

Shakers and Movers

Midnight Oil

Won't you come down the line
Away from barren ground
The harlot and the autocrat
Are they driving you further down

The season's rhymes, they anchor me
Against the raging tide

Take you to the last wild place
Skin and the stars they embrace
A caveman could a saint become
In a hospital ward on the Somme

We can dive into distant amoebas
Our wings could melt in the sun

I can shake
I can move
But I can't live without your love

I can break
Over you
But I can't live without your love

Our poet Henry Lawson he named them
The lay'em out brigade
Here they come there they go
Oh great god of development
Don't really know you yet
Coastline hosed down washed away
Economics, now there's nothing left
Tomorrow's child takes concrete footsteps
And they'll drink champagne or be damned

And the storm is breaking now
Yeah the storm is breaking now
Yes the storm is crashing down

I can shake...