

Juliet

Cold Chisel

Jet-lag cramps the lonely face
Cheek-bones pinched and tired
It's a cold tarmac breeze
That wraps the terminal around
Flight-times drag the night along
Cab skids down the freeway
Time to find a bed
For the weeks ahead
It's goodbye

Ice-lines rim the city streets
And tire-whines rip the blacktop
And the lamps wheel above
The misty overpass
And Bergman's face in black and white
Repeated down the alleys
A prayer above
For broken love
And goodbyes

Juliet in travel coat
Leans wasted on the window
Takes a long, long drag
To try and settle down
It kills her how he turned away
How he ripped their love apart
Starts to cry
Lets the curtain fall
It's goodbye