

## **Oil Midnight "Bullroarer"**

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In the desert in the dry  
before the breaking of the rain  
the temperature in the shade  
had reached a hundred and ten again  
In the desert in the dry  
on the overland telegraph line  
don't take the law into your own hands  
don't go looking for a fight  
I've heard the bullroarers  
in the desert in the sky  
sun sits so high  
long day's mile and the  
radio crackles and the bones bleached with  
It's a knock-em-down storm  
see the tin room shake  
wild dog howls and the long grass  
whistles and the tall trees break  
I've seen the wild horses  
I've heard the bullroarers  
I've seen the wold horses  
Shifting sands and broken plans

lead me on to my homeland

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