

The Whitlams

"Band on Every Corner"

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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 stayed in my room
I forgot to remember
What I wanted to do

As the glare turns to twilight
My thoughts turn to food
Yeah and of what the hell happened
To the girl in the nude
She gave me a pill
She 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
But 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 whole 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

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

Words & Music: Tim Freedman

Tim Freedman: vocal, piano

Tim Hall: backing vocals, guitar

Chris Abrahams: harpsichord

Andy Lewis: bass

Michael Richards: drums

Steph Miller: mandolin, accordion, tin whistle

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