

## Weddings Parties Anything "Brunswick"

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(Thomas)

In the summer all the old men, they sit on their front  
porches,  
While the women comb their hair, shell their peas  
And wonder what they've missed.  
And the forlorn children scan the streets  
For wayward dogs, with fading torches.  
It's no amazing sight, it's something that I miss.  
I still hear the trucks  
as they crunch their gears going through the lanes,  
And curse all folk who get stuck in their way  
And the roaring forklift starting up  
At 7am of a weekday morning  
How I cursed them then, now I see things another way.  
And if I see things through a hallowed gaze,  
Well is it such a crime?  
When I ain't been to Brunswick for a long long time.  
There was a kind word you could get  
>From the man who ran the milk bar,  
And a rough one from the old bloke  
Who lived across the road, and though  
The footpaths stank with the refuse  
Of overfed Alsatians,  
The air was rife with Tip Top Bread,  
The baker's morning load.  
And if I see things through a hallowed gaze,  
Well is it such a crime?  
When I ain't been to Brunswick for a long long time.  
And there's a cottage I think of,  
Sometimes when I've been drinking,  
And in the bottom of my glass,  
I see a life I've missed,  
Of summer walks and well trained dogs  
And plenty of time for thinking.  
So just don't bother asking why the hell I'm always  
pissed.  
But if I see things through a hallowed gaze,  
Well is it such a crime?  
When I ain't been to Brunswick,  
No I ain't been to Brunswick,  
I ain't been nowhere near it for a long long time.

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