

Surfboards through the turnstiles  
Speedboats on the bay  
All around the seagulls scream  
Children out to play  
The ferry sits like a holiday  
As the harbours heaves and sweats  
Like the faded jeans and tubetops  
On the Manly surf-nymphets  
On the beach I'm called aparral  
In the west I'm a fast young fool  
In the church I'm irresponsible  
In the clubs I'm called uncool

Well youth is my advantage  
Anonymity my reward  
While the world's being measured  
For a uniform  
It's my luxury to be ignored

Misfit, baby misfit  
I roll it round my mind  
They tear apart this teenage heart  
To see what they might find  
Misfit, baby misfit  
I roll it round my mind

Last long weekend we were hoonin' around  
Had a party round at Monica's place  
She played Mozart with my feelings  
And havoc with my face  
And the working woman in the house next door  
Rang the police around ten  
She'd give twenty years off the end of her life  
Just to be sixteen again