## **Bedlam Bridge**

## **Midnight Oil**

In this city with no footpath There's a building with no people There is crime and gun decisions There's a street of heat and hawkers There's a house of hope and drifters There's a gang that shoots then listens

There's a place that knows no poverty A town without pollution There's a soul with good intentions

There are canyons full of movie stars Churches made of metal There are mountains made of muscle

We have leaders who are anxious Wh have captain not courageous Captains tumbling into madness

But there's a man who makes no enemies A body never breathless No ambition ever hopeless

Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven Oh Up on bedlam bridge Waiting In these locked and shackled neighborhoods Bridge and tunnel diplomats See the golden ghetto's creeper

Crazy flags from history Songs for the White House gangsters Guns for hellgate railway sleepers

But there's a man who makes no enemies A body never breathless No ambition ever hopeless

So how stands the city on this winter's night? The city on the hilll or so they said The now is falling down around the armoury The city's closing in around my head

Up on bedlam bridge somebody is waiting Up on bedlam bridge I'm shot to heaven Oh Up on bedlam bridge Waiting

Drive Drive the engines harder Drive

Drive Won't you turn the engines over Drive