

## Is It Now?

### Midnight Oil

There's a man who walks the lonely field at midnight  
He wears a matching suit, steel tipped shoes and the diamonds  
And he holds the dying flame, the loaded dice and the answer  
He stalks the open road that leads from here to there  
You'd better look out, watch out, beware  
There's no safety here  
Crouched by the fence, sweat dries cold on your every breath

Where's the saviour that the critics dream about now  
He's telling jokes to all the saviours in the ward  
Be warned when it comes to that, to the point of indecision  
When you hesitate, he'll make his choice for you

You better look out, beware  
There's no safety here (no, no, no safety)  
Crouched by the fence, sweat dried cold on your every breath  
His eyes, they turn red  
You think and recall what he said

He puts a name to every face  
Table talk and wall to wall  
Winners win the game, and the losers win the war  
Resurrection, intersection, comic books and mass defection  
Vinyl floor and sliding doors, nothing more  
Lost the thread of conversation  
Sentence fails and engine roars  
No recall, blindfold to the stairs  
Is it now?  
Is it now?