

Midnight Oil "Arctic World"

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I don't wanna grow anything in my heart
I don't want to write all these things in the sand
I don't wish to listen and not understand
And I don't want to tramp up the footpath of stars

Don't want to be an advocate
Don't want to be a monument

There is nothing that grows in your arctic world

I don't want to breathe that Smithsonian air
And I don't want to listen when they toll the bell
'Cause I can't take another industrial feast
On the ground, on my back, out there

I want to meet the President
Of a country without sense

There is nothing that grows in his arctic world
I tell you, there is nothing that grows in your arctic
world
Now there is nothing that grows in this arctic world

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