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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