

Men At Work, The Longest Night

Wind is in the east
Stare at us eyes in wonder
Like beggars at a feast
We can't even, count the number
What you gonna do?
Send them table scraps we're leaving
One who care are few
Most spend there time, with useless meaning

Dear father,
Do you think that it will be alright?
Tell me mother,
Will we make it through?
We make it through the hungry night.

Somewhere in the west
Gold teeth, but sometime is gleaming
We know we are the best
Even know, the beasts lie screaming
We've got power to spare
A new clear day
Is dawning they say
But tell us, don't you dare
The piper has a price that we pay

Dear preacher,
Do you think that we'll see the light?
Tell me teacher,
Well we make it through?
We make it through the darkest night.

Two faces in the south
The first one has a look of
With fine words in his mouth
His heart is black,
As ghetto chimneys

What you gonna do?
To hide the shame,
Contain their anger.
What you gonna say?
You walk the line, of constant danger

Dear brother,
You think we'll have to stand and fight?
Tell me sister, Will we make it through?
We make it through the longest night.

Dear father,
Do you think it's gonna be alright?
Tell me teacher,
Do you think that we'll see the light?
Tell me brother,
You think we'll have to stand and fight?
Tell me sister,
Will we make it through?
Make it through the longest night.