

Oil Midnight

"Minutes To Midnight"

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Everybody say God is a good man

Ah, clock on the world

Driving a dump truck up to the sun

A sigh in the human heart

I look at the clock on the wall

It says three minutes to midnight

Faith is blind when we're so near

Phar Lap floating in a jar

Seas full of submarines, A.W.A.C.'s like flies

Truth gets harder to define

Talking in tongues

But the dancer's hand grips the rail

And fingers will blister on the 88's

Hope drains out the side of the page

CHORUS

But ears can't hear

What eyes don't see

And you can't see me

Everybody say God is a good man

Everybody say 1, 2, 3

Set up those gunsights in H. G. Wells' backyard

I.C.B.M.'s, S.S. 20's they lie so dormant yet they got

So many

CHORUS

Remember your childhood

Remember the journey

Hope is what you say and do

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