

Mona and the Preacher

Cold Chisel

The street boys are waiting for the late late show
Their eyes are shifty and their pants are low
A telephone rings in a room upstairs
The veteran sings to the road below
Mona leans against a lamppost at the corner of the street
The afternoon papers blow around her feet
She hooks her thumb beneath the strap of her bag
Her cigarette gleams as she takes another drag
The city mission stands in the late night rain
The big drops streak the dirty windowpane
The old lay preacher steps out from a one way lane
The lady says "Coffee!" and the man says "yes"
Mona leans against the counter as she wipes her dress
Her legs hold promise and her eyes are wide
The preacher slides in from the night outside
The laminex tables line along the wall
Mona wanders through the cafe to the window stall
The preacher asks softly for the time of day
Then heads towards the mission with his take-away
His eyes rake Mona as he jerks the door
The outside rain becomes an inside roar
Mona rests her toes on the late night cafe floor
Mona and the preacher
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Mona and the preacher
The city mission stands in the late night rain
The big drops streak the dirty windowpane
The old lay preacher leaps a swollen drain

Now some like to dance in the twilight zone
Seekin' after Mona when they're all alone
Some seek the preacher, their hearts to console
Cause she heals the body, but he heals the soul