

# Lucky Country

## Midnight Oil

Speed, and this  
There's a feeling I get when I look to the sun  
Love, it's so tough  
Cause it raises your hopes and then it makes you run  
We're all looking for a shorter day  
We're all looking for an easy way  
Even when the debts are dead and gone  
Down, the stairs  
And an eight mile drive waits for you to turn on  
Hear, the time clocks sing  
And the smoke in the distance reaches the eye line  
We're all working on a shorter day...  
No conversation as you  
go  
There's so much space the heat moves you  
Terracotta homes, backyard barbeque and eucalyptus smell  
It's fine on the clothes line  
It's fast food and slow life and red roof  
My silence, comic interruptions  
Surely there's some relief from atomic art  
And the fragile state of world events  
With clowns who love the kings and power and the mutant media babes  
Wanking on dreams and fashions and toilet paper flowers  
Don't talk to me in this backyard - it's clandestine, it's nuclear  
Smell of space and now forever I want to go  
Straight down the exit eight mile attraction  
you-turn is up and the time clock sings lets go  
Lucky country  
Where the geckos are paid to live in the sun  
On and on there's a ribbon of road and a mile to spare  
Lucky country  
Lucky country

Songwriters

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