

## Midnight Oil "Lucky Country"

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Speed and and this  
There's a feeling I get when I look to the sun  
Love it's so tough  
'Cos it raises your hopes and then it makes you run

We're all looking for a shorter day  
We're all looking for an easy way  
Even when the debts are dead and gone

Down, down the stairs  
And an eight mile drive waits for you to turn on  
Hear the time clock sing  
And the smoke in the distance reaches the eye line

We're all working on a shorter day  
We're all looking for an easy way  
Even when the debts are dead and gone

Even when the debts are dead and gone  
Even when the debts are dead and gone

No conversation as you go  
There's so much space the heat moves you  
Terracotta homes, backyard barbecue and eucalyptus  
smell  
It's fine on the clothes line  
It's fast food and slow life and red roof

My silence, comic interruptions  
Surely there's some relief from atomic art and the  
fragile state of world  
Events with clowns who love the kings  
And power and the mutant media babes  
Working on dreams and fashions and toilet paper  
flowers

Don't talk to me in this backyard, it's clandestine, it's  
nuclear.  
Smell of space and now forever  
I wanna go straight down the exit eight mile  
Attraction u-turn is up and the time clock sings, let's go

Lucky country here, where the geckos are paid to live in  
the sun  
On, on, on and on there's a ribbon of road and a mile to  
spare

Lucky country  
Lucky country  
Lucky country  
...

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