

## Adelaide

Paul Kelly

The wisteria on the back verandah is still blooming  
And all the great aunts are either insane or dead  
Kensington Road runs straight for a while before turning  
We lived on the bend it was there I was raised and fed  
Counting and running as I go  
Down past the hedges all in a row  
In Adelaide, Adelaide

Dad's hands used to shake but I never knew he was dying  
I was thirteen I never dreamed he could fall  
And all the great aunts were red in the eyes from crying  
I rang the bells I never felt nothing at all  
All the king's horses all the king's men  
Cannot bring him back again

Find me a bar or a girl or guitar where do you go on a Saturday  
night?  
I own this town I spilled my wine at the bottom of the statue o  
f Colonel Light  
And the streets are so wide everybody's inside  
Sitting in the same chairs they were sitting in last year  
(This is my town!)  
All the king's horses all the king's men  
Wouldn't drag me back again  
to Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide...