

Return to Sender

Midnight Oil

Well, I want to return to my sender
Well, I want to return
There is so much that I can't remember
But there's so much to choose We are laying the tracks for the company
Across all space and all time
Any insinkerator will remind you
What can happen to you There's a billboard as high as a mountain
Neon lights up the hill
Cast no shadow and leave no traces
We are grist for the mill Hold me, control me into the arms we fall
Sugar the future sale of the century

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