

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.