

## Transit Lounge

## Crowded House

Talk to her, that's right  
It could mean more than you think  
Talk to her, that's right  
And you don't have to lose a thing  
Leave the boots and saddle outside  
You could make her happy again  
Laugh about the time  
She threw the dinner at you

And in the coconut grove  
You can imagine the scene  
Another bus unloads  
We're still waiting to leave

Talk to her, that's nice  
Or you could make a murder begin  
Breathe on her, that's right  
Once more you will be her friend  
She's the only who knows  
Where you're from and where you've been  
And what remains unsaid  
Can leave you hanging in between

I spent a lot of time in the transit lounge  
And I wasn't sure where I was going now  
The papers I read were all yesterday's news  
Not a hundred percent sure what I did with my shoes  
Lying on the floor of the transit lounge  
There'll be no announcements made  
Better make sure you don't sleep too sound  
There'll be no announcements made  
There'll be no announcements made

And you can dream about the things  
You meant to do before you die  
Break him out, the one  
Who's waiting for his moment to shine  
All the stupid things I said  
Will haunt you, will linger I guess

And in the coconut grove  
You can imagine the scene  
Another bus unloads  
We're still waiting to leave  
The camera flash goes off  
See the tallest man alive  
And Thai massage his feet  
Before his long plane ride