

# Dougie MacLean, Singing Land

Your burning skies are never ending across your red brush plains  
Out where the dingo still is king and eternity remains  
There between the old and ancient there's an oasis bright  
Your gentle children who have gone are close to me tonight

In your singing land  
In your singing land  
Shine on, oh shine on over me

There's a feeling still and eerie, there's a feeling strong  
The path humanity has come and the path that he has gone  
Me I am, I am just passing three score years and ten  
And I'm just a stranger who may never come this way again

In your singing land  
In your singing land  
Shine on, oh shine on over me

Under the spell of caterpillar dreaming a new light shapes its form  
Along the river's naked banks that are straining from the storm  
On sacred rock in thunder ocean the tree of man grows clear  
The woodlarks sing, the woodlarks dance and the dawn is slipping near

In your singing land  
In your singing land  
Shine on, oh shine on over me

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