

Midnight Oil, Capricornia

capricornia don't walk away
show me to the back of your hand
capricornia don't leave me here
dying in the back of your land

in the evening things all fall apart
they crawl away dying in the bushes alone
in the morning well I see myself
see myself as a Christ like figure walking

in the evening things all fall apart
they crawl away
drowning in the setting sun
in the morning well I see myself
I see myself as a father mother brother sister

capricornia don't walk away
show me to the back of your hand
capricornia don't fade away
show me to the back of your hand
capricornia it's a free ride
capricornia