

Whitlams, The

"Charlie No.1"

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I've seen her type before
Sandals and the hair
They fall in love with big dumb boys
And we sit and stare
So we walked 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
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
Talk of years like lost weekends
And the harbour shrugs
Cos' Friends are getting fewer
And we vow life will be fuller
And if the last of our dreams are broken
We'll walk the same way home

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

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

You might be unworthy
You remember what I remember
That's enough to care
You don't fall of the rails

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