

I'm sitting here in the Karijini
Under the shade of a mulga tree
Dreaming about the great Warlu
Long long time ago

He came from the sea onto the land
When the earth was soft as time began
He carved the gorges where the waters flow
Long long time ago

For thousands of years my people lived here
Nothing changed from year to year
And the children learned what they should know
About the long ago

Then white men came with their colonial schemes
Cattle and sheep and their loud machines
They took our land all for their own
Not so long ago

They took my grandfather's burial place
Of his sacred hill they left no trace
They said they wanted the iron ore
Two generations ago

Now they want to preserve the Karijini
For all the world's people to come and see
And we hope that understanding grows
Of all our long agos

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