

# Gunbarrel Highway

Midnight Oil

I'll give you something to write home about  
And I'll take you somewhere, show you around  
We burnt all the cars that laid down and died  
We burnt all the trees to keep us alive  
Sat 'round the fire, sang like a choir  
With the ashes of a civilization in our eyes

I come alive, I read the signs on the Gunbarrel Highway  
Far off a dull radio beats for the young uninvolved  
The meaning's a football  
A stick and a can and a Kakadu man  
Will the speaker speak up or the talker talk down  
The world is no oyster and here in this town  
Shit falls like rain on a world that is brown

I come alive, I read the signs on the Gunbarrel Highway  
I come alive, and the children will sing as the  
satellite swings down that highway

Nothing could be longer than a corrugated road  
No one ever follows where the road trains go  
And nowhere in the country do the dust storms blow so hard  
So hard

I come alive, I read the signs on the Gunbarrel Highway  
I hear the sound, it's the wheels as they drive  
And the cultures collide on that highway  
ah, it's a hard day, the children will sing as the  
Satellite swings down that highway