

# The Party's Over

Cold Chisel

Hey, when I walk with you  
The ancient streets, the ancient sounds  
That we used to know  
All around  
Our days were long ago  
The party's over  
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Baby, in the rooms upstairs  
The guns were cleaned but never used  
Early middle age  
Cut the fuse  
Just a cafe society  
The party's over  
Yeah the party's over  
Temple bells are all that remain  
And the plans we made are now no more  
Out of the dreams we knew  
Its only you that survived  
The long occupation,  
Then the war  
When I go  
Spread my ashes on the sea  
Will you remember me  
Years away  
Cause I won't be back this way  
The party's over  
Yeah, the party's over