

Under A Southern Sky

The Beautiful Girls

One, two
One, two, three!

The sunrise bleeds into the bay,
Landed in Sydney, nothing's changed.
It's still so beautiful in ways I will never be
The dogs are still in parliament
And every summer day is spent
Under the shade down by the fence, cricket on TV

The desert cracks under the sun.
The farmers wait for rains to come
We all have our own race to run, sometimes
And everything we read about, I would believe but I'm in doubt,
on what's left in and what's left out
This time

No way will we run,
No way will we run and hide,
Under a southern sky
Under a southern sky
Under a southern sky

There's beach towels laid out on the shore,
Where no one needs or wants for more,
And all the radio is for is monotony
An eastern suburbs housewife yawns,
And while the gardener mows her lawns,
We all just smile and play along,
And why wouldn't we?
It's easier to be undone,
Than it is to stand and run,
It's easier to feel it's come, untied
The dream they'll sell you isn't much
Like the reality but,
Underneath it all there's dust, and time...

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