

## Whitlams, The

### "12 Hours"

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Spent twelve hours drinkin'  
Slept with someone who looked like you  
We got up early in the afternoon  
Her eyes were sweet, but could she  
Know that we'd wandered down a dead-end street  
I couldn't see, what it was it reminded you to me  
So we wandered up to King Street for goodbyes

We kissed on the corner  
And I hailed her a cab  
And I thought of you reading  
Across the town in the park  
You don't care now, you never will  
If they let me into heaven  
They can close down hell

Some, they drown their sorrows  
Mine, they like to swim  
Pour another one barman  
'Cause the rodent got back in  
Pour another one barman  
'Cause the rodent got back in

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