Is It Now?

Midnight Oil

There's a man who walks the lonely field at midnight
He wears a matching suit, steel tipped shoes and the diamonds
And he holds the dying flame, the loaded dice and the answer
He stalks the open road that leads form here to there
You'd better look out, you watch out, beware
There's no safety here
Crouched by the fence
Sweat dries cold on your every breath
Where's the savior that the critics dream about now
He's telling jokes to all the saviors in the ward
Be warned when it comes to that, to the point of indecision
When you hesitate, he'll make his choice for you
You better look out, beware
There's no safety here, no, no, no safety
Crouched by the fence
Sweat dried cold on your every breath
His eyes, they turn red
You think and recall what he said
He puts a name to every face
Table talk and wall to wall
Winners win the game
And the losers win the war
Resurrection, intersection, comic books and mass defection
Vinyl floor and sliding doors, nothing more
Lost the thread of conversation, sentence fails and engine roars
No recall, blindfold to the stairs
Is it now?
Is it now?

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