

Knife's Edge

Midnight Oil

On a knife edge razor day

If you listen long enough they've got nothing to say
It's a time warp place don't change
The rhythm of the night, the beating rain
You move fast to get off of that merry-go-round
There's one gun,
probably more

And the others are pointing at our back door
At the best hotel of all
Put my name on the wall, put my bed on the floor
You get much less well it seems like more
Heart's still sore
Word crimes, bitter lies
Bitter crimes, government lies

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