

## Whitlams, The

### "Royal In The Afternoon"

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I won't drink, I won't smoke  
Won't get home at a hundred o'clock  
Nobody goin' to satisfy me  
Except you and the baby and the colour TV

I was always in my prime  
Now I'm falling over the line  
The boys are sad to have let me go  
But you got it all to get me home

You quiet me down  
I been all over the place and I ain't found anyone  
Can keep my feet on the ground, no

We can be bigger than my old habits  
Over my dead body but still  
If I am awake in the morning  
We'll be royal in the afternoon

The words of a drunk fade with the light  
Satan delivers and the goods are alright  
He's at home now counting the dough  
I'm standing here for another last throw

We can be bigger than my bad habits  
Over my dead body but still  
If I am awake in the morning  
We'll be royal in the afternoon

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