

The desert stretches across the endless piles of sand  
And the compass spins round, lodged somewhere in my hand  
And while I'm searching through my soul  
I found at last a waterhole

While I'm wading through bureaucratic piles of waste  
Your putrid smell leaves a sweet distaste  
And while I'm searching through my soul  
I found at last a waterhole

The concrete towers erect jungle  
Smashed up old park bench  
The monuments of sweeter days  
Upon them where your children play

Your children move, they're puppets now  
Destroying all your sacred cows  
And while I'm searching through my soul  
I found at last a waterhole