

# Oh Industry

Bette Midler

I am the captain and this is my shrine  
Lord of the manor, see what I leave behind  
River in flames, cities on fire  
Yes, I'm a relic trapped in the wire Hydrogen fuel, it burns so clean  
Throbs in the veins, a mother lovin' machine  
She is my wife, her mechanical heart  
Constantly serving 'til death do us part Now a glorious war draws to a close  
The yellow winds blow and I have to know  
Oh industry, whatever will become of me?  
Soon the cruel rains will start Is it true we must part company?  
Oh industry, whatever will become of me?  
What have I ever done? Where did I go wrong?  
Joined at the hip pain, hunger and I Leave our gift to the world 'neath the phosphorous sky  
A labor of love is the truest of all  
But will I be forsaken after the fall?  
Now a glorious war draws to a close The yellow winds blow and I have to know  
Oh industry, whatever will become of me?  
Nothing after the flood but the fire and the mud's prophecy  
Oh industry, whatever will become of me? Of me Industry, charity, faith, hope  
Industry, charity, faith, hope  
Industry, charity, faith, hope  
Industry, charity, faith, hope  
Industry, charity, faith, hope

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