

I don't want to grow anything in my heart  
I don't want to write all these things into the sand  
I don't wish to listen and not understand  
I don't want to tramp up the footpath of stares  
Don't want to be an advocate  
Don't want to be a monument

There is nothing that grows in your arctic world

I don't want to breathe that Smithsonian air  
I don't want to listen when they toll the bell  
'cos I can't take another industrial feast  
On the ground, on my back, out there  
I want to meet the president  
Of a country without sense

There is nothing that grows in his arctic world  
There is nothing that grows in your arctic world  
There is nothing that grows in this arctic world