

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

Up on Bedlam Bridge I'm shot to heaven

Oh

Up on Bedlam Bridge

Waiting

In these locked and shackled neighbourhoods

Bridge and tunnel diplomats

See the golden ghetto's creeper

Crazy flags from history

Songs for the White House gangsters

Guns for hellgate railway sleepers

But there's a man who makes no enemies

A body never breathless

No ambition ever hopeless

So how stands the city on this winter's night?

The city on the hill or so they said

The snow is falling down around the armoury

The city's closing in around my head

CHORUS

Drive

Drive the engines harder

Drive

Drive

Won't you turn the engines over

Drive

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