

Midnight Oil, Powderworks

There's a shit storm a'coming
I feel it coming soon
There's a time and a place
And a moment in space
When the fat boys call the tune
There's a bubble a bouncing
And it's bouncing my way
There's two sticks in the powderworks
I think it's gonna blow today

There's a shit storm a'coming
Somebody's claiming some i.o.u.'s
Because the animal's back
With the man intact
They had a gun at my head
And a knife at my back
Don't wind me up too tight
I've been had by the balls all my life
I'm in no mood now
To stop dead and talk it over

I don't need no fire and brimstone warning
I've been a long time punching bag
I won't run no race where there ain't no prize
Take a look at my face
Can't you see this ain't no lies

There's a hit storm a coming
They're getting in for one free bite
I was taken by surprise
By the glint in the eyes of a sweet campaign
Smelling strongly of lies
You're the original Mr. Clean
But the closeups make you look awful mean
You're just a con man raving saying nothing new

(Hirst/Moginie/Rotsey/James)