

# Midnight Oil, World That I See

In a country that we call home  
in a land that's skin and bone  
there's a place that's hardly known.

Mountains appearing with the sun  
rivers of light they westward run  
night is draining from the firmament.

Railway fettler broken down  
on a branch line somewhere south  
off the map and off the world.

There is no end to the world that I see  
there is no end to the world that I see.

As we swing from star to star  
we're not going very far  
the land is hard and gives no quarter.

The o'cannon garrison falls down  
you cannot hear the church bell sound  
the sun beats down and gives no sanctuary.

As sure as I stand on this place  
the spirit comes  
let lightning strike and leave no trace.