

Kalkadoon

(Capo 2)

Em

They formed their battle lines at night

Am

Police and farmers took the flat

Em

The natives held onto the hill

Am **B7** **Em**

Both waited for the word attack

And now it's finally come to this

After ten long years of trouble

Of raiding the farms and houses

It's ending in one last struggle

G

D

This is where the end has come

C **Em**

And this is where we die

Up here on Battle Mountain

With one last battle cry

Police yell out surrender now

For this will be your only chance

The natives answer loudly back

We'll stand as one to the last man

Police charge up the steep incline

To be met by stones and spears

At first the natives seemed to win

The one time in so many years

The battle raged for all that day

And in the end the white man won

Not because he was in the right

But a spear is no match for a gun

If I'm up at Battle Mountain

So the locals of Mt Isa say

Bones of the ancient Kalkadoon

You can find them there to this day

Alan Blackshaw © 11/12/2002