

## Whitlams, The "Peter Collard"

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I just remembered a boy I used to know  
He lived up the road at 162  
Lots of rings and funny clothes  
He wasn't one to worry about what other people  
thought

Peter Collard where are you now?  
You used to walk past my house every day  
Your head half-shaved from the operation  
The doctor said nobody would notice  
Do you remember?

Throwin' plums on your neighbour's lawn  
Then runnin' away when we saw their car comin'  
On Rocky Knob you taught me how  
To smoke cigarettes  
All these little memories  
I still haven't forgotten

Peter Collard where are you now?  
You used to walk past my house every day  
You know I'd still have those penny bungers  
You gave me  
But the police took them away

A touch of madness a touch of sadness  
A touch of madness

You bought flowers for a girl  
And every week you would bring her new ones  
No response would you get from her  
You weren't to know she was allergic to them

Peter Collard where are you now?  
You used to walk past my house everyday  
There's a drawing of you at my parent's house  
I'll have to look for it someday

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