

# Midnight Oil, The Last Of The Diggers

The Last Of The Diggers

Who will march for peace  
Now that the last of the diggers has gone  
All those who were released  
From Sulva Bay and from the Somme  
The Mallee is whipped by sand  
A great new silence blankets the land  
We sure need the Stone Age  
In the coming century

Who will feed the poor  
Now that the Saint of the gutters is gone  
Who will hear the call  
You lately come or native born  
For the touch of the Master's hand  
The eye of the Master still watches the lamb  
We sure need the Stone Age  
In the coming century

The last of the diggers  
The last of the diggers  
The last of the diggers  
The last of the diggers has won

Who gets sent to war  
Who'll lose a child to a foreign coast  
Who will leave our shore  
And come home rattling like a ghost  
This country can be cruel  
It'll leave you with scars that never heal  
We sure need the Stone Age in the coming century  
Still gonna need some Stone Age in the coming century

The last of the diggers  
The last of the diggers  
The last of the diggers  
The last of the diggers has won

(Rob Hirst - Midnight Oil)