

Band On Every Corner

The Whitlams

Well there's a band on every corner,
But I'm not in one.
I hate three out of every four of them,
But I haven't got a gun.
I was ten hours asleep,
But I'd stayed in my room.
I forgot to remember what I wanted to do.

As the air turns to twilight,
My thoughts turn to food,
And of what the hell happened to the girl in the nude.
Oh she gave me a pill,
Said it helped her in bed.
When I lay down beside her,
Couldn't even raise my head.

What a fool am I,
'cause my dream was so bright.
And I'm drowning in the city
With no saviour in sight.

Well this night I'll go walking
Like the truth it's so near,
I'll be back I imagine,
To the boys and to the beer.
There's a hole in my belly,
I try and fill it with food.
So I order a pizza
And the pizza maker is rude.
Lady in the jacket is looking just how I feel.
So I sigh in my corner,
And I ask for the bill.

Well there's a band on every corner,
But I'm not in one.
I hate three out of every four of them,
But I haven't got a gun.
There's a band on every corner,
I only play in my room.
Where the filth is familiar,
And the piano's in tune.

What a fool am I,
'cause my dream was so bright.
And I'm drowning in the city
With no saviour in sight.