

Midnight Oil, Bring On The Change

Here comes the angel of death
You may not remember her yet
Concrete all over her face
Child bride of the human race

Until you see life in the forest
Until you hear you've been abolished
Forget everything that you think you've been promised
Bring on the change

Sunscreen all over your face
Chatswood wasn't built in a day
Mysteries are in this game, I say
Shine on, take me away

Heads in the bank, hearts in the closet
Soul out to lunch, will soon be upon us
We believe everything that we see, let's be honest
And bring on the change

Lift up your eyes, look to the heavens
Could be a sign, or a seven-eleven
Some day we'll see everything they've been selling
Bring on the change con, con
Bring on the change, I say
You gotta bring on the change