

## Unpublished Critics

Australian Crawl

I'm just a shy romantic with my eyes on the loose  
I'm in a overcoated way  
A poet in a garret  
You know what people say  
Standing at the barline with my lip on the curl  
I'm with the other lean and lear  
My finger on the pulse  
And my hand around a beer

Ah, Ahh, well I don't wanna know what's going round here  
Ah, Ahh, it's just a matter of time, hold it under light  
Ah, Ahh, I've got to get away, to get away, to get away

The singer in the band, he sweat on a pose  
And he's really such a jerk  
Thinks he can call me stupid  
Because he gets a lot of work  
I'm standing in the background, got my arms on the fold  
And every dog's gonna have it's day  
The New Musical Express and my own 4-way P.A.

Well, I've been reading those biographies in paperback  
I've got a death-wish that I can't explain  
I've been working on that petulance  
And the urchin took my name

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