

Midnight Oil

"Bells & Horns in The Back of Beyond"

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The southern aurora was late again
As I waited at central to take you home
Winking, spinning, sparkling lights on our flat earth
You talked about the old groundling ways

Where the suburbs summer
Play in wrinkled sand and
Never, never, never neverland
I get home, I see them, I drive down

I look out, I see those lines
And lines and lines of swell and smiles
Coolangatta, what's the matter?
Paradise, it's a surfer's world

And flashing lights and real estate
With one last wave ah, get up and run
'Cause there's a beach lies quiet near the open sea
And a car park lay stretched where the bindis used to
be

When will I be yours?
When will I be mine?
When will I be yours?
When will I be mine?

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