

The Backroom

Cold Chisel

Down by the Hunter where the coal-trucks roll
And the billboards tell ya where to save your soul
There's another place, does a better job by far

When the moonlight hammers on the railway bridge
And the whole world's lookin' for a beverage
And you ain't got nothin', nothin' in the boot a the car
Time for the backroom at Dougie and Gleny Rae's tikki bar

When the coal-trucks settle up and down the line
You can wake up thinking that it's '89
But there's another sound, thicker than a Bolivar

You can hear it pumping out the roll-a-door
Walnut piano on a wooden floor
Backbeat drummer, Roy on a slide guitar
Coming from the backroom at Dougie and Gleny Rae's tikki bar

When the high tide's suckin' at the old sea wall
And the full moon's lookin' like a mirror ball
Bigger than Elvis, hotter than a speedway star

With a wet paypacket on a midnight hand
They say you can win a mariachi band
You can lose a girl, quicker than a coup de grace
In the backroom at Dougie and Gleny Rae's tikki bar

Haul that mother, haul that son
Haul that rubber to the end of a run
That ain't got ridden since between the wars
All hidden from the liquor laws

Down by the Hunter where the coal-trucks roll
And the billboards tell ya where to save your soul
There's another place, does a better job by far

That's the backroom (at Dougie and Gleny Rae's)