

## Wedding Present

### "Under The Clocks"

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(Thomas)

Hey, hey, I see a Melbourne girl on a rusty Malvern  
Star,

Through the spastic Northcote streets at dawn  
See the way her hair's tied back,  
Her cheeks so red, a grey coat ragged and worn.  
Picture this, a paper boy,

He stands outside a Collingwood hotel  
On his back black and white,  
He hums a tune I've learnt to hate so well.

But oh oh, won't you meet me  
Under the clocks, we'll go walking by the river  
Through the mud and through the slime  
Are you so surprised,

That I am here, full of cheer  
In this fair city, in the Winter time.

Well I'll tell you what, it's such a lark,  
We'll take a walk down Fawkner Park  
And check the health fanatics,  
See them, they go jogging there.  
Could buy some chips, a piece of flake,  
Drive down and eat them by the lake,  
I know a shop in Chapel Street  
Where nothing could compare.

But oh oh, won't you meet me  
Under the clocks, we'll go walking by the river  
Through the mud and through the slime  
Are you so surprised,

That I am here, full of cheer  
In this fair city, in the Winter time.

We could find a pub where it is warm,  
Study up our racing form,  
Hit the TAB, we'll blow our money there, tell me this -  
Is there anywhere you'd rather be  
Than with me at the MCG,  
And if the Saints get done again,  
By Christ, I couldn't care.

But oh oh, won't you meet me  
Under the clocks, we'll go walking by the river  
Through the mud and through the slime  
Are you so surprised,

That I am here, full of cheer  
In this fair city, in the Winter time.  
In the Winter time, in the Winter time  
In the Winter time, brrr!

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