

## **Whitlams, The**

### **"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  
She gave me a pill  
She said it helped her in bed  
When I lay 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 the 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

The 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

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