

Whitlams, The "Charlie No. 3"

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He'll need some time to get over this
But a moment is all he can spare
His buddies out there in the city lights
And he is trying to care

See him offering himself to the world
Staring down from the fifty-sixth floor
I'll be happy just to catch him again
We go out, we don't always come back

The night pressing in on his weary mind
There's a half-eaten moon in the sky
Nothing is calling him back to bed
And no-one is saying goodbye

See him offering himself to the world
Staring down from the fifty-sixth floor
Yeah I'll be happy just to catch him again
We go out because we go back
And back and back

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