

Power and the Passion

Midnight Oil

People, wasting away in paradise
Going backward, once in a while
Moving ahead, falling behind
What do you believe, what do you believe?
What do you believe is true
Nothing they say makes a difference this way
Nothing they say will do They take all the trouble that you can afford
At least you wont have time to be bored
At least you wont have time to be bored Oh the power and the passion
Oh the temper of the time
Oh the power and the passion
Sometimes youve got to take the hardest line Sunburnt faces around, with skin so brown
Smiling zinc cream and crowds
Sundays the beach never a cloud
Breathing eucalypti, pushing panel vans
Stuff and munch junk food laughing at the truth
'Cause gough was tough 'til he hit the rough
Uncle Sam and John were quite enough Too much of sunshine too much of sky
Its enough to make you want to cry
Just enough to make you want to cry Oh the power and the passion
Oh the temper of the time
Oh the power and the passion
Sometimes youve got to take the hardest line Buildings, clothing the sky, in paradise
Sydney, nights are warm
Daytime telly, blue rinse dawn
Dads so bad he lives in the pub
Its a underarms and football clubs
Flat chat, pine gap, in every home a big mac
And no one goes outback, thats that You take what you get and get what you please
Its better to die on your feet than to live on your knees
Its better to die on your feet than to live on your knees Oh the power and the passion
Oh the temper of the time
Oh the power and the passion
Sometimes youve got to take the hardest line

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