

Ghost Town

Cold Chisel

I've been forty days and forty nights
In television land
I'd kill myself with cigarettes
If I could find my hands

Livin' in a ghost town

Take this will and testament
And nail it to the wall
You know I spent my time here
Learning how to crawl

Livin' in a ghost town

And money don't buy water round
The ghost town
I've never found a border round
The ghost town
Whoever sets the weather
Oughta keep it pretty calm
Keep it fine and mild
Cause like a cheap alarm
I'm fuckin' wound

There's just a man on a bad street
Who cannot turn around
Or shout above the heat
Below the knees he's
Buried in the ground
Waking up in Sydney Babylon
Is what it's all about
There's only one way in here
And one way out