

Tell Me the Truth

Midnight Oil

I believe we're crossing the great ravine
Still yearning half way a stranger
I believe in our multiplicity
Still part-blind no reason for anger
I believe we pull up our roots and retreat
A new crop of aerals in Dacca and Canberra

Why don't you tell me the truth about you

Vaseline, you smeared it across every scene
Anchor-man drowns in a sea of sensation
Tyranny, crushing the young bird's seed
Hallowe'en's mate, short fuse of the banker

We're all spores but we're never eunuchs
Love's on the loose deflect the short tunic
And the cameras ruse
There's no judgement in ignorance I say

Some people tell me stories, wasting all my time
Some trying not receiving someone else's lies
It's my time, yes it's my time