

Midnight Oil, Bells And Horns In The Back Of Beyond

The Southern Aurora was late again
As I waited at central to take you home
Winking spinning sparkling lights on our flat earth
You talk about the old groundling ways
Where the suburbs summer pulse and play in wrinkled sand and
never never never neverland
I get home I see them drive down
I look out and see those lines and lines and lines of swell and
smiles
Coolangatta, what's the matter?
Paradise, it's a surfer's world and flashing lights and real
estate
With one last wave
Ahhh, get up and run
'Cause there's a beach lies quiet near the open sea
And a carpark lay streched where the bindis used to be
When will I be yours
When will I be mine