

Outside World

Midnight Oil

There's a wind on the eastern side
Ghost gums dance in the moonlit night
Mo poke mourns the racketeers The bosses they can sense your mood
All in place to a hand that rules
They all want to deal you out I can see the outside world
Everything's inviting in the outside world
Leaving all my problems in the outside world It's the summer of another year
A little world weary a little more to fear
Hold those cards tight to your chest Maybe someday you could be a man
Living quietly in a caravan
Not the Lismore road tonight

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