

Brave Faces

Midnight Oil

I've seen faces in the window
I've seen faces in the street
They walk and talk of nothing
I've known many restless summers
The sand dunes I imagine
A place without a postcard
Flower people were so beautiful
But straight and loud's the way
Good luck the beatnik spirit
The talk of politicians
The sentences of cynics
Are the sentences of childhood
They're all talking shit to me
Out-talked by the mass media to pay the bills it lies
And the lies we eat for breakfast
Brave faces face the boardroom
The oak stained walls fall silent
They leave lined with defeat
And they got those tears in their eyes
Well, it makes no sense to me
Why don't they understand? We're so ordinary too
I saw the exits closing now
Pain and passion's my point of view
Well there's nothing like the truth
I've seen men that have been marked out
Ruled out by grim assassins
They fell hard on instant replay
And I'm never going there
Well, the place I see so much better
'Cos it makes no sense to me
I saw the exits closing now
Burning mountains, burning paper
Burning all around and later

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