

Knife's Edge

Midnight Oil

On a knife edge razor day
If you listen long enough they've got nothing to say

It's a time warp place don't change
The rhythm of the night, the beating rain

You move fast to get off of that merry-go-round

There's one gun, probably more
And the others are pointing at our backdoor

At the best hotel of all
Put my name on the wall, put my bed on the floor

You get much less well it seems like more
Heart's still sore

Word crimes
Bitter lies
Bitter crimes
Government Lies