crazy  
When the sun shines down on that sleepy little place  
I wanna be there  
Everybody wants a slice of South Pacific paradi-ise  
Aotearoa, woh-oh  
It's a cryin' shame - you can't call me sister  
You keep seein' other people's messes  
And you think that there's a mess here too  
What is to be done - when you just can't be satisfied  
Is there nothin' we can do  
To sit around and shout'll never work it out  
Aotearoa you're drivin' me crazy  
When the sun shines down on that sleepy little place  
I wanna be there  
Everybody wants a slice of South Pacific paradi-ise  
Can't you see the truth  
We can have the kind of harmony the others just can't  
get  
They're too far gone, they can't get back  
We're in the middle of the track and we can choose  
We can't shut each other out  
That would be committing bitter suicide  
If it's the land I understand but there's a limit on that  
too  
Let's work it through  
Aotearoa you're drivin' me crazy  
When the sun shines down on that sleepy little place  
I wanna be there  
Aotearoa - Aotearoa

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