

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 cannoshell
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