

Spirit of the Age

Midnight Oil

There is an SOS of real distress, baby tears at the best address
Ambulance chasers won't confess, sun comes up and you're stuck
The ones and the zeros are flushing your pores,
You've been flamed in the dark and you're feeling sore
The dripfeed rattle lures the innocent cattle
It is the only job in town

Yeah I know Spirit of the Age is coming home
Here it comes

A 747 is landing on your head
A hand reaches out and you find you're dead
Scared of the tarot and scared of the score
But you went in deep cos you needed more
But Karma is a boomerang and here it comes again
Feels like the country is a going round the bend

Yeah I know Spirit of the Age is coming home

There were a few blue singlets at the garage sale
No-one was cheering at the treasures they were clearing
Desperate fictions are in my book
Howl of the dashboard culture that shook
But Karma is a boomerang it's bound some down again
Feels like the country is just a going round the bend

Yeah I know spirit of the Age is coming home