

Midnight Oil, Golden Age

All the screens are filled with heroes and losers
but the sky's still filled with stars
this junky palace might be on fire
til the winners lose desire
let it go let it go.

So tell me what you see
tell me what you hear
if it's the same as me it's the golden age.

Big brother tries to stitch and bend
but channel surfers find new friends
see freedom's silhouette increase
its time to claim that sweet release
let it go let it go.

I can see a purple patch of jacaranda
framed in eucalypt from this wooden floored verandah
heading past the watermark
heading for the hills
heading for the edge of time
heading for the thrills of the golden age.

Now tell me what you see
and tell me what you hear
if it's the same as me it's the golden age.

Now everybody's talking about the golden age.