

## Midnight Oil "Power And The Passion"

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People, wasting away in paradise  
Going backward, once in a while  
Moving ahead, falling behind  
What do you believe, what do you believe?  
What do you believe is true  
Nothing they say makes a difference this way  
Nothing they say will do

They take all the trouble that you can afford  
At least you won't have time to be bored  
At least you won't have time to be bored

Oh the power and the passion  
Oh the temper of the time  
Oh the power and the passion  
Sometimes you've got to take the hardest line

Sunburnt faces around, with skin so brown  
Smiling zinc cream and crowds  
Sundays the beach never a cloud  
Breathing eucalypti, pushing panel vans  
Stuff and munch junk food laughing at the truth  
'Cause gough was tough 'til he hit the rough  
Uncle Sam and John were quite enough

Too much of sunshine too much of sky  
It's enough to make you want to cry  
Just enough to make you want to cry

Oh the power and the passion  
Oh the temper of the time  
Oh the power and the passion  
Sometimes you've got to take the hardest line

Buildings, clothing the sky, in paradise  
Sydney, nights are warm  
Daytime telly, blue rinse dawn  
Dad's so bad he lives in the pub  
It's a underarms and football clubs  
Flat chat, pine gap, in every home a big mac  
And no one goes outback, that's that

You take what you get and get what you please  
It's better to die on your feet than to live on your knees  
It's better to die on your feet than to live on your knees

Oh the power and the passion  
Oh the temper of the time  
Oh the power and the passion  
Sometimes you've got to take the hardest line

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