

Oil Midnight

"Shakers And Movers"

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Jim Moginie/Peter Garrett)

Won't you come on down the line

Away from barren ground

The harlot and the autocrat

Are they driving you further down

The season's rhymes, they anchor me

Against the raging tide

Take you to the last wild place

Skin and the stars they embrace

A caveman could a saint become

In a hospital ward on the Somme

We can dive into distant amoebas

Our wings could melt in the sun

CHORUS

I can shake

I can move

But I can't live without your love

I can break

Over you

But I can't live without your love

Our poet Henry Lawson he named them

The lay 'em out brigade
Here they come there they go
Oh great god of development
Don't really know you yet
Coastline hosed down washed away
Economics, now there's nothing left
Tomorrow's child takes concrete footsteps
And they'll drink champagne or be damned
And the storm is breaking now
Yeah the storm is breaking now
Yes the storm is breaking now

CHORUS

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