Bush man

I'm tired of waiting for that whistle to blow

Tired of the news'on me radio

Dont want to be fed like a little pet

With tears and fears from me TV set

Teasing and teasing and foling around

Living me life as a flasch in the pan

As soon as Im loaded I need to get loud

Presure my lips against an icy bar

I wanna be a bushman

Paint me dreams in the sand

Standing on me own bare feet

Soldered to the ground

Dont wanna be a hero dont wanna be a star

Waving at the world inside an bulletproof car

No need to be fed with sudden death

Between deligts or frigths of me cigaretts

Aint no puppet atached to your string

Begging for your love to burn me wings

Aint no prophet nailed on the cross

With twisted lips at the final toss

I wanna be a bushman

Paint me dreams in the sand

Standing on me own bare feet

Soldered to the ground