

Bitumen Dreaming Song

Our walk started out from Woodford
On a cold and chilly morn
Everyone 'round the camp fire
Just before dawn

We left town at a steady pace
Thinking about our people's race
Did the same in 1905
We're bringing the Aboriginal spirit alive

*Bitumen Dreaming, Bitumen Dreaming
It's not what it seems we'll follow our dreams
The old and the young walk as one
Same story, same journey, under the same sun*

Beneath the long black road
Black footprints breath and wait
For the wakening of the spirit dance in the young
Murri face

A meeting of tribes in the welcome song
Fighting the fear that stalks the land
The shattered lives are being re done
With blistered feet we enter the Dreaming again

Binambi Barambah retelling the stories
Of the past not forgotten not unknown
Witness the welcome of the old ones home
Bring our stories home
Telling our story back
Relieving stolen history
Back along the Dreaming Track