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Midnight Oil "Bullroarer"

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In the desert in the dry Before the breaking of the rain The temperature in the shade Had reached a hundred and ten again

In the desert in the dry On the overland telegraph line Don't take the law into your own hands Don't go looking for a fight

I've heard the bullroarers

In the desert in the dry Sun sits so high Long day's mile and the radio crackles And the bones bleached white

It's a knock 'em down storm See the tin roof shake Wild dog howls and the long grass whistles And the tall trees break

I've seen the wild horses I've heard the bullroarers I've seen the wild horses

Shifting sands and broken plans Lead me on to my homeland

I've seen the wild horses I've heard the bullroarers I've seen the wild horses

I've seen the wild I've heard the bull I've seen the wild I've heard the bullroarers

Now it's shifting sands and broken plans

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