

Bedlam Bridge

Midnight Oil

In this city with no footpath
There's a building with no people
There is crime and gun decisions
There's a street of heat and hawkers
There's a house of hope and drifters
There's a gang that shoots then listens

There's a place that knows no poverty
A town without pollution
There's a soul with good intentions

There are canyons full of movie stars
Churches made of metal
There are mountains made of muscle

We have leaders who are anxious
Wh have captain not courageous
Captains tumbling into madness

But there's a man who makes no enemies
A body never breathless
No ambition ever hopeless

Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting
Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven
Oh
Up on bedlam bridge
Waiting
In these locked and shackled neighborhoods
Bridge and tunnel diplomats
See the golden ghetto's creeper

Crazy flags from history
Songs for the White House gangsters
Guns for hellgate railway sleepers

But there's a man who makes no enemies
A body never breathless
No ambition ever hopeless

So how stands the city on this winter's night?
The city on the hill or so they said
The now is falling down around the armoury
The city's closing in around my head

Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting
Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven
Oh
Up on bedlam bridge
Waiting

Drive
Drive the engines harder
Drive

Drive
Won't you turn the engines over

Drive