

Inside A Fireball

Hunters & Collectors

Hey everybody - can't you hear me call?
I'm standing in a the street inside a fireball
Tomorrow's in the future - death is in the cradle
We're all day dreaming at the breakfast table

Down Main Street with the dust in my lungs
The blisters on my shoulder - the end has just begun
I'm swimming in the heat when the rads his my tongue
The remnants of my children are having too much fun

Inside a fireball
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There's a big copper digger in the middle of town
The birds are on his head - the rags are hanging down
The grip on the grenade in his broken hand
As loose as the union's on the hot red sand

Inside a fireball
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"We will not die and it is no crime
Ya take the whole world upon ya shoulder
For the very last time"

Well I blasted my way through the barrier range
I ripped up the ground but nothing has changed
Bromide, sulphide, oxide, slag
We're cleaning out the can with an oily rag

I'll live on the dole or I'll die in the dust
If they turn up the shift then strike we must
The company's here but the money's all gone
But I'm still digging, I'm still strong!

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Hey everybody, can't ya hear me call?
I'm standing in the street inside a fireball
Tomorrow's in the future - death is in the cradle
You're all chin waggin' around the conference table

Inside a fireball
Inside a fireball

We, we will not die
And it is, it is no crime
You take the whole world upon your shoulders
For the very last, for the very last time
Ooh