

I don't want to grow anything in my heart
I don't want to write all these things into the sand
I don't wish to listen and not understand
I don't want to tramp up the footpath of stares
Don't want to be an advocate
Don't want to be a monument

There is nothing that grows in your arctic world

I don't want to breathe that Smithsonian air
I don't want to listen when they toll the bell
'cos I can't take another industrial feast
On the ground, on my back, out there
I want to meet the president
Of a country without sense

There is nothing that grows in his arctic world
There is nothing that grows in your arctic world
There is nothing that grows in this arctic world