

No Plans

Cold Chisel

I'm standing in the sun, smoking a cigarette, no plans

I'm a primate

I feel no pain got no iphone
Pluggin' into my brian I'm hanin' alone
In the sun, smoking a cigarette, no plans

Yeah fuck you!

I'm just standing on the corner, smokin', taking in the wider v
iew
I'm on location I got rivers of the dead
Heading down to the station I'm thinkin' about goin' back to be
d
'Cause I can, no plans

If I had a plan I'd take it down and hock it
Then someone else'd own my time
Then I'd be polishing another man's rocket
Insteda hangin' here, looking for a rhyme

In the sun, smoking a cigarette, watchubg the traffic jam up
Thinkin' about gettin' me a black coffee in a take-away cup
Maybe tippin' in a little medicine
From what I got hidden in a paperbag
Standing in the sun, smoking a cigarette, no plans

If I had plans I'd be tempted to sell 'em
Then someone else'd own my time
Then I'd be working on another man's plans
I'd never get to pay for the crime, to tell him

Shut the fuck up!
Don't ever let'em catch you talkin' to yourself
Let alone in rhyme
I'm standing in the ruins, looking in the end
Of all mankind, leaning back again
In the sun, smoking a cigarette, no plans

Yeah I'm standing in the ruins, looking at the end
Of all mankind, leaning back again
In the sun, smoking a cigarette, no plans