

NATIVE BORN - ARCHIE ROACH

(D) Albert Namatjira painted
(G) Not so much the things he saw
(D) But what he felt inside
(D) And how he loved the Flinders (A7) Range
(D) The only thing he ever wanted
The (G) reason that he painted for
Was that (D) everybody share the dream
His (A7) land would never (D) change

(D) But change it did and through the years
They (G) introduced some foreign plants
(D) Familiar things are strange
While strangers play upon the (A7) lawn
(D) And mother land has shed her tears
For (G) lives that never stood a chance
And (D) Albert Namatjira cried, as we all (A7) cry
The Native (D) Born

So (A7) bow your head old Eucalypt and Wattle (D) Tree
Aust (A7) ralia's Bush losing it's ident (D) ity
While the (A7) cities and the parks that they have (D) planned
Look (G) out of place because the spirit's in the (D) land
Look (G) out of place because the spirit's in the (D) land

(D)Do you remember Joseph Banks
Who (G)stood upon this sacred earth
And (D)what he felt inside when he looked around and (A7)saw
the (D)land to whom we give our thanks
Our (G)mother land who's given birth
To (D)trees and plants and animals he'd (A7)never seen be(D)fore?

So (A7) bow your head old Eucalypt and Wattle (D) Tree
Aust (A7) ralia's Bush losing it's ident (D) ity
While the (A7) cities and the parks that they have (D) planned
Look (G) out of place because the spirit's in the (D) land
Look (G) out of place because the spirit's in the (D) land

(D)But no one knows or no one hears
The (G)way we used to sing and dance
And (D)how the Gum Tree stood and stretched
To greet the golden (A7)morn
And (D)mother land still sheds her tears
For (G)lives that never stood a chance
And (D)Albert Namatjira cried, as (A7)we all cry
The Native (D)Born
We (A7)cry the Native (D)Born

The Last Rodeo

C G C
 The arena is silent and empty
 G C
 The crowds have all gone home
 F C
 He sits in the darkness in silence
 G
 Hurting tired and alone
 C
 There's bruises all over his body
 F C
 From where the bull stomped on him head to toe
 G
 Though he's been here before
 C F
 He knows this time for sure
 C G C
 That this is his last rodeo

Chorus

G C
 Out there in the real world what will you do?
 G
 A broken down hand-me-down cowboy like you
 F C
 Your home is a horse box so where will you go
 F C G C
 When you ride away from your last rodeo

He remembers when he first started
 When his youth strength burned like a fire
 When failure and fear were both strangers
 He took every ride down to the wire
 When his grip on the strap never loosened
 And his free hand never fell
 And if they'd thrown a strap
 Around Lucifer's back
 He'd have rode him all the way down to hell.

Chorus

Instrumental (Verse)

Now there's too many fourth and fifth placings
 There's too many bruises and scars
 There's too many hopes and dreams fading
 Too many so near yet so fars
 There's more fear than fire inside him
 And he knows it's beginning to show
 Time to saddle up and ride
 With what's left of his pride
 Away from his last rodeo

Chorus