

The Dead Heart

Midnight Oil

We don't serve your country
Don't serve your king
Know your custom, don't speak your tongue
White man came took everyone We don't serve your country
Don't serve your king
White man listen to the songs we sing
White man came took everything We carry in our hearts the true country
And that cannot be stolen
We follow in the steps of our ancestry
And that cannot be broken We don't need protection
Don't need your land
Keep your promise on, where we stand
We will listen we'll understand Mining companies, pastoral companies
Uranium companies, collected companies Got more right than people
Got more say than people
Forty thousand years can make a difference
To the state of things, the dead heart lives here

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