

Poets And Slaves

Midnight Oil

Here comes the mechanical sun
working on the bones in the dry old creek bed
mist on the old river bend yellow box hangs like it's dead
the emerald silo is rusting from the inside.

You want to run like the wind you'll never come here again
you want a world you can save so c'mon you poets and slaves.

Circus olympia pulls into town
the dwarf and the fat man head out for beer
there is no lion that roars to one can stand on the horse
tomorrow is a no show the fortune teller cries.

You want to go down in flames you're gonna crash like the waves
you can't remember your name so come on you poets and slaves.

We got everything we need sugar and beef
we got some good ideas
we got the steering wheels and rolling stock too
clouds came down low on the corn
meat ants are gathering like storms
somewhere in the quiet wild darkness a crocodile cries.

You gotta you gotta you gotta
c'mon you poets and slaves.

You got to arrest the decay you're sinking down in the bay
you can't remember your name c'mon you poets and slaves.

You've got to count what you've made
you're gonna pass like the days
stop time and head for the stage.

And c'mon you poets and slaves
c'mon you poets and slaves.