

Forgotten Years

Midnight Oil

Few of the sins of the father
Are visited upon the son
Hearts have been hard
Hands have been clenched into fists too long

Our sons need never be soldiers
Our daughters will never need guns
These are the years between
These are the years that were hard fought and won
Contracts torn at the edges
Old signatures stained with tears
Seasons of war and grace
These should not be forgotten years

Still it aches like tetanus
It reeks of politics
How many dreams remain?
This is a feeling too strong to contain

The hardest years, the darkest years
The roarin' years, the fallen years
These should not be forgotten years
The hardest years the wildest years
The desperate and divided years
Our shoreline was never invaded
Our country was never in flames
This is the calm we breathe
This is a feeling too strong to contain

Still it aches like tetanus
It reeks of politics
Signatures stained with tears
Who can remember, we've got to remember

The hardest years, the darkest years...

Forsaking aching breaking years
The time 'n' tested heartbreak years
These should not be forgotten years

The blinded years, the binded years
The desperate and divided years
These should not be forgotten years
Remember