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Bushfire

About nine o'clock we saw the first smoke stain the far horizon
A soft rolling shroud of shifting white cloud above the mountains rising
Uneasy and afraid we watched and we prayed as the clouds grew ever higher
And round about noon they'd blocked out the sun and the mountains were on fire

Refrain:

Bushfire – ah, ah, bushfire

And all through the gloom of that long afternoon the fire fed and grew stronger
Driven by the wind it danced along the mountain rims roaring out it's anger
Fed by the breeze and the helpless trees, consuming those who bore it
It raced pell-mell from the mouth of hell, destroying all before it

Our farm, or home and all that we owned lay in the path of that fiery river
We prayed for rain and we cursed the wind as it drove our destruction nearer
But no words of men can bring down the rain or set the wind to turning
And around midnight we'd lost the fight, and our whole farm was burning

Through the smoke and the heat came the crying of the sheep as the flames set them on fire
They ran terrified, they roasted and they died, their own fleece their funeral pyre
So we packed up and ran while the fire's red hand reached hungrily out to find us
While so long and hard to build and so quick and easily killed our home burned down behind us

Arrogant man he squats upon the land, he buys and sells and zones it
Cuts down weeds, plants his seeds, and imagines that he owns it
For 40 years our land we'd cleared, we ploughed and sowed and tamed it
Now where the bushfire's passed, there's only black ash, and Nature has reclaimed it