

King Of The Mountain  
Midnight Oil

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
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#

Subject: Midnight Oil  
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King Of The Mountain - Midnight Oil

Intro:

B-----5---5---5---5-/-5---5---5---5-/-5---5---5---5-----|  
G---6---6---6---6---/-6---6---6---6---/-5---5---5---5-----|  
D-----/-----/-----|  
  
B-----5---5---5---5-/-5---5---5---5-/-5---5---5---5-----|  
G---4---4---4---4---/-4---4---4---4---/-3---3---3---3-----|  
D-----/-----/-----|  
  
B-----5---5---5---5-/------1-----/-----1--1--1--1-----|  
G---2---2---2---2---/----2-----2---/-----2--2--2--2-----|  
D-----/-0-----2/-----0--0--0--0-----|  
A-----/-----/-----|  
E-----/-----/--0-----|

Verse:

**E**                    **A**                    **E**                    **D**  
Walking through the high dry grass  
  
**D**   **E**                    **A**                    **D**                    **A**  
Pushing my way though slow  
  
**E**                    **A**                    **E**                    **D**  
Yellow belly black snake sleeping on a red rock  
  
      **E**                    **A**                    **D**                    **A**  
waiting for the stranger to go  
  
**E**                    **A**                    **E**                    **D**  
Sugar train stops at the crossing

D E A D A

Cane cockies cursing below

A E A E D E A D A

Bad storm coming. Better run to the top of the mountain

Chorus:

E A F#m D A

Mountain in the shadow of light

E A F#m D A E A F#m D A

Rain In the valley below mountain in the shadow of light

E A F#m D E A F#m D A

Rain well you can Say you re Peter say you re Paul

E A F#m D A

Don t put me up on your bedroom wall

E A F#m D A E A E D E A D A

Call me King of the mountain

Verse:

E A E D

Blacksmith fires up the bellows

D E A D A

Cane cutters burning to load

E A E D E A D A

Workers of the world run to the top of the mountain

Chorus:

Bridge:

C#m E  
I can t take the hands from my face

F#sus F# F#m D7  
There are some things we can t replace

Chorus:

Verse:

Over liquid tarmac wastelands of cactus and heat

E A F#m D A

