

Midnight Oil "Poets and Slaves"

Visit "[Poets and Slaves](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Here comes the mechanical sun
Working on the bones in the dry old creek bed
Mist on the old river bend, yellow box hangs like it's
dead
The emerald silo is rusting from the inside

You want to run like the wind
You'll never come here again
You want a world you can save
So c'mon you poets and slaves

Circus Olympia pulls into town
The dwarf and the fat man head out for beer
There is no lion that roars to one can stand on the
horse
Tomorrow is a no show the fortune teller cries

You want to go down in flames
You're gonna crash like the waves
And you can't remember your name
So come on you poets and slaves

We got everything we need, sugar and beef
We got some good ideas
We got the steering wheels and rolling stock too
Clouds came down low on the corn
Meat ants are gathering like storms
Some where in the quiet wild darkness, a crocodile
cries

You gotta, you gotta, you gotta
C'mon you poets and slaves
You got to arrest the decay
You're sinking down in the bay
You can't remember your name
C'mon you poets and slaves

You've got to count what you've made
You're gonna pass like the days
Stop time and head for the stage
And c'mon you poets and slaves
C'mon you poets and slaves

C'mon you poets and slaves
C'mon you poets and slaves

Visit [Midnight Oil](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.