

## Midnight Oil "Bedlam Bridge"

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In this city with no footpath  
There's a building with no people  
There is crime and gun decisions  
There's a street of heat and hawkers  
There's a house of hope and drifters  
There's a gang that shoots then listens

There's a place that knows no poverty  
A town without pollution  
There's a soul with good intentions

There are canyons full of movie stars  
Churches made of metal  
There are mountains made of muscle

We have leaders who are anxious  
Wh have captain not courageous  
Captains tumbling into madness

But there's a man who makes no enemies  
A body never breathless  
No ambition ever hopeless

Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting  
Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven  
Oh  
Up on bedlam bridge  
Waiting  
In these locked and shackled neighborhoods  
Bridge and tunnel diplomats  
See the golden ghetto's creeper

Crazy flags from history  
Songs for the White House gangsters  
Guns for hellgate railway sleepers

But there's a man who makes no enemies  
A body never breathless  
No ambition ever hopeless

So how stands the city on this winter's night?  
The city on the hill or so they said

The now is falling down around the armoury  
The city's closing in around my head

Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting  
Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven  
Oh  
Up on bedlam bridge  
Waiting

Drive  
Drive the engines harder  
Drive

Drive  
Won't you turn the engines over  
Drive

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