

Youth Group "Rosie And The Sea"

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Moving to the city,
Was so hard to say farewell
My girlfriends took me drinking at the RSL

And I was flushed with glory
From my victory
And everybody tellin' me to tell my story
I went away
The very next day
With a headache
Then lost it to the motorway

And I never, ever felt so free
And I go no place that I can be

Thirty weeks of struggle in the city of sin
My boyfriend finished school,
He moved up and he moved in
And his pulse comes tattooed
With the name of his crew
And a musical horn is like an 'I love you'
Things are so grim
There's worse gas than him
And we won't be together once we've settled in

And I got no place that I can be
And I never, ever felt so free

I don't drink,
My pulse will rocket fuel to whoever's next

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