

The Whitlams

"You Sound Like Louis Burdett"

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You Sound Like Louis Burdett
Had a little bit to drink
There's a little thing I want at a do out East
Nothing too emotional, my good miss
I couldn't be serious in a room full of jack-knife eyes
Stop talking 'bout the years - you sound like Louis
Burdett

And we roll on to my backshed, play some poker,
scratch my head
Look at the sky and spot the planes, where would I go
on holidays?
Roll with the punches, down the aisles, and down the
street the weeks roll by

I'm chewing ice and grinning, I'm spewing up and
spinning
It's billiousness as usual in my corner of the kitchen
Hey you, lose that friend before we go anywhere
What? Someone might see you alone?
Stop bagging out the band, you sound like Louis
Burdett

All my friends are fuck-ups but they're fun to have
around
Banana chairs out on the concrete, telling stories to the
stars
how Gemini's love Wooden Dragons, and how down the
street the weeks roll by

The moment the night wears off, the bombsite
reappears
They're all asleep but the morning tastes like wine
It tastes like wine in Tempe
I feel so good I just might wake him up
Pat him on the bald head - tell me about a dream Louis,
something
obscene Louis, your life's an open magazine Louis

I'm stoned in a bookshop, sober in a nightclub
Sex is everywhere but nowhere 'round me

By the time she gets to Marrickville we'll be
masturbating
never rains in Tempe but the planes remind me of
family money and the lack down here
Stop talking frustrated, 'cause I sound like Louis
Burdett

Most of my friends are very fruity indeed, such fun to
have around
Terror, like charity, begins at home
Chris don't like madness, but madness likes him
He's got a finger in his chest saying how it should have
been

Words: Tim Freedman

Music: Tim Freedman, Mark Wells

Tim Freedman: vocal, backing vocals, piano

Chris Abrahams: Hammond organ

Oscar Briz: electric guitar

Matt Galvin: fuzztone guitar

Andy Lewis: double bass

Michael Richards: drums

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