

# Midnight Oil, Forgotten Years

Few of the sins of the father, are visited upon the son  
Hearts have been hard, our hands have been clenched in a fist too long  
Our sons need never be soldiers, our daughters will never need guns  
These are the years between  
These are the years that were hard fought and won  
Contracts torn at the edges, old signatures stained with tears  
Seasons of war and peace, these should not be forgotten years  
Still it aches like tetanus, it reeks of politics  
How many dreams remain? This is a feeling too strong to contain

The hardest years, the darkest years, the roarin' years, the fallen years  
These should not be forgotten years  
The hardest years, the wildest years, the desperate and divided years  
We will remember, these should not be forgotten years

Our shoreline was never invaded, our country was never in flames  
This is the calm we breathe, this is a feeling too strong to contain  
Still it aches like tetanus, it reeks of politics  
Signatures stained with tears, who can remember  
We've got to remember

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The hardest...  
Forsaking aching breaking years, the time and tested heartbreak years  
These should not be forgotten years  
The blinded years, the binded years, the desperate and divided years  
These should not be forgotten years, remember