

## ABWH

### "Birthright"

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In 1954 the British Government, in order to maintain  
the balance  
of power between East and West, exploded their first  
atom bomb at  
Woomera. They failed to contact all of the Aborigine  
peoples at  
the time. The Aborigines still call this 'the day of the  
cloud.'

A new born land  
Dreaming by the sky  
The scent of colours  
In the flowers

Believe it's small  
In many ways  
It holds the key  
That divides the super powers

This road is never lonely  
To ENGLAND they are tied  
They were blasted by the Silver Cloud  
There were blasted to the wall alive

This place, this place ain't big enough for stars and  
stripes

Counting out the statesmen  
Bungling one by one  
Spelling out this segregation  
So the catchword be  
Looking after number one  
They release the fear inside  
Are human after all  
So begins our dream time  
They hunted like the dinosaur  
We the pure  
They the savage innocent  
How we crush our existence after all  
Come on

For without them  
We are lonely  
This England we are blind  
Like all the Empires crumble  
Will surely change the tide

This place ain't big enough for red and white  
This place ain't big enough for stars and stripes

This place - This place  
This place is theirs, by their birthright  
This place

The sun gives better reasons  
United we are blind  
To deliver our existence  
Keep it up  
Keep it up  
This human tide, give it some

We can break the ties  
Of recent changes  
Know the ones who  
Hold the key  
Singing out the congregation  
We are them and they are we

This place ain't big enough for red and white  
This place ain't big enough for stars an

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