

# KINTORELAKUTU

(TOWARDS KINTORE)  
(Murray/Butcher/Maxwell/Baldock)

In the olden times a lot of families came from the west  
And sat down in the east  
We stayed for a long time (at that place)  
We were sitting for a long time without seeing our own country

A lot of (Aboriginal) people always stay in the east  
After drinking grog we always start fighting  
At that place in the east we are becoming nothing  
We are yearning for our own country

We must go west to Kintore  
We'll be better in our grandfather's country  
We must go west to Kintore  
We'll be better in our grandfather's country

In the olden times those grandfathers always speared and ate kangaroo  
And those grandmothers always gathered pura at Kintore  
A lot of men, women and children have only now seen Kintore

We must go west to Kintore  
We'll be right in our grandfather's country  
We must go west to Kintore  
We'll be right in our grandfather's country

Mobs of people  
Mobs of people  
Those olden times ones always lived at that same place – Kintore  
Finally now we are sitting  
Finally now we are sitting at our grandfather's camp in the same home at Kintore  
We must go west  
To Kintore