

# CLEVER MAN

(Neil Murray)

Tjapaltjarri is a bush black fellow  
He travels the desert like a movin' shadow  
With his boomerang and spears  
He's a clever man

He lights a fire without a match  
He gets his water from a soakage not a tap  
He's a clever man; He's a clever man

One day he walked into the settlement  
He came to meet up with his relatives  
And they gave him things, to cover his skin  
White fellas came by car and plane  
They wanted his photo, they wanted his name  
They wanted a story, of a primitive man

This is a land of sixteen million  
Towns and cities, roads and bridges  
Well he's not impressed  
He's a clever man

He don't want your money, Don't want your clothes  
He don't want your gadgets, He don't want the microphone  
He wants to be left alone  
He's a clever man

White man's proud of his four-wheel drive  
Thinks he can go anywhere he likes  
But he don't come close, to a clever man

Tjapaltjarri goes to a far western plain  
There is a place they make the rain and he sings, and he sings, yeah  
He sings a storm to drive them back  
He sings a storm, they're bogged in their tracks  
He's a clever man; He's a clever man

Hey-yo, Hey-yo. . . . Hey-yo  
Hey-yo, Hey-yo. . . . (He's a cleverman)  
Hey-yo (He's a cleverman)

You've seen it come, You've seen it go  
Who'll do it again; you'll want to know about a clever man  
A full doctor, business man  
Who'll ever see another black fellow  
Walk this country like a movin' shadow  
Livin' strong and free and really alive

Who'll ever see that again?  
Who'll ever do that again?  
Like a clever man, Like a clever man