

Midnight Oil, Profiteers

Look up on the ledge, there's a bomber diving on the golden street
Down below the crowd is falling, bullets under feet

Don't tell me, don't tell me, hey don't tell me
We're under the beat of a brand-new marching order
Ears to be ground there's a party planned for the new recruits
Hurricane lamps are burning, teargas fills the route, yeah

(Hirst/Moginie/Rotsey)