

# Blue Sky Mine

## Midnight Oil

There'll be food on the table tonight  
There'll be pay in your pocket tonight

My gut is wrenched out it is crunched up and broken  
My life that is lived is no more than a token  
Who'll strike the flint upon the stone and tell me why?

If I yell out at night there's a reply of blue silence  
The screen is no comfort I can't speak my sentence  
They blew the lights at heaven's gate and I don't know why

But if I work all day on the blue sky mine  
(There'll be food on the table tonight)  
Still I walk up and down on the blue sky mine  
(There'll be pay in your pocket tonight)

The candy store paupers lie to the shareholders  
They're crossing their fingers they pay the truth makers  
The balance sheet is breaking up the sky

So I'm caught at the junction still waiting for medicine  
The sweat of my brow keeps on feeding the engine  
Hope the crumbs in my pocket can keep me for another night

And if you blue sky mining company won't come to my rescue  
If the sugar refining company won't save me

Who's gonna save me?

But if I work all day on the blue sky mine  
(There'll be food on the table tonight)  
And if I walk up and down on the blue sky mine  
(There'll be pay in your pocket tonight)  
And some have sailed from a distant shore  
And the company takes what the company wants  
And nothing's as precious  
As a hole in the ground

Who's gonna save me?  
I pray that sense and reason brings us in  
Who's gonna save me?  
We've got nothing to fear

In the end the rain comes down  
Washes clean the streets of a blue sky mine