

## Weddings Parties Anything "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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