

## Midnight Oil "Burnie"

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Brought up in a world of changes  
Part time cleaner in a holiday flat  
I stare out to sea at the ships at night

No anesthesia  
I'm going to work on it day to day  
No zephyr, no light relief it seems

But maybe it's a dream  
I'm lying back in a row of timber cases  
Placed out on the dock with nightmare faces looking at  
me  
And I can see now and I wanna be free now

This is my home, this is my sea  
Don't paint it with the future of factories  
I want to stay, I feel okay  
There's nothing else that's perfect  
I'll have my way

We're all sinking in our own mud  
We're all sinking in our own mud

Brought up in a world of changes  
Waste product pedestrian limb from limb  
A short changed by the surfing priest again

Two children in the harbor  
They play their games, storm water drain  
Write their contract in the sand, it'll be gray for life

But you can draw the blind but you can't stop the sun  
From shining on and on and getting you there  
Tide forever beckons you to leave, something holds  
you back

It's not the promise of a swell or a girl just  
The hope that some day, some way it'll be okay  
So you stop and say

This is my home, this is my sea  
Don't paint it with the future of factories

This is my life, this is my right  
I'll make it what I want to  
I'll stay and I'll fight

I'll fight and I'll fight and I'll fight  
And I'll fight and I'll fight  
I'll fight and I'll fight and I'll fight

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