

Put Down That Weapon

Midnight Oil

Under the waterline
No place to retire
To another time
The eyes of the world now turn

And if we think about it
And if we talk about it
And if the skies go dark with rain
Can you tell me does our freedom remain

Put down that weapon or we'll all be gone
You can't hide nowhere with the torchlight on
And it happens to be an emergency
Some things aren't meant to be
Some things don't come for free

Above the waterline
Point the finger yeah point the bone
It's the harbour towns
That the grey metal ships call home
And if we think about it
And if we talk about it
And if the sea goes boiling black
Can you tell me what you'll do about that

Put down that weapon or we'll all be gone
I must know something to know it's so wrong
And it happens to be an emergency
Some things aren't meant to be
Some things don't come for free
They keep talking about it
They keep talking...

Put down that weapon or we'll all be gone
You must be crazy if you think you're strong