

BREAKING – SONG LYRICS

JACARANDA

Lyrics by Shewitt Belay, inspired by a poem by Aracelis Girmay music by Max Bladel in collaboration with Shewitt Belay and Leo Burton.

The flowers for you I could see flowers falling
From the window
I watched your flowers move with it
Which is to say
They got up
They danced away

Chorus

But, still you go on falling
Over the rooftops
And car yards and cars
Parade, parade

Trumpet of bloom
Purple heads blown in the afternoon

I admit to you
That I'm not born for this
This way of leaving
I do not know
What happens to our gone
I wish that I could
Return them home to their beds and shoes.

HOME

Lyrics by Shewitt Belay (verse1), Lawrence Gino (verse 2) and Max Bladel (verse 3)

Verse 1.

It's taken a toll to get here
Freedom's alive and I am going to cherish its return
All reason left and told to run
Now communion in this place
Fuel for my memory of home

What to do when told to go?
Land connection has no say in an argument of shots
Positions got them in a trance
And it's a cycle of regret

History is gone and traced its fathers steps

Chorus

Home, Home, home,
Home, home sweet home (repeat)

verse 2.

Touchdown my feet hit the ground
Relief flooded over me
No more running
No more hiding
I'm safe, a new beginning

Breath in the fresh air
And thank god that I made it here
From the wild jungle of South Sudan
to the concrete jungle of Australia

The journey for me is over
But is this really the place I can call home?
The house has bright lights
That reminds me of those nights hiding out
Where the only light we show was the flash of a gunfire
another life gone, silent tears fall
but we were forced to carry on.

As time goes on the powerful memories fade
but the nights bring them back to me.
When I think about home I realise how far I come
but I cant forget those who I've left behind
those who still fight every day to survive
it all seems like a world away
the guilt remains in me
sometimes I feel home in South Sudan is where I need to be

Chorus

Home, Home, home,
Home, home sweet home (repeat)

Verse 3.

Sometimes I feel my mind is a minefield

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It might feel distant but its quite real, its stifling
Cop an eyeful of this scene...
kid pack an automatic rifle at 15
he's the oldest soldier in his team
its kill or be killed there aint no time for no big dreams.

Amidst the crisis he still finds time behind his eyelids
to paint paradise as big as the Sistine,
Now he's got a wife and a big screen.
This new life feels like he's in a dream.

But when he steps outta that Toyota just know that
he might as well be riding a limousine

He desperately wants to savour the fruits of liberty
but every orange turns to grapefruit its bittersweet.

Cause every minute he breathes he be thinkin' about his little sister's still adrift amongst the
killing spree.

Back home

WELCOME TO OZ

Lyrics and music by Max Bladel

Welcome to OZ, This aint Kansas,
Aint no answers, but put your hands up,

Welcome to OZ, This aint Kansas,
we all the same but you gotta play the game,

I get stopped... on the corner while I'm walking
by a hip broad, with a clip board, cordially
stallin, as if its awful important,
and of course I fall for it, pausin my walkman,

thats when she starts awkwardly talkin of,
traumas and war torn borders, and orphans,
and did I know every Aussie dollar is a fortune,
oughta pleasantly nod head off for i get drawn in,

but I stop... cos immune to the suffering i'm not,
and somebody wan support I'm all for it but I'm not,

only paper I got is for the porcelain,
you all know the story when, they forcefully calling at the

same time of night, you tryinna fix your kids portion,
its boring, honestly I'm probably yawning more than,
mormons at the door, four in the morning,
but stop... what if that was your kin,

Welcome to OZ, This aint Kansas,
Aint no answers, but put your hands up,

Welcome to OZ, This aint Kansas,
we all the same but you gotta play the game,

Save the speeches, it aint a secret,
Australia's streets aint safe, racist preachers in,
capes parade the beaches, I don't appreciate,
see in mates beaten for their facial features,

most despicable of natures creatures,
a racist lower be than the snakes and leeches,
Australia's fully a playground,
and you get bullied if you don't know your way round,

Welcome to OZ, This aint Kansas,
Aint no answers, but put your hands up,

Welcome to OZ, This aint Kansas,
we all the same but you gotta play the game,