Split Lip "Beds Are Burning"

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Out where the river broke
The bloodwood and the desert oak
Holden wrecks and boiling diesels
Steam at forty five degrees

The time has come To say fairâ€Â™s fair To pay the rent To pay our share

The time has come A fact $\hat{A} \notin \hat{A} \notin \hat{A}^{m}$ s a fact It belongs to them Let $\hat{A} \notin \hat{A} \notin \hat{A}^{m}$ s give it back

How can we dance When our earth is turning? How do we sleep When our beds are burning?

How can we dance When our earth is turning? How do we sleep When our beds are burning?

Now the time has come To say fairâ€Â™ s fair To pay the rent To pay our share

The four wheels scare the cockatoos From Kintore East to Yuendemu The wretched desert lives and breathes In forty five degrees

The time has come To say fairâ€Â™ s fair To pay the rent To pay our share

The time has come A factâ€Â™s a fact It belongs to them Letâ€Â™ s give it back

How can we dance When our earth is turning? How do we sleep When our beds are burning?

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