

## Midnight Oil "Is It Now?"

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There's a man who walks the lonely field at midnight  
He wears a matching suit, steel tipped shoes and the diamonds  
And he holds the dying flame, the loaded dice and the answer  
He stalks the open road that leads from here to there

You'd better look out, you watch out, beware  
There's no safety here  
Crouched by the fence  
Sweat dries cold on your every breath

Where's the savior that the critics dream about now  
He's telling jokes to all the saviors in the ward  
Be warned when it comes to that, to the point of indecision  
When you hesitate, he'll make his choice for you

You better look out, beware  
There's no safety here, no, no, no safety  
Crouched by the fence  
Sweat dried cold on your every breath  
His eyes, they turn red  
You think and recall what he said

He puts a name to every face  
Table talk and wall to wall  
Winners win the game  
And the losers win the war

Resurrection, intersection, comic books and mass defection  
Vinyl floor and sliding doors, nothing more  
Lost the thread of conversation, sentence fails and engine roars  
No recall, blindfold to the stairs

Is it now?  
Is it now?

