

Don't Stop Now

Crowded House

Another pleasant day in the countryside
Has ended up tears on a stormy night
Cos you can't follow my directions home
Don't stop now

God knows where the satellites taking us
Can't tell what is right in front of us
But I hang on every word
Don't stop now
No don't stop now
Give me something I can write about

Get fooled by the lightning every time
See the afterimage of my outline
And you turn the wrong way round

Don't stop now
No don't stop now
Give me something I can write about
Give me something I can cry about

In a church house ten miles out of town
Is the devil gonna track me down
And you travel through a tunnel in the trees
Just remember that's how you get to me

There's no number on the house
The birds are heading south
Sometimes you have to turn the wrong way round
Sometimes you get too close to nowhere now

Restless and hopeful
In the silence I wait
With a blank piece of paper on the top of my head
All I want is something I can write about
All I want is something I can cry about