

Safety Chain Blues

Midnight Oil

Hanging on like hell to the safety chain
Lifebuoy crash lands in a vale of tears
All the lovers are in retreat
On the edge of the nervous street So deaf to the call of the wild
Deaf to the first born's whispering plea
Expanding frame the city is in heat
Burning at the edges of the lonely street But I want to hold your precious head
I will not leave you nor pretend
I'm going to hold you to the end Hey mama didn't know we'd end up here
The snapshot is all tiles and red walls
Down at the squatter's camps they cannot compete
The shepherd has been bound up by his hands and his feet

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