

Edge of the World, Pt. 2

Pond

On the edge of the world there's a limestone jail that stands
It's the work of convict hands
And we sleep on sacred bones
While the sea breeze hollow moans
And we sleep under languid fans and beside out phones
And the very worst human beings I know are police or MP's
So we stare out to sea
And whisper to the sunset
"Oh, it's nice to be on the edge of the world"

And I feel like I'm stranded
It's nothing like I planned it
I should be on a star, drunk at a Fitzroy bar
I'll trade the swans for rats, live among rats
Wear alluring hats
I'm gonna move to the east and I'm never coming back

And if the highway gets you down
And if the violence gets you down
And if Lateline gets you down
And if your own faith gets you down
And if the cokeheads get you down
If Gina Reinhardt gets you down
And if the white guilt gets you down
And if El Nino gets you down
We've got the water
We've got the water
We've got the water for now