

# Midnight Oil, Poets And Slaves

Here comes the mechanical sun  
working on the bones in the dry old creek bed  
mist on the old river bend yellow box hangs like it's dead  
the emerald silo is rusting from the inside.

You want to run like the wind you'll never come here again  
you want a world you can save so c'mon you poets and slaves.

Circus olympia pulls into town  
the dwarf and the fat man head out for beer  
there is no lion that roars to one can stand on the horse  
tomorrow is a no show the fortune teller cries.

You want to go down in flames you're gonna crash like the waves  
you can't remember your name so come on you poets and slaves.

We got everything we need sugar and beef  
we got some good ideas  
we got the steering wheels and rolling stock too  
clouds came down low on the corn  
meat ants are gathering like storms  
somewhere in the quiet wild darkness a crocodile cries.

You gotta you gotta you gotta  
c'mon you poets and slaves.

You got to arrest the decay you're sinking down in the bay  
you can't remember your name c'mon you poets and slaves.

You've got to count what you've made  
you're gonna pass like the days  
stop time and head for the stage.

And c'mon you poets and slaves  
c'mon you poets and slaves.