

WIND IN MY HEAD/ANANGUWAY

(Jim Moginie, Neil Murray, Sammy Butcher)

Wind in my head, wide open heart
I stumble on ancient paths
Tracing circles in a random way
There is method to the prey
Beside a river on an empty beach
Any place is within reach

Hold this moment, hold it clear
Can you tell what happened here?
I see the old ones
I see them proud
I feel their love still in this ground

Foot prints beneath the city streets
I hear them closing in my sleep
Walkin forward with the past
all the songs are in the stars

We were bequeathed a sacred land
But there are few who understand
I see the old ones, I see them proud
I feel their love still in this ground
Keep it decent, keep it whole
Don't make a fist of freedoms home
I see the old ones, I see them proud
I feel their love still in this ground

A forest temple, a mirrored lake
In open desert, I kneel and pray

Irrititja tjutaya kulinytja
Palya nyinapayi
Ngurraya palyangku kanyilpayi
Yuru kapi ila
Ngurra ngururra tarra
Alintjarra, Kakarra, Ulpurra, Wilurra
Kulinytjatjarra nyinapayi
Alatjilaka nyinima kulinytjatjarra

(Old people from the past used to always listen and live by their law.

They looked after all the country. Near the sea or even in the centre, north, east, south and west. They always were good listeners and respectful. We should always be like that. Listen and be respectful.)