

We all here try on earth to put a piece of property to our name,  
The land council is the governing body that everybody seems to blame;  
But laws are meant to guide us down the old forgotten track,  
Of love and peace and virtue of having something we don't lack.

The ancient owners are custodians of what were good and gold,  
The native title of our countries heritage of, from what has been of old;  
Now each and every one of us want something to call our own,  
That one day to our children we will give them what we owe.

The pristine beauty of our nation is called to give account,  
For the stewardship of the squatters who want big bank accounts;  
And God holds true in glory, dishing out and up what he has,  
For he held the keys of hell and death and gave us what he had.

Its hard work here on earth attaining our own piece of land,  
The land council complains a bit and they want us to give it back;  
While enjoying reinforcing what they call the right to own,  
To make sure that the custodians don't take the land to their grave.

Now I want to say a little more on what it costs to pay,  
That by the sweat of your brow, you have had to pay all day,  
And through the years down in history, God has got the tax,  
Of what was spent to make this land and money was what was meant.

So it seems that it could be heaven, having your own eternal plot,  
With the cash you had to save and nearly spent the lot;  
To buy this piece of dirt and to clean out all the sin,  
That you may build a house to live in and say that you did win.

Signed,

Is it yours for keeps?