

## Midnight Oil "Blot"

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Welcome stranger, listen in  
The presumption of innocence was buried again  
Carve up-sell off  
Triumphalism gotta be a curse or even worse  
It's inherited it's recurring  
Oh God

I have walked, I have swum, I've hitchhiked and I've run  
Do you know what I mean  
I have sat with my beer in the EH Drive-In  
Do you know what I've seen?

The triumphalist and narcissist are joined ear  
And hip and phone, they're worshipping their chrome  
Carve up, sell off  
Some people speak with chainsaw tongue  
Some just golden arches smile  
Some relish others suffering, some just run and hide

I have dreamed, I have schemed, I have made myself  
clean  
Do you know what I mean?  
I have sat up and I have strayed got caught up and I  
prayed  
Do you know what I've seen?

The story's just the same but the ending it can change  
He wants to build a monument it's everlasting in  
cement  
It's cellular recombinant, he is not lite, he will not die  
Carve up-sell off

Gonna pick up all the pieces they're available from  
species  
With all the goat and all the sheep  
And all the human bits and pieces  
But he'll make you sign the releases, 'Welcome'

In the year of the reign of the real citizen  
Kane Willkommen, the squeeze is on  
It's a falling down on thou and I

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