

Burnie

Midnight Oil

Brought up in a world of changes
Part time cleaner in a holiday flat
I stare out to sea at the ships at nightNo anesthesia
I'm going to work on it day to day
No zephyr, no light relief it seemsBut maybe it's a dream
I'm lying back in a row of timber cases
Placed out on the dock with nightmare faces looking at me
And I can see now and I wanna be free nowThis is my home, this is my sea
Don't paint it with the future of factories
I want to stay, I feel okay
There's nothing else that's perfect
I'll have my wayWe're all sinking in our own mud
We're all sinking in our own mudBrought up in a world of changes
Waste product pedestrian limb from limb
A short changed by the surfing priest againTwo children in the harbor
They play their games, storm water drain
Write their contract in the sand, it'll be gray for lifeBut you can draw the blind but you can't stop the sun
From shining on and on and getting you there
Tide forever beckons you to leave, something holds you backIt's not the promise of a swell or a girl just
The hope that some day, some way it'll be okay
So you stop and sayThis is my home, this is my sea
Don't paint it with the future of factories
This is my life, this is my right
I'll make it what I want to
I'll stay and I'll fightI'll fight and I'll fight and I'll fight
And I'll fight and I'll fight
I'll fight and I'll fight and I'll fight

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