

PIKILYI

(S.Butcher/N.Murray)

Our grandfather's land was a garden
For generations it sustained his tribe
Even in the longest drought, they would still survive

At Pikilyi, Pikilyi
Where the waters run sweet and deep
At Pikilyi, Pikilyi
My grandfather calls to me
At Pikilyi

One day some strangers with cattle
Came to our grandfathers land
They set up a station without asking him
On the waters of Pikilyi

My grandfather tried to protest
But he was ignored and driven away
Even today, we his descendents
Still fight for our rights to Pikilyi

Pikilyi, Pikilyi
Where the waters run sweet and deep
Pikilyi, Pikilyi
My Grandfather calls to me
At Pikilyi