

Midler Bette

"Oh Industry"

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I am the captain and this is my shrine.
Lord of the manor. See what I leave behind.
River in flames, cities on fire.
Yes, I'm a relic trapped in the wire.

Hydrogen fuel, it burns so clean,
throbs in the veins; a mother lovin' machine.
She is my wife. Her mechanical heart
constantly serving 'til death do us part.

Now a glorious war draws to a close.
The yellow winds blow. And I have to know.
Oh industry, whatever will become of me?
Soon the cruel rains will start.
Is it true we must part company?
Oh industry, whatever will become of me?
What have I ever done?
Where did I go wrong?

Joined at the hip; pain, hunger and I,
leave our gift to the world 'neath the phosphorous sky.
A labor of love is the truest of all.
But will I be forsaken after the fall?

Now a glorious war draws to a close.
The yellow winds blow. And I have to know.
Oh industry, whatever will become of me?
Nothing after the flood but the fire and the mud's
prophecy.
Oh industry, whatever will become of me?
Of me?

Industry, charity, faith, hope.
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Industry, charity, faith, hope . . .

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