

Misfits

Cold Chisel

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