

Royal In The Afternoon

The Whitlams

I won't drink, I won't smoke
Won't get home at a hundred o'clock
Nobody goin' to satisfy me
Except you and the baby and the colour TV

I was always in my prime
Now I'm falling over the line
They boys are sad to have to let me go
But you got it all to get me home

'Cause you quiet me down
I been all over the place and I ain't found anyone
Can keep my feet on the ground, no

We can be bigger than my old habits
Over my dead body but still
If I am awake in the morning
We'll be royal in the afternoon

You'll be the Queen and I'll be the mad King of it all

The words of a drunk fade with the light
Satan delivers and the goods are alright
He's at home now counting the dough
I'm standing here for another last throw

We can be bigger than my old habits
Over my dead body but still
If I am awake in the morning
We'll be royal in the afternoon