

The Wrong Skin

Malcolm Smith

(the story of Warri and Yatungka, of the Mandildjara tribe)

She was the wrong skin He was technically kin

They knew it was sin This love they were in

They fled into the desert as dry as bone

To stay together they must live alone

They kept on moving living off the land

Where dream lines wander through ochre sand

Chorus

His brother followed his mission clear
Repatriation or thrust of spear
He never found them they had disappeared
Beyond the tribal lands for forty years

Chorus

They raised their children to love the land
And know their country like they knew their hand
They went their own way as children must
The parents stayed in the sand and dust

Chorus

Then a drought so deadly they could not survive
By a dried-up waterhole they were found alive
Rescued and forgiven now old and grey
Among their people to end their days

Chorus x 2