

# Poets And Slaves

## Midnight Oil

Here comes the mechanical sun  
Working on the bones in the dry old creek bed  
Mist on the old river bend, yellow box hangs like it's dead  
The emerald silo is rusting from the inside  
You want to run like the wind  
You'll never come here again  
You want a world you can save  
So c'mon you poets and slaves  
Circus Olympia pulls into town  
The dwarf and the fat man head out for beer  
There is no lion that roars to one can stand on the horse  
Tomorrow is a no show the fortune teller cries  
You want to go down in flames  
You're gonna crash like the waves  
And you can't remember your name  
So come on you poets and slaves  
We got everything we need, sugar and beef  
We got some good ideas  
We got the steering wheels and rolling stock too  
Clouds came down low on the corn  
Meat ants are gathering like storms  
Some where in the quiet wild darkness, a crocodile cries  
You gotta, you gotta, you gotta  
C'mon you poets and slaves  
You got to arrest the decay  
You're sinking down in the bay  
You can't remember your name  
C'mon you poets and slaves  
You've got to count what you've made  
You're gonna pass like the days  
Stop time and head for the stage  
And c'mon you poets and slaves  
C'mon you poets and slaves  
C'mon you poets and slaves  
C'mon you poets and slaves

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