

Whitlams, The

"Charlie No. 1"

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We've seen her type before
Sandals and the hair
They fall in love with big dumb boys
And we sit and stare

So we walk the long way home
Glasses in our hands
When the last of the ice is eaten
Throw them as far as we can

There's a problem
There's no sleepy girl to wrap you in her loving arms
There's a lizard on the doorstep
And there is music in my head

We put the world on hold
Two young men growing old
We talk of years like lost weekends
And the harbour shrugs

Because friends are getting fewer
And we vow life will be fuller
But if the last of our dreams is broken
We'll walk the same way home

There's a gold star on your forehead
But there is trouble up ahead
Charlie what'll become of us?
I had my dreams for both of us
For both of us

You might be unworthy
But you remember what I remember
And that's enough to care
You don't fall off the rails

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