

BULUKBARA MAN

(Neil Murray)

Far away from here, out on a great volcanic plain
In the land I was born, a hundred years before I came
There's a lake on a dreaming line
Where there's good fishin' all the time
There's a man who sets the stones
And eels that run with the moon
Swimming to the arms of a Bulukbara Man
A Bulukbara Man

Ghost riders came and with the power of a gun they took his world
People had to run they tried to fight this brutal scourge
So many fell, just a few remained
Rounded up in mission shame
Gathered up their tears and gone
Leavin' their sweet water holes
Full of the dreams of a Bulukbara Man
Full of the dreams of a Bulukbara Man

Moon over fresh water
And the frogs are calling

As a child I played and the seasons blew right across my face
I ran where feet had trod, I swam in water that had been loved
Stone tools upon the ground, I picked them up and I couldn't put 'em down
So many questions on my mind, I wish I could go back in time
And see for myself a Bulukbara Man
See for myself a Bulukbara Man
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

In the shadows of my days, I feel a company in a strange way
And I wonder, could it be a Bulukbara Man
Could it be a Bulukbara Man?
Could there still be a Bulukbara Man?
Well is that me, is that what I am?
A Bulukbara Man, a Bulukbara Man
Well that's me, a Bulukbara Man