

# Hunters & Collectors, Inside A Fireball

Hey everybody - can't you hear me call?  
I'm standing in a the street inside a fireball  
Tomorrow's in the future - death is in the cradle  
We're all day dreaming at the breakfast table

Down Main Street with the dust in my lungs  
The blisters on my shoulder - the end has just begun  
I'm swimming in the heat when the rads his my tongue  
The remnants of my children are having too much fun

Inside a fireball  
Inside a fireball

There's a big copper digger in the middle of town  
The birds are on his head - the rags are hanging down  
The grip on the grenade in his broken hand  
As loose as the union's on the hot red sand

Inside a fireball  
Inside a fireball

"We will not die and it is no crime  
Ya take the whole world upon ya shoulder  
For the very last time"

Well I blasted my way through the barrier range  
I ripped up the ground but nothing has changed  
Bromide, sulphide, oxide, slag  
We're cleaning out the can with an oily rag

I'll live on the dole or I'll die in the dust  
If they turn up the shift then strike we must  
The company's here but the money's all gone  
But I'm still digging, I'm still strong!

Inside a fireball  
Inside a fireball

Hey everybody, can't ya hear me call?  
I'm standing in the street inside a fireball  
Tomorrow's in the future - death is in the cradle  
You're all chin waggin' around the conference table

Inside a fireball  
Inside a fireball

We, we will not die  
And it is, it is no crime  
You take the whole world upon your shoulders  
For the very last, for the very last time  
Ooh