

## Shakers and Movers

Midnight Oil

Won't you come down the line  
Away from barren ground  
The harlot and the autocrat  
Are they driving you further down

The season's rhymes, they anchor me  
Against the raging tide

Take you to the last wild place  
Skin and the stars they embrace  
A caveman could a saint become  
In a hospital ward on the Somme

We can dive into distant amoebas  
Our wings could melt in the sun

I can shake  
I can move  
But I can't live without your love

I can break  
Over you  
But I can't live without your love

Our poet Henry Lawson he named them  
The lay'em out brigade  
Here they come there they go  
Oh great god of development  
Don't really know you yet  
Coastline hosed down washed away  
Economics, now there's nothing left  
Tomorrow's child takes concrete footsteps  
And they'll drink champagne or be damned

And the storm is breaking now  
Yeah the storm is breaking now  
Yes the storm is crashing down

I can shake...