

DREAMING CLIFFORD POSSUM

Drought and devastation, brought strange tribes from the West
Wrong place and the wrong time, laid Frederick Brooks to rest
Disputed circumstances
Put a spear through the poor boy's chest.

Dreaming out of time, gave new life, born of Western light
In Anmatyerre country, group of three, kept the fire alive

Constable William Murray, and a band of thirty men
Like killer angels of revenge, into the peoples camp they rode in.
One man escaped the chains that day,
His name was One Pound Jim.

Dreaming out of time, gave new life, born of Western light
In Anmatyerre country, group of three, kept the fire alive
Dreaming in acrylic, brings the future from antiquity
Clifford Possum Tjapaltjari
Connects the dots of history

Born down in a creek bed, beyond Western desert sands
Son of One Pound Jim and Long Rose, with a paintbrush in his hand
He gave a new language of light
To the people of his land.

chorus