

Midnight Oil, King Of The Mountain

Walking through the high dry grass
Pushing my way through slow
Yellow belly black snake
Sleeping on a red rock
Waiting for the stranger to go

Sugar train stops at the crossing
Cane cockies cursing below
Bad storm coming
Better run to the top of the mountain

Mountain in the shadow of light
Rain in the valley below
Mountain in the shadow of light
Rain in the valley
Well you can say you're Peter, say you're Paul
Don't put me up on your bedroom wall
Call me king of the mountain

Blacksmith fires up the bellows
Cane cutters burning the load
Workers of the world
Run to the top of the mountain

Mountain in the shadow of light...

I can't take the hands from my face
There are some things we can't replace

Mountain...

Over liquid tarmac wastelands of cactus and heat
Down cobblestone alleyways of washing day sheets
Up ghost prairie mountains of sunset and space
Down the road a familiar face
Across the wilderness
Out further than the bush
I will follow you