

# Hand Becomes Fist

Chris Wilson

Key Cm

## V/1

This is a wide brown land.  
Stained brown from blood that has dried on its sands  
Blood washed from the palms of the white squatters' hands  
This is a wide brown land

## V/2

THIS IS THE LAND OF MY BIRTH  
EXPLOITED AND RAVAGED FOR ALL THAT IT'S WORTH  
FROM THE SLAVES CUTTING CANE TO THE ELDERS IN CHAINS  
TO THE THEFT OF THE CHILDREN AT BIRTH

## CHORUS

Bass melody 3<sup>rd</sup> D. Alto 3<sup>rd</sup> octave D. SOPS 5<sup>th</sup> F

HAND BECOMES FIST BECOMES HAMMER  
WHEN POWER DECLARES ITS INTENTIONS, IT STAMMERS  
TRIPPING OVER DESIRE AS IT LUNGES FOR HOME  
THE HAND THAT'S EXTENDED AS FRIEND  
BECOMES THE HAMMER THAT CRUSHES DISSENT IN THE END  
WHILE IT HOLDS IN ITS FIST A LAND THAT IT DOES NOT OWN

## V/3 SOPS

OO (C)

OO (Eb)

OO (Ab)

OO (F)

This land was bleached white by the sun  
Bleached white by the law and the rule of a gun  
From the waterhole poisoned  
To the inmates found hung  
We whitewash our history by pen and by tongue

## CHORUS - HAND BECOMES FIST etc.

## INTERLUDE - HAND BECOMES, BECOMES FIST, FIST BECOMES, BECOMES HAMMER – x1

Bass Eb Altos G SOPS (second time) C

## V/4 SOPS & Altos

OO (C)

OO (Eb)

OO (Ab)

OO (F)

In the midst of an undeclared war  
The weapons of old aren't required as before  
Through neglect and disease and deceit we redraw  
THE LINES OF THE BATTLE ONCE MORE

## CHORUS

## INTERLUDE x2