

Cold Chisel, Twentieth Century

Standing on this intersection
Yelling for my change
Watching personalities
Collapse and re-arrange
Gotta smile about it
Gotta surf it out or drown
In the twentieth century

Some guy selling liberty
You've heard it all before
Let's take some pet minority
To fame in eighty-four
Lots of fortunes and
Reputations to be found
In the twentieth century

Yankees lookin' east and west
Before they cross the road
It's Hollywood democracy
It really doesn't bother me
It's entertainment, baby
It explodes

Let the K.G.B. devise
Just what comes after civilised
This intersection's big enough for me
And when I get some change
I'll disappear
It's tricky
But, thank God, it's never organised
I'm talking about this twentieth century
The twentieth century
The twentieth century