

Midnight Oil, Stand In Line

Oh get down, getting down, so much money in the ground
For the people who don't deserve it now
It's a circus we're the clowns as the giant ones disown
Every bit of something we call home

Said it's a pity 'bout the middle class Holden mass
We get a bit to play around with doesn't really matter
They kid us with their dole, kid us with the dope
But generally speaking, nobody's got a hope

We're playing the music of the middle-aged queens
Getting fatter and fatter and splitting their jeans
It's all the same, we're out in the cold
The good ones died, the others just got old
Everything's set, everything's fine
You just got to stand in line
Oh everything's set, everything's fine
You just got to stand in line

Getting down, getting down, we have to make it now
Everybody's beaten, everybody's down, oh everybody's down
So goodbye to the creeps who are making it
Goodbye to the let it happen stand
I'm moving out got no doubt they've forgettn twist 'n' shout
They never ever listen to the man

(Moginie/Hirst/Rotsey/Garrett)