

# Beds Are Burning

Sinner

Out where the river broke  
The bloodwood and the desert oak  
Holden wrecks and boiling diesels  
Steam in forty five degrees

The time has come  
To say fair's fair  
To pay the rent  
To pay our share  
The time has come  
A fact's a fact  
It belongs to them  
Let's give it back

How can we dance when our earth is turning  
How do we sleep while our beds are burning  
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How do we sleep while our beds are burning

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To pay the rent, now to pay our share

Four wheels scare the cockatoos  
From kintore east to yuendemu  
The western desert lives and breathes  
In forty five degrees

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