

Who Can Stand in the Way

Midnight Oil

Well oh well I feel I'm in decay
John Laws is on the air again
It's heavy traffic, jacarandas, eye in the sky and foot on ground
I see a million sand speck'd ants in mortal combat hand to hand

And I feel that I
Yes I feel that I
Seem to live this life long distance
gaze at the things surround me
People rolling in and out
Those circles and tides confound me

And there's just one thing
Yes there's just one thing

Who can stand in the way
When there's a dollar to be made?

I was hanging round off Dobroyd Point
When the first fleet chain sailed in
Looked into the clearest blue
The scurvy smell, the convicts cry

And we just carried on,
Yes we just carried on

Now choppers strafe the supermarket sky
and people wonder why
Chopping down tons of trees
Got seas of print not a soul can read say
Why do I drown you build brick boxes
One by one now they block my sun
But it's metal on metal
It's the dance of TV
If Christ were here he'd camera check
He'd cry so loud the planes would stop
He'd cry so loud the earth would shake
And men would fall in tinsel town

There's just one thing
Yes there's just one thing...

Who can stand in the way
When there's a dollar to be made?

Precious moments, precious few
When that dollar's more than me and you
It's the joy of forgetting,
Such a joy to forget
But we killed all our firstborn
And we slashed and we burned
And we sold off the paddocks
And we raped and we gouged
On the wings of a six-pack
Will we ever learn?

When the spinifex hit Sydney, it was the last thing we expected

When the desert to Gladesville, we tried to tame it
And when the emus grazed at Pymont, it suddenly dawned on us all
Hah, finally the world was silent and the door was shut.