

# Bells and Horns in the Back of Beyond

Midnight Oil

The Southern Aurora was late again  
As I waited at central to take you home  
Winking spinning sparkling lights on our flat earth  
You talk about the old groundling ways  
Where the suburbs summer pulse and play in wrinkled sand and  
never never never neverland  
I get home I see them drive down  
I look out and see those lines and lines and lines of swell and  
smiles  
Coolangatta, what's the matter?  
Paradise, it's a surfer's world and flashing lights and real es  
tate  
With one last wave  
Ahhh, get up and run  
'Cause there's a beach lies quiet near the open sea  
And a carpark lay streched where the bindis used to be  
When will I be yours  
When will I be mine