

Is It Now?

Midnight Oil

There's a man who walks the lonely field at midnight
He wears a matching suit, steel tipped shoes and the diamonds
And he holds the dying flame, the loaded dice and the answer
He stalks the open road that leads from here to there
You'd better look out, watch out, beware
There's no safety here
Crouched by the fence, sweat dries cold on your every breath

Where's the saviour that the critics dream about now
He's telling jokes to all the saviours in the ward
Be warned when it comes to that, to the point of indecision
When you hesitate, he'll make his choice for you

You better look out, beware
There's no safety here (no, no, no safety)
Crouched by the fence, sweat dried cold on your every breath
His eyes, they turn red
You think and recall what he said

He puts a name to every face
Table talk and wall to wall
Winners win the game, and the losers win the war
Resurrection, intersection, comic books and mass defection
Vinyl floor and sliding doors, nothing more
Lost the thread of conversation
Sentence fails and engine roars
No recall, blindfold to the stairs
Is it now?
Is it now?