

WHERE MY PEOPLE GO

(Neil Murray)

Walkin' in the fram forest
Walkin' on a road where my people go
Walkin' in the rain
Walkin' in the cold where my people go
Pushin' through bracken
Fern trees and scrub
Glimpse a waterhole glow
Stealing through wire
Climbing over posts where my people go

Making fire, making heat
Cooking on the coals where my people go
From ridgeline to valley and distant mountain peak
Where my people go
In the middle of the day
Two eagles fly away
I wonder what they know
In the shade of a Blackwood I rest my weary bones
Where my people go

Trackin' stars overnight
Risin' with the sun where my people go
Crossing a swamp
Studying the swans where my people go
Just a dot out on a great trackless plain
Thinking I was home
Walking all day with the wind in my face
Where my people go

Walkin' on Kirrae
Walkin' on Tjapwurrung
Where my people go
Following a river
Following a song
Where my people go
Scars on ancient redgums
Secrets all their own
I wonder what they know
In the deep of the night I hear a mopoke cry
Where my people go