

Whitlams

"You Sound Like Louis Burdett"

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Had a little bit to drink
Yeah, there's a little thing I want at a do out east
Nothing too emotional, my good miss
I couldn't be serious in a room full of jack-knife eyes
Stop talking 'bout the years, you sound like Louis
Burdett

And we roll on to my backshed
Play some poker, scratch my head
Look at the sky and spot the planes
Where would I go on holidays?
Roll with the punches, down the aisles
And down the street the weeks roll by, roll by

I'm chewing ice and grinning, I'm spewing up and
spinning
It's biliousness as usual in my corner of the kitchen
Hey you, don't lose that friend before we go anywhere
What? Someone might see you alone?
Stop bagging out the band, you sound like Louis
Burdett

And all my friends are fuck-ups
But they're fun to have around
Banana chairs out on the concrete
Telling stories to the stars
How Gemini's love Wooden Dragons, yeah
And how down the street the weeks roll by, weeks roll
by

The moment the night wears off, the bomb site
reappears
They're all asleep but the morning tastes like wine
It tastes like wine in Tempe, I feel so good I just might
wake him up
Pat him on the bald head, tell me about a dream Louis
Something obscene Louis, your life's an open
magazine Louis

I'm stoned in a bookshop, sober in a nightclub
Sex is everywhere but nowhere 'round me, nowhere
'round

By the time she gets to Marrickville we'll be
masturbating
Never rains in Tempe but the planes remind me of
family money
And the lack down here
Stop talking frustrated, 'cause I sound like Louis
Burdett, yeah

And we roll on to my backshed
Play some poker, scratch my head
Look at the sky and spot the planes
Where would I go on holidays?
Roll with the punches, down the aisles
And down the street the weeks roll by, roll by

Yeah, and all my friends are fuck-ups
But they're fun to have around
Banana chairs out on the concrete
Telling stories to the stars
How Gemini's love Wooden Dragons, yeah
And how the weeks roll by

Most of my friends are very fruity indeed, such fun to
have around
Terror, like charity begins at home
Chris don't like madness, but madness likes him
He's got a finger in his chest
Yeah, they're saying how it should have been

And we roll on to my backshed
Play some poker, scratch my head
Look at the sky and spot the planes
Where would I go on holidays?
Roll with the punches, down the aisles
Down the street the weeks roll by

My friends are completely fucks
But they're such fun to have around
Banana chairs out on the concrete
Telling stories to the stars
How Gemini's love Wooden Dragons
And how down the street the weeks roll by

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