

## Brisbane (Security City)

The Saints

Thirteen hot nights in a row  
The cops drive past and they move slow  
A million people staying low  
With mangoes ripe, who needs to grow?

I don't want it let down  
My own hopes for this town  
It's so hard to get around  
Lots of cars but not much sound  
In town

Lot's of junk on the radio  
Just take a look and you will know  
I start to feel I'm being used  
In a scheme that's been hidden from public view

I don't want it let down  
My own hopes for this town  
It's so hard to get around  
Lots of cars but not much sound  
In town

It's always guarded by the sea  
Our prison island is not free  
Our hope goes but is still there  
It doesn't alter if you stare

Living room isolation  
Extraordinary situation  
I see police but where's the crime?  
We're just like convicts doing time

Thirteen hot nights in a row  
The cops drive past and they move slow  
I start to feel I'm being used  
In some scheme that's been hidden from public view  
I don't want it let down my own hopes for this town  
It's so hard to get around  
Lots of cars but not much sound  
In town....