

St. Kilda Again

Mary Black

With your famous philosophies
Tied up in brown paper wrapping and string
You stepped back through time
Like the time that you stepped through
Meant nothing at all
A little bit weary and world worn and eager
For taking some more
And we leaned on each other like brothers
And fought with our backs to the wall

We took no routine stance
We were living' our lives by chance
Robbing Peter for Paul
Losing it all
Maybe I'll find you one Saturday night
In St. Kilda again

We were wrong the world didn't end
Between there and here
Thought it's still looking shaky and worn
Did you give up your dreaming
Believing time finds a price for us all
But time is an enemy, patient and clever
And way beyond our control
When you run out of time
It's funny but money can't talk at all

We took no routine stance
We were living' our lives by chance
Robbing Peter for Paul
Losing it all
Maybe I'll find you one Saturday night
In St. Kilda again

When the world turned rough
And betrayed your trust
And they left you out in the cold
In the deafening silence
A man is an island
When he's out on his own
A little bit weary and world worn
Not eager for talking anymore
Hey brother what happened
To standing and fighting
With our backs to the wall

We took no routine stance
We were living' our lives by chance
Robbing Peter for Paul
Losing it all
Maybe I'll find you one Saturday night
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