

# Midnight Oil, Who Can Stand In The Way

Well oh well I feel I'm in decay  
John Laws is on the air again  
It's heavy traffic, jacarandas, eye in the sky and foot on ground  
I see a million sand speck'd ants in mortal combat hand to hand

And I feel that I  
Yes I feel that I  
Seem to live this life long distance  
gaze at the things surround me  
People rolling in and out  
Those circles and tides confound me

And there's just one thing  
Yes there's just one thing

Who can stand in the way  
When there's a dollar to be made?

I was hanging round off Dobroyd Point  
When the first fleet chain sailed in  
Looked into the clearest blue  
The scurvy smell, the convicts cry

And we just carried on,  
Yes we just carried on

Now choppers strafe the supermarket sky  
and people wonder why  
Chopping down tons of trees  
Got seas of print not a soul can read say  
Why do I drown you build brick boxes  
One by one now they block my sun  
But it's metal on metal  
It's the dance of TV  
If Christ were here he'd camera check  
He'd cry so loud the planes would stop  
He'd cry so loud the earth would shake  
And men would fall in tinsel town

There's just one thing  
Yes there's just one thing...

Who can stand in the way  
When there's a dollar to be made?

Precious moments, precious few  
When that dollar's more than me and you  
It's the joy of forgetting,  
Such a joy to forget  
But we killed all our firstborn  
And we slashed and we burned  
And we sold off the paddocks  
And we raped and we gouged  
On the wings of a six-pack  
Will we ever learn?

(Spoken)

When the spinifex hit Sydney, it was the last thing we expected  
When the desert to Gladesville, we tried to tame it  
And when the emus grazed at Pymont, it suddenly dawned on us all  
Hah, finally the world was silent and the door was shut.

(Moginie/Garrett)