

Beds are burning

Midnight oil

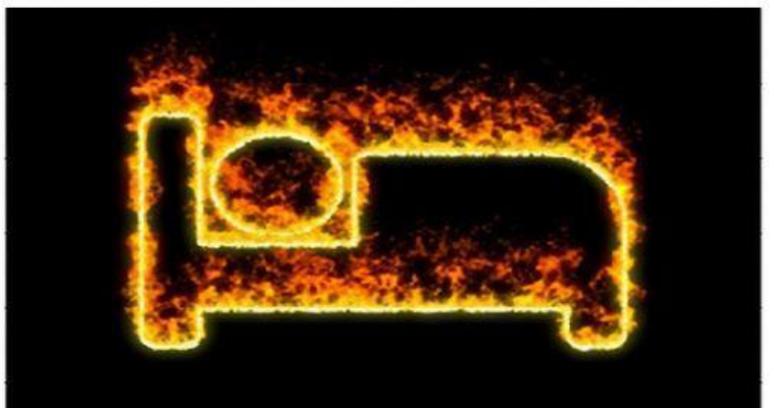
Out where the water / river broke
The blood-wood and the old / desert oak
Holden wrecks and boiling diesels
Steam in forty- five / seven degrees

The time has gone / come
To say fair's fair
To pay the rent / bills
To pay our share

The time / day has come
A fact's a fact
It belongs to them / us
Let's give it to me / back

How can we live / dance
When our earth is turning
How do we sleep / dance
While our beds are burning
How can we live / dance
When our earth is turning
How do we sleep / dance
While our beds are burning

The time has gone / come
To say fair's fair
To pay the rent / bills



To pay our share

Four wheels scare the animals / cockatoos

From Kintore East to Yuendumu

The western desert lives and breathes

In forty- seven / five degrees

The time has gone / come

To say fair's fair

To pay the rent / bills

To pay our share

The time / day has come

A fact's a fact

It belongs to them / us

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