



## ULURU & ALICE

I. R. Williams

I live out on the sideline; my home is by the shore  
One day for adventure I'll go inland to explore  
I'll journey to the centre where the land is deepest red  
Search for ancient footprints by some dusty, dry creek bed

**Uluru an' Alice – I often hear your names  
And I can feel your heartbeat - the mystery remains  
Still beneath the endless sky, my arms are open wide  
Uluru and Alice in my country's shame and pride**

There's a woman went to prison 'though she did nothing wrong  
Her little baby disappeared one evening dark and long  
"The dingo's got my baby!" she screamed into the night  
The jury found her guilty, oh, but what she said was right

And back in 1928 like many times before  
A black man killed a white man for breaking tribal law  
Revenge was swift and savage – policemen, horses, guns  
Black women, men and children soon lay dying in the sun

There's two laws in my country now, on one thing they agree:  
On who's the rightful owners of the sacred rock we see  
And generous of spirit now the owners share like friends  
A giant rock – the symbol of a future journey's end

