

Oil Midnight

"Arctic World"

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I don't want to grow anything in my heart
I don't want to write all these things in the sand
I don't wish to listen and not understand
I don't want to tramp up the footpath of stars
don't want to be an advocate
don't want to be a monument
There is nothing that grows in your arctic world
I don't want to breathe that Smithsonian air
I don' want to listen when they toll the bell
'cos I can't take another industrial feast
on the ground, on my back, out there
I want to meet the president
of a country without sense
There is nothing that grows in his arctic world
there is nothing that grows in your arctic world
there is nothing that grows in this arctic world

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