

# Midnight Oil, Tell Me The Truth

I believe we're crossing the great ravine  
Still yearning half way a stranger  
I believe in our multiplicity  
Still part-blind no reason for anger  
I believe we pull up our roots and retreat  
A new crop of aerals in Dacca and Canberra

Why don't you tell me the truth about you

Vaseline, you smeared it across every scene  
Anchor-man drowns in a sea of sensation  
Tyranny, crushing the young bird's seed  
Hallowe'en's mate, short fuse of the banker

We're all spores but we're never eunuchs  
Love's on the loose deflect the short tunic  
And the cameras ruse  
There's no judgement in ignorance I say

Some people tell me stories, wasting all my time  
Some trying not receiving someone else's lies  
It's my time, yes it's my time

(Moginie/Garrett)