

## Oil Midnight

### "Stars Of Warburton"

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Jim Moginie/Peter Garrett)

I

I was

I was shaken down in a toy town

He

He's not there

You know it's Kennedy's shadow

>From White Cross to Michigan

ATM's in the air

Oh yeah machines they are spinning out everywhere

The speaker is speaking

Can you hear the sound

The listener is listening as he hits the ground

The medium or the message but there's no one around

CHORUS

I couldn't believe the stars of Warburton

Were waiting for me

We were dancing

We were dancing on the plain

Were looking through the window

don't see any buffalo there

We got out pipe dreams  
They went up in smoke dreams  
Burn it clean in the climate control  
Of your hypermart malls  
Don't want to talk about Elvis Presley  
Don't want to see his white shoes walkin' around and  
Around and around and around over here  
The press baron's acting up the mainframes are down  
The newspaper's crawling around on the ground  
The medium or the message  
Still there's no one around

#### CHORUS

Over the hills and mountains we go  
So far so far away  
For the ring of the axe on the ironbark  
For the smell of the wallaby stew  
>From the golden reefs to the sandstone cliffs  
Came the sheep pens of the mallee plain  
The wind blew the soul to the Orient  
We'll be shouting to the skies again

#### CHORUS

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