Midnight Oil - Beds Are Burning

Out where the river broke
the blood wood and the desert oak
Holden wrecks and boiling diesels
steam in fourty-five degrees.

The time has come
to say fair's fair
To pay the rent
to pay our share.
The time has come
a fact's a fact
It belongs to them
let's give it back.

How can we dance when our earth is turning?
How do we sleep while our beds are burning?
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How do we sleep while our beds are burning?

The time has come to say fair's fair
To pay the rent, now to pay our share.

Four wheels scare the cockatoos from Kintyre East to Yuendemu.
The western desert lives and breathes in fourty-five degrees.

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The time has come a fact's a fact
It belongs to them, lwe're gonna give it back.

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How do we sleep while our beds are burning?