

Bullroarer

Midnight Oil

In the desert in the dry
Before the breaking of the rain
The temperature in the shade
Had reached a hundred and ten again

In the desert in the dry
On the overland telegraph line
Don't take the law into your own hands
Don't go looking for a fight

I've heard the bullroarers

In the desert in the dry
Sun sits so high
Long day's mile and the
Radio crackles and the bones bleached white

It's a knock-em-down storm
See the tin roof shake
Wild dog howls and the long grass
Whistles and the tall trees break

I've seen the wild horses
I've heard the bullroarers
I've seen the wild horses

Shifting sand and broken plans
Lead me on to my homeland