

## Tone Poem

### Midnight Oil

Like a heat wave breaking as you smell warm rain  
We can fade away or start over again  
In a high five season in a cut-price land  
The southern cross don't shine on that invisible hand

Where will you live when the fields are falling?  
Where will you live when the feedlots calling?  
Everybody standing in the treetops saying  
Where will you live? where will you live?  
Everyone dosen't have to beg or borrow  
Were going to move into a new tomarrow  
Where will you live? where will you live?

Invisable hand clutching at the throat  
Statistical sham an emperor's rags it's sad it's so sad  
Because equality's the only plea green fields are burning  
The reefs on fire and bellies are swollen they're hurting  
A willing victims I don't think so  
We won't be pinned agains't the wall  
There is no slogan that can feed you

Where will you live when the fields are falling?  
Where will you live when the feedlots calling?  
Everybody standing in the treetops saying  
Where will you live? where will you live?  
Tearing up your ticket for the new titanic  
Heat haze refugee no-one panic

Where will you live when the water comes over?  
Where will you live? where will you live?  
Take a deep breath don't have to drown in sorrow  
Take a deep breath for a new tomarrow

The bow will break the cradle fall  
We won't be jammed against your wall