

# Tone Poem

## Midnight Oil

Like a heat wave breaking as you smell warm rain  
We can fade away or start over again  
In a high five season in a cut-price land  
The southern cross don't shine on that invisible hand where will you live when the fields are falling?  
Where will you live when the feedlots calling?  
Everybody standing in the treetops saying  
Where will you live? where will you live?  
Everyone doesn't have to beg or borrow  
Were going to move into a new tomorrow  
Where will you live? where will you live? invisible hand clutching at the throat  
Statistical sham an emperor's rags its sad its so sad  
Because equality's the only plea green fields are burning  
The reefs on fire and bellies are swollen they're hurting  
A willing victims I don't think so  
We won't be pinned against the wall  
There is no slogan that can feed you where will you live when the fields are falling?  
Where will you live when the feedlots calling?  
Everybody standing in the treetops saying  
Where will you live? where will you live?  
Tearing up your ticket for the new titanic  
Heat haze refugee no-one panic where will you live when the water comes over?  
Where will you live? where will you live?  
Take a deep breath don't have to drown in sorrow  
Take a deep breath for a new tomorrow the bow will break the cradle fall  
We won't be jammed against your wall

Songwriters

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WAYNE Published by

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