

Midnight Oil, Mountains Of Burma

The tucker box is empty now, the heart of Kelly's country cleared
The gangers on the southern line, like the steam trains have disappeared
Pelicans glide, miracles up in the sky
We vote for the government, with axes in his eyes

Mountains of Burma, the road to Mandalay
In the mountains of Burma, light years away, mountains of Burma

Will the sons of Solidarity, still march on May Day
And will the sisters of the seventies, still fight for equal pay
There's no one on the Reeperbahn, no more blankets handed out for land
We feed an economy, that's got blood on it's hands

Mountains of Burma...

Pack your bags full of guns and ammunition
Bills fall due for the industrial revolution
Scorch the earth till the earth surrenders

Soldiers of armies, storm empty fields
In a traveller's trance, on the way to the high frontier
Sleepwalkers stumble, cable cars run aground
Imaginary enemies, form high above the clouds
In the Mountains of Burma...

(Hirst)