

## The Whitlams

### "End of Your World"

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The light from the street it comes  
Filtering through your room  
Just another night just another dream you're putting  
yourself into

And outside the streets are bare without a care as if no-  
one  
Dares to make a sound  
I said well ain't that the way  
That you like it

Well I know with all the plans we had it was gonna be  
hard to succeed  
But harder than any of that is sitting here watching you  
bleed

You're on a plane to the end of your world  
You're going down down down  
It's one hell of a way to go out

Yeah and all around it's comin' down  
You feel the winter it's setting in  
Well the leaves they now fill the gutters  
The trees just branches in the wind

And into an empty room my eyes they're open wide  
to try to find something that was inside  
to take the place of what was left behind

You're on a plane to the end of your world  
You're going down down down  
It's one hell of a way to go out

Well you know it's so quiet here  
It's like a country town  
Where all the drama's gone  
it's left far behind and now there's only piece of mind

You never thought it was a crime  
To be so sad and lonely  
But now you're down down down

It's one hell of a way to go out  
Out with a bang  
Words & Music: Stevie Plunder  
Stevie Plunder: vocals, guitar  
Tim Freedman: piano, backing vocals  
Andy Lewis: bass  
Stuart Eadie: drums

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