

# Midnight Oil, Read About It

The rich get richer  
The poor get the picture  
The bombs never hit you when you're down so low

Some got pollution  
Some revolution  
There must be some solution but I just don't know

The bosses want decisions  
The workers need ambitions  
There won't be no collisions whey they move so slow

Nothing ever happens  
Nothing ever matters  
No one ever tells me so what am I to know

You wouldn't read about it  
Read about it  
Just another incredible scene  
There's no doubt about it

The hammer and sickle  
The news is at a trickle  
The commisars are fickle but the stockpile grows

Bombers keeping coming  
Engines softly humming  
The stars and stripes are running for their own big show

Another little flare up  
Storm brewed in a tea cup  
Imagine any mix up and the lot would go

Nothing ever happens  
Nothing ever matters  
No one ever tells me so what I am to know

You wouldn't read about it  
Read about it  
One unjust, ridiculous steal  
Ain't no doubt about it  
You wouldn't read about it  
Read about it  
Just another particular deal  
There's no doubt about it