

Oil Midnight "Bedlam Bridge"

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Rob Hirst)

In this city with no footpath

There's a building with no people

There is crime and gun decisions

There's a street of heat and hawkers

There's a house of hope and drifters

There's a gang that shoots then listens

There's a place that knows no poverty

A town without pollution

There's a soul with good intentions

there are canyons full of movie stars

Churches made of metal

There are mountains made of muscle

We have leaders who are anxious

We have captains not courageous

Captains tumbling into madness

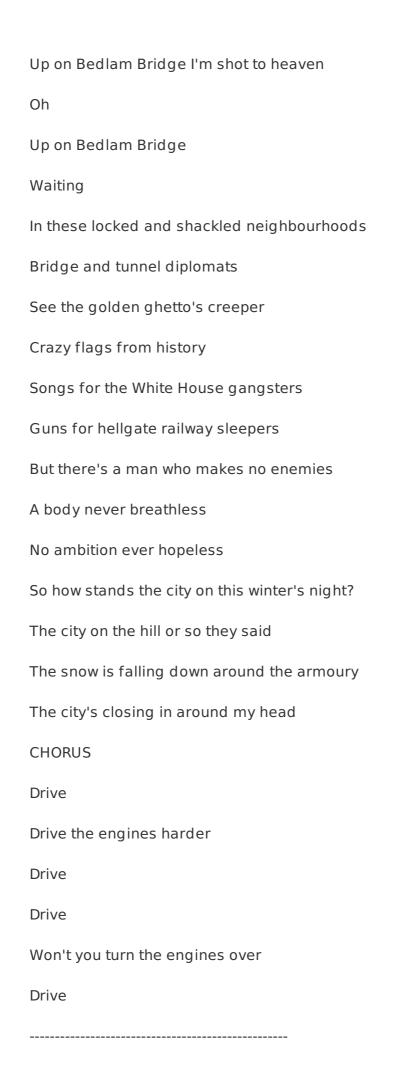
But there's a man who makes no enemies

A body never breathless

No ambition ever hopeless

CHORUS

Up on Bedlam Bridge somebody is waiting



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