

## **Oil Midnight**

### **"Progress"**

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Moginie/Garrett)

Say yes to real life ambition

Say yes to our hopes and our plans

Forget about your indecision

Let's get the beast off our land

A tree that can grow no longer

A beach that has got no sand

I would pay out a king's ransom

If we could just understand

Got your last meal filled up with pesticide

Hamburger chain, third world infanticide

Got robot car, your jobs all disappear

It's called the politics of a brand new year

Manhattanilization is coming

Open your eyes if you dare

Carry us out to the crossroads

Come to your senses and care

16 million, I can't hear you at all

Some say that's progress, I say that's cruel

You may be safe in your hemisphere

But there's so much junk in the stratosphere

We got our eyes on the firmament

Hands on the armaments

Heads full of arguments

And words for our monuments

I won't deny it, can we survive

Some say that's progress, I say that's cruel

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