

Oil Midnight

"Burnie"

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Brought up in a world of changes, part time cleaner in
a holiday flat

I stare out to sea at the ships at night

No anaesthesia, I'm going to work on it day to day

No zephyr, no light relief it seems

But maybe it's a dream

I'm lying back in a row of timber cases

Placed out on the dock with nightmare faces looking at
me

And I can see now and I wanna be free now

This is my home

This is my sea

Don't paint it with the future of factories

I want to stay

I feel o.k.

There's nothing else that's perfect

I'll have my way

We're all sinking in our own mud

Brought up in a world of changes, waste-product
pedestrian limb from limb

Short changed by the surfing priest again

Two children in the harbor, they play their games storm
water drain

Write their contract in the sand, it'll be gray for life
But you can draw the blind, but you can't stop the sun
From shining on and on and getting you there
Tide forever beckons you to leave, something holds
you back
It's not the promise of a swell or a girl just
The hope that some day, some way it'll be o.k.
So you stop and say
This is my home
This is my sea
Don't paint it with the future of factories
This is my life
This is my right
I'll make it what I want to
I'll stay and I'll fight

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