

# The Mansions

Cold Chisel

I went down to The Mansions  
Catch the early morning crowd  
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Catch the early morning crowd  
They got My Way on the jukebox  
And everybody belts it out

There's a big black van in upper Kellett Street  
Men in body armour moving softly on their feet  
The whisper is the shotguns are staked out in pursuit  
Of a man in a room above a house of ill-repute

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The gendarmes lead the escapee, half asleep and wired  
Barefoot out the doorway, and not a shot is fired  
The drunks are on the street now, schooners in their hand  
Ready for the punchline as it rolls around again

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