Midnight Oil "Who Can Stand In The Way"

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Well, oh, well I feel I'm in decay John Laws is on the air again It's heavy traffic, jacarandas Eye in the sky and foot on ground I see a million sand specked ants in Mortal combat hand to hand

And I feel that I
Yes, I feel that I
Seem to live this life long distance
Gaze at the things around me
People rolling in and out
Those circles and tides confound me

And there's just one thing Yeah, there's just one thing

Who can stand in the way
When there's a dollar to be made?

I was hanging 'round off Dobroyd Point When the first fleet chain sailed in Looked into the clearest blue The scurvy smell and the convicts cry

And we just carried on Yeah, we just carried on

Now choppers strafe the supermarket sky And people wonder why And chopping down tons of trees Got seas of print, not a soul can read say Why do I drown? You build brick boxes One by one, now they block my sun

But it's metal on metal
And it's the dance of TV
If Christ were here, He'd camera check
He'd cry so loud, the planes would stop
He'd cry so loud, the earth would shake
And men would fall in tinsel town

Just one thing There's just one thing There's just one thing There's just one thing

And a just one thing And a just one thing And a just one thing

Who can stand in the way When there's a dollar to be made? Who can stand in the way When there's a dollar to be made?

Said, precious moments, precious few
Oh, when that dollar's more than me and you
It's the joy of forgetting, such a joy to forget
But we killed all our firstborn

We slashed and we burned And we sold off the paddocks And we raped and we gouged On the wings of a six-pack Will we ever learn?

Will we ever learn? Will we ever learn?

[Incomprehensible]

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