

Well you must've seen it coming; the word is all around
Those coal seam minin' boys are coming for your town
The land beneath your feet
The very air you breath

Well it don't mean nothin' in the hungry face of greed
The Great Artesian Basin poisoned for their need to squeeze
The very last dollar from her soul
Mother Earth that is

Now I am no Einstein but there's one thing I know
You don't poison the world for the sake of a piece of gold
You don't shit on your own doorstep, you don't spit into the wind
You don't sell your own mother, you don't rat on your own kin

Is there nothing sacred
Is there nowhere safe
No laws of this land
That can stand in their way
When push has come to shove
Well it's a penny or a pound
On the day you come to lay your body down
Let's run the bastards outa town

From the back roads of Glenugie, to the pines of Doubtful Creek
From the mysteries of The Pilliga, to Fullerton Cove and Bentley in the east
Good people came to make a stand

But north of the border, well it's full steam ahead
All that can is getting out; all that can't is better dead
With fifty thousand well heads tapped to this day
And five hundred thousand more soon to be on their way

No it don't mean nothing in the cruel face of greed
Take a deep breath, your nose'll start to bleed
And the dusty broken wasteland that get's left behind
Could only make you weep, could only make you cry

This story that I'm telling you is the God honest truth
Not a word of a lie, the land is living proof
Or the dead proof
All depending on which ever way you look at it

But there's one thing I know and the truth has always stuck
You don't poison the world for the sake of as lousy buck
You don't do what they do for the sake of a God dam gazillion dollars

