

Everything Is Out Of Season

John Farnham

Everything is out of season,
the price of love is higher than the moon.
Everything is out of season,
your kiss is like a wintry falling dune,
and quite soon you will be gone.

Everything is out of season,
your taste is like a frozen tangerine.
Shivering without a reason,
I think that's gonna be the promantry,
too much sunshine has come my way (baby).

I can see your looking fine,
love that's kept on ice I can use anytime.
To love was so much warmer on a colder day,
not so far away,
and there's something very strange that I just had to say.

Everything is out of season,
and dreams have got away of growing old.
Everything is out of season,
I think I've gone and caught a summer cold,
and quite soon you will be gone (yeah baby, alright).

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