

# Midnight Oil, Spirit Of The Age

Spirit of the Age

There is an SOS of real distress, baby tears at the best address  
Ambulance chasers won't confess, sun comes up and you're stuck  
The ones and the zeros are flushing your pores,  
You've been flamed in the dark and you're feeling sore  
The dripfeed rattle lures the innocent cattle  
It is the only job in town

Yeah I know Spirit of the Age is coming home  
Here it comes

A 747 is landing on your head  
A hand reaches out and you find you're dead  
Scared of the tarot and scared of the score  
But you went in deep cos you needed more  
But Karma is a boomerang and here it comes again  
Feels like the country is a going round the bend

Yeah I know Spirit of the Age is coming home

There were a few blue singlets at the garage sale  
No-one was cheering at the treasures they were clearing  
Desperate fictions are in my book  
Howl of the dashboard culture that shook  
But Karma is a boomerang it's bound some down again  
Feels like the country is just a going round the bend

Yeah I know spirit of the Age is coming home

(J.Moginie/P.Garrett - Midnight Oil)