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## SOMETHING OF VALUE

I can see the Southern Cross tonight  
While here below, bathed in it's light  
The Dreamtime land safe, snug and tight is sleeping  
Wrapped in complacency and contentedness  
No discordant sounds disturb our rest  
While the gentle souls we've dispossessed are weeping

We took it all by the gun and the sword  
By the right of our race and in the name of our God  
Though as outcasts ourselves, transported, condemned  
None knew better than we the injustice of men

We took it all in our hunger and need  
Enslaved by our past and consumed by our greed  
And left them to beg for the scraps at our door  
While we called them drunkards and wasters and whores  
They've been drowning, drowning in their tears for the last two hundred years

From England's New Jerusalem to the Dreamtime land the tall ships came  
with human cattle in convict chains to bind them  
In the grim fight just to stay alive  
Dreams must struggle to survive  
Few could see the glitt'ring prize before them

We had it all in the palm of our hand  
A new hope, a new dream, a new life, a new land  
One last chance to break from the chains of the past  
To build something of value, build something to last

This ancient land was a vast empty page  
Waiting for the great writers of a brand new age  
The future was ours to protect or profane  
A paradise lost, a paradise gained  
Now tell me, is paradise here, after two hundred years?

So now, beneath the Southern Cross it's time to tally up the cost  
of what we've gained and what we've lost forever  
Though much has gone we can't replace  
Those of us who love this place  
Together now, must turn and face the future

So here's to us all, we're frail humankind  
who wander through life mostly helpless and blind  
To our courage and cowardice, our humour and pain  
Our hundred steps forward, ninety-nine back again

Yes here's to us all, the wise and the fools  
The indifferent, the caring, the kind and the cruel  
As we march to the beat of an uncertain drum  
Stumbling towards what we may yet become  
Towards the brave new frontiers, of the next two hundred years