

Whitlams, The

"Out The Back"

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I wake and the sun has returned
Trees with their majesty back
I walk down to the sea
Yeah, I'll borrow some wax

I can sit out here like a teabag
No more exercise for me now I've made it out the back

Breathing in the colours
The blue was resting up for today
While it was kicking back
They were glass-blowing these waves

It's how the gum trees
are stamped into the sky
I could be eight years old
with these colours in my eyes

Waking up in a dream out here
Sun is so low
It's throwing shimmers at me
Skimming its stones

I can sit out here like a teabag
No more exercise now I've made it out the back

Back there they're bitching
I'm guilty of it too
Out here if you want a wave there's another one
coming soon

I'm not surfing
I'm sitting out the back
All the kids are dropping in on the old man on the plank
The kids are dropping in on the old man on the plank

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