

Oil Midnight

"Lucky Country"

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Speed and this, there's a feeling I get when I look to the sun

Love it's so tough cos it raises your hopes and then it makes you run

We're all looking for a shorter day

We're all looking for an easy way

Even when the debts are dead and gone

Down the stairs and an eight mile drive waits for you to turn on

Hear the time clock sing and the smoke in the distance reaches the eye line

We're all working on a shorter day

We're all looking for an easy way

Even when the debts are dead and gone

No conversation as you go there's so much space the heat moves you

Terracotta homes - backyard bar-b-que and eucalyptus smell

It's fine on the clothes line, it's fast food and slow life and red roof

My silence - comic interruptions

Surely there's some relief from atomic art and the fragile state of the world

Events with clowns who love the kings and power and the mutant media babes

Working on dreams and fashions and toilet paper
flowers

Don't talk to me in this backyard - it's clandestine, it's
nuclear,

Smell of space and now forever I wanna go straight
down the exit eight mile

Attraction u-turn is up and the time clock sings let go

Lucky country where the geckos are paid to live in the
sun

On and on there's a ribbon of road and a mile to spare

Lucky country, lucky country

from gt2238b@prism.gatech.edu

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