

## Drinkin In Port Lincoln

Cold Chisel

Connie goes down to the Pier Hotel  
She's on the lookout for a quick romance  
She talks real slow and she never could spell  
But Jesus don't you watch her dance  
Well the Pier's never been no youth hostel  
Those bayside boys are all as crazy as hell  
And when she hits that floor like a cannonshell  
They only wanna get inside her pants

With his feet spread out and his shoulders shakin'  
Some fisherman takes her hand  
And they clear the floor and they shout more music  
And they dance until she just can't stand  
And he leads her down past the Baytown jetty  
To a place he's found, and he lets her down steady  
And the stars hang low like bleached confetti  
And they make sweet love in the sand

You know times are tough in old S.A.  
They got thousands on the dole  
And when the weekend comes they wanna drown their troubles  
At the very best waterhole  
And it feels much better when they get to thinkin'  
Of the nights ahead when they hit Port Lincoln  
And the Pier Hotel where they'll all be drinkin'  
To the Baytown rock'n'roll

He's leaning on the verandah rail  
Sipping Queensland rum  
She's strolling back to the Pier Hotel  
Her legs are kind of numb  
Their eyes lock on for a second too long  
And though they've never met  
The message gets through and Connie starts thinkin'  
The night ain't over yet  
Oh no the night ain't over yet