

# Midnight Oil, Shipyards Of New Zealand

Thought one day I'd make my fortune  
Like the ancient cavalcades  
From the shipyards of New Zealand  
Chasing history I left home  
Moving west into the sunset  
Became the sunset of our lives  
I was factory made and settled  
Safe from storm and broken earth

There's so much to do every day  
Dreams keep on disappearing  
We cling to the walls of our heart  
Keeps us from coming undone

Now danger lurks behind the spreader  
And Charlton Heston casts the first stone  
User interference birthmarks  
Clever, not very wise

Let the lamplights keep on shining now  
While those searchlights in skies they are turning  
We climb to the top of the heap  
I wish I could fly

I can't get lost  
I can't get confused  
Something's misplaced  
Maybe for good

(Moginie/Garrett)