

YOU, ME AND THE WIDE OPEN SKY

Where the red dust stirs on the western wind,
And the river runs in flood,
Our towns are forged with sweat and tears,
With our father's, father's blood.

At first you're hit with the emptiness,
Of the endless tracts of blue.
It's the land of hopes, dreams and memories,
It's the land of the chosen few.

CHORUS: Where wildflow'rs bloom after days of rain,
And the Wedgetail eagle flies,
Where the sun sets over endless plains,
It's just you, me and the wide open sky.

Under wings of nimbus in orange dusk
We walk familiar tracks.
Of iron ark and brittle rust, of stone and spinifex.
As we turn our heads to the cloudless night
With the Cross and the Milky Way,
It's the beating heart of the untamed bush,
It's the spark that becomes the flame

CHORUS: Where wildflow'rs bloom after days of rain,
And the Wedgetail eagle flies,
Where the sun sets over endless plains,
It's just you, me and the wide open sky.

Where wildflow'rs bloom after days of rain,
And the Wedgetail eagle flies,
Where the sun sets over endless plains,
It's just you, me and the wide open sky.

