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## Anderson Bruford Wakeman Howe "Birthright"

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(Anderson / Howe / Wakeman / Bruford / Bacon) 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 and stripes This place This place This place is theirs by their birthright

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