

Midnight Oil, Shakers And Movers

Won't you come on down the line, away from barren ground
The harlot and the autocrat, are they driving you further down
The season's rhymes, they anchor me, against the raging tide
Take you to the last wild place, skin and the stars they embrace
A caveman could a saint become, on a hospital ward on the Somme
We can dive into distant amoebas, our wings could melt in the sun

I can shake, I can move, but I can't live without your love
I can break, Over you, but I can't live without your love

Our poet Henry Lawson, he named them, the lay'em out brigade
Here they come, there they go, oh great god of development
Don't really know you yet
Coastline hosed down washed away, economics now there's nothing left
Tomorrow's child takes concrete footsteps
And they'll drink champagne or be damned

And the storm is breaking now, yes the storm is crashing down

(Moginie/Garrett)