

## Concrete

Midnight Oil

In the city the heart still whispers  
Flaking metal a silent witness  
There's chemical fields and cathode clouds  
The milky way is emasculated as exhaust fans  
And smart cards shrink wrap the coloured air  
And send it coughing to eternity  
We can see the bright light but we can't reach it  
We are not afraid enough to call  
Go back wrong way you cannot stay you cannot live here

Concrete you don't free my soul

In the city the sound is biting  
Cement fingers they are clutching  
The emissary of trash decorates the way  
No wild acres you can see, yearning to breathe  
Concrete you don't free my soul  
Blackened hands and heart of steel,  
No wish to consume, embellish, discard and expire

Concrete you don't free my soul

Concrete you don't free my soul