

Spirit Of The Age

Midnight Oil

There's an SOS of real distress
Baby, tears at the best address
Ambulance chasers won't confess
Sun comes up and you're stuck
The ones and the zeros are flushing your pores
You've been flamed in the dark and you're feeling sore
The dripfeed rattle lures the innocent cattle
It's the only job around
Yeah, I know spirit of the age is coming home
A 747 is landing on your head
A hand reaches out and you find you're dead
Scared of the tarot and scared of the score
But you went in deep 'cause you needed more
But karma is a boomerang and here it comes again
Feels like the country is a going 'round the bend
There were a few blue singlets at the garage sale
But no one was cheering at the treasures they were clearing
Desperate fictions are in my book
Howl of the dashboard culture that shook
But karma is a boomerang and here it comes again
Feels like the country's just a going 'round the bend
Yeah, I know spirit of the age is coming home

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