

Men At Work, Sail To You

Now there is this place
With so much space
It's at the bottom of the world
So it lay unspoiled

Wind and rain, hurricane
And the blackman reigned
Till the white man came

They sailed to you
Sail to you

People talk there
And they talk here
About the new world
They say its the last frontier
But its so one dimension
I feel apprehension
And you can't disguise
The condescension

I sail to you
I sail to you

Dear old England had a mind
Around that time
'Cause they had a few problems with
The rising crime
Wouldn't lose our head
If you stole a loaf of bread
You got a one way ticket
To Australia instead

I don't know why, I don't even try
To work out all of the reasons why
Well its like a drug--gets in the blood
Calls me back and thats enough

I fly to you
Fly to you

I don't care and you don't care
All I know thats its there
Breath the air into my lungs
And pray that doomsday never comes

Sail to you
Sail to you