

# Arctic World

## Midnight Oil

I don't wanna grow anything in my heart  
I don't want to write all these things in the sand  
I don't wish to listen and not understand  
And I don't want to tramp up the footpath of stars  
Don't want to be an advocate  
Don't want to be a monument  
There is nothing that grows in your arctic world  
I don't want to breathe that  
Smithsonian air  
And I don't want to listen when they toll the bell  
'Cause I can't take another industrial feast  
On the ground, on my back, out there  
I want to meet the President  
Of a country without sense  
There is nothing that grows in his arctic world  
I tell you, there is nothing that grows in your arctic world  
Now there is nothing that grows in this arctic world

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