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

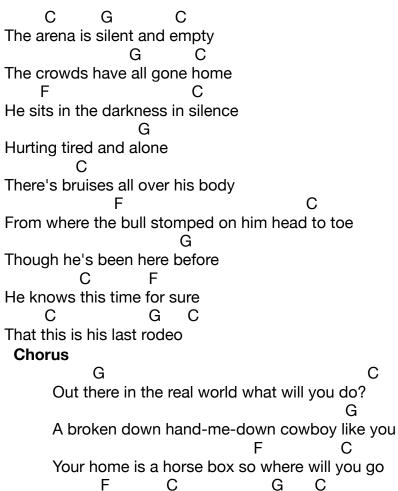
And (D)mother land still sheds her tears

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



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