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IBRAHIM

Hey Ibrahim tell me what do you think of Australia
Do our beautiful desert sunsets fill you with wonder?
As the sky catches fire and the trees and the mountains change colour
But I guess the view from this side of the barbed-wire's much better

So Ibrahim, can you tell me, why did you come here
What dream were you chasing and what did you hope to find here?
Did you flee from your own native land because your life was in danger
Or were the reasons much more mundane, just poverty and hunger?

Chorus:

Wrong path, wrong choice, wrong creed, wrong culture
Wrong place, wrong time, wrong dream and wrong colour

You see Ibrahim, there's something I've been meaning to tell you
Being hungry and poor bestows no special status upon you
We won't send you back if you can prove they'd imprison or kill you
But if you're just going back home to starve, I'm afraid we can't help you

You see Ibrahim, you've become a bit of a problem
This world's full of refugees fleeing poverty, war and oppression
So to take in queue-jumpers like you, well it's out of the question
It would give the World's hungry and poor the wrong impression

I'm afraid Ibrahim, it's time to be totally candid
You had Buckley's chance right from the moment you landed
Already to many a threat and a danger you were branded
And all because you follow the prophet Mohammed

You didn't count Ibrahim, on political opportunism
Our leaders knew that to many Australians the very word "Muslim"
Meant Al-Quaeda, Hamas, the Taliban and terrorism
And that's why you and your family are locked up in prison.

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