

Whitlams

"Band On Every Corner"

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Well there's a band on every corner
But I'm not in one
I hate three out of every four of them
But I haven't got a gun
I was ten hours asleep
But I stayed in my room
I forgot to remember
What I wanted to do
As the glare turns to twilight
My thoughts turn to food
Yeah and of what the hell happened
To the girl in the nude
Ah she gave me a pill
She said it helped her in bed
When I laid down beside her
Couldn't even raise my head
What a fool am I
'Cause my dream was so bright
But I'm drowning in a city
With no saviour in sight
Well this night I'll go walking
Like the truth it's so near
I'll be back I imagine
To the boys and to the beer
There's a hole in my belly
I try and fill it with food
So I order a pizza
And the pizza maker is rude
Lady in the jacket
Is looking just how I feel
So I sigh in my corner
And I ask for the bill
There's a band on every corner
But I'm not in one
I hate three out of every four of them
But I haven't got a gun
There's a band on every corner
I only play in my room
Where the filth is familiar
And the piano's in tune
What a fool am I
'Cause my dream was so bright

But I'm drowning in the city
With no saviour in sight

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