

# Midnight Oil, Say Your Prayers

Don't want to live in a prison cell  
don't want to live in a smoking room,  
independence just won't come to you  
in the brief of a diplomat.

Say your prayers for the future  
say your prayers for the past,  
it might be round the corner  
it might be all we have.  
Say your Prayers.

Don't want to live with a compromise  
don't want to live with hypocrisy,  
bureaucracy doesn't have to win  
breaks the cage of the beast within.

Say your prayers in the boardroom  
say your prayers on the stairs,  
it might be catastrophic  
it might be too damn bad.  
Say your prayers.

I got the cure for compassion fatigue  
spend a week with the Timorese,  
running scared from the military  
you can share you can share your disease.

Now we don't live with an absent master  
we don't live on an island divided,  
don't want my kids to grow up in shame  
in a country with a different name  
had to throw them out, had to break the chains.

I got the cure for compassion fatigue  
spend a week with the Timorese,  
running scared from the military  
I come to you with a plaintive plea.