

## Old Fitzroy

Missy Higgins

I walked in here off the dirty mile  
swaggered in with a prison style.  
Aching bones and dirty feet;  
needing a bed and something to eat.

I played for you and I played it right,  
I sang in tune and I danced all night.  
I cooked at you as the only one;  
I didn't know it could come undone.

I hit the road when I was fifteen,  
When my mother died and my dad got mean.  
I've been locked up since twenty-one,  
I was my mother's only son.

Forgotten most from early days,  
But I remember what she used to say,  
Little boy you're my pride and joy,

The only good thing about old Fitzroy  
I feel the walls are falling down around;  
It makes me loathe that town somehow.

I've been drinking all the wrong  
Things all night,  
I've been thinking about what  
I've got to do to survive this life.