

## Whitlams, The

# "Fondness Makes The Heart Grow Absent"

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I woke twice last night, walked to the window  
Looked down at the gravestones guarding St Patricks  
in the snow  
And I thought if that's where it all ends  
I should get home again with you

When fondness makes the heart grow absent  
I gotta find an orbit a little closer to the ground  
When fondness in my heart is absent  
I'm in awe of the sabotage within

In the morning the cliffs of fear still rising from my  
sleep  
A note from the demons is lying accusing at my feet  
The parks are empty and the tea's gone cold  
I could slip so easily from the earth's hold  
The life has been lived and the story sold

When fondness makes the heart grow absent  
I gotta find an orbit a little closer to the ground  
When fondness in my heart is absent  
I'm in awe of the sabotage within

Black ice is creeping over the pavement  
An overcoat slips to the ground like the Angel of Death  
Is playing on Prince Street  
They're falling and not making a sound

When fondness makes the heart grow absent  
I gotta find an orbit a little closer to the ground  
When fondness in my heart is absent  
I'm in awe of the sabotage within

When fondness makes the heart grow absent  
I gotta find an orbit a little closer to the ground  
When fondness in my heart is absent  
I'm in awe of the sabotage within

To this evening and what a pleasure  
Here in Balthazar's red leather  
A little private toast and a vow to die

A natural death in my own good time

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