

Whitlams, The "Pass the Flagon"

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Look at the moon above our heads
Oh the night is old but it's not dead
Let's talk of things that we used to do
'Cause the future looks too bleak

My body's floatin' up in the stars
The alcohol seems to cleanse the scars
As another bottle hits the ground
I feel as empty as it sounds

So pass the flagon down the line
It don't taste bad for such cheap wine
And now the only thing left to forget
Is that picture of her

Well I awake and everything's bright
Oh my eyes they can't adjust
To the morning light
My body's achin' with the cold
I feel about a hundred years old
So I stagger down to the D.S.S.
To try to get myself a counter cheque
But an hour in line's an hour of wasted time
And I want to break their necks

You see my wife she couldn't stand the pain
Left one morning on the evening train
And now the only thing left to forget
Is that picture of her

You see my dad was one too you know
He couldn't forget
I don't feel proud following his footsteps
Although the backs of his feet
Are just a memory
>From sometime long ago

Getting' back to the park again
Johnny borrowed some money off a friend
And we washed down the morning with
Some port and curled up in the shade

You see my job was boring
So I got the sack
Spent the next twelve years on my back
And the mortgages came and
Sucked my house down the drain
Now those four winds they blow
All around me

You see my wife
She couldn't stand the smell
Left me here to rot in hell
And now the only thing left to forget
Is that picture of her

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