

And out from the echoes of the night
Concrete caverns catch the sky and hold the stars to ransom
A thousand dreams it's getting late
Thousand runners standing still
I can smell the sand and sea again
I've had enough away
City times down down
I've got to go
Lord don't let me wait
Stay low
'Cause I'm going up north again

It's a long way from Chatswood to the top of the gulf
I'll be hitching pacific when the morning sun's up
It's mile after mile on the long coast road
Smell of frangipani ocean sky blue

But I'm sick of seeing those beer can caravans
I'm getting even sicker of the thong drive-in
I'm feeling worse and worse at the chiko locallo
And the pubs all close at ten

Summer sun's got me stopping
Summer sun's got me trying
I'm waiting round for those waves and days
I hope it never ends

Well there's a new world bricking in the Old World charm
Suburbs highway pass cicada-coloured farms
Buy a car, sell a car, lead a car away
20 hours to Brisbane on night prowling play
20 hours to Brisbane...where's Brisbane...