Bedlam Bridge

Midnight Oil

In this city with no footpath there's a building with no people
There is crime and gun decisions
There's a street of heat and hawkers, there's a house of hope drifters
There's a gang that shoots then listens
There's a place that knows no poverty, a town without pollution
There's a soul with good intentions
There are canyons full of movie stars, churches made of metal
There are mountains made of muscle
We have leaders who are anxious, we have captains not courageous
Captains tumbling into madness
But there's a main who makes no enemies, a body never breathless
No ambition ever hopeless
Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting
Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven
Oh, up on bedlam bridge, waiting
In these locked and shackled neighborhoods, bridge and tunnel diplomats
See the golden ghetto's creeper
Crazy flags from history, songs for the White House gangsters
Guns for hell gate railway sleepers
But there's a main who makes no enemies, a body never breathless
No ambition ever hopeless
So how stands the city on this winters night?
The city on the hill or so they said
The snow is falling down around the armory
The city's closing in around my head
Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting
Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven
Oh, up on bedlam bridge, waiting
Drive, won't you drive the engines harder, drive
Drive, won't you turn the engines over, drive

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