

Whitlams

"Don't Love Too Long"

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He'll need some time to get over this
But a moment is all he can spare
His buddies out there in the city lights
And he is trying to care
See him offering himself to the world
Staring down from the fifty-sixth floor
I'd be happy just to catch him again
We go out we don't always come back
The night pressing in on his weary mind
There's a half-eaten moon in the sky
Nothing is calling him back to bed
And no-one is saying goodbye
See him offering himself to the world
Staring down from the fifty-sixth floor
He's not happy it's the weekend again
We go out because we go
Back and back...

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