

Whitlams, The

"Thankyou"

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I shouldn't have driven
You shouldn't have driven
But we got there
Had a good time
So we left the car
And the cabby was from a warzone
We were glad he was driving us home
I was gladder of some movement
You took it on, you took it on board

I said "Thank you, thank you, for loving me at my worst"
If this isn't love, it's very close
Can you hear the world is waking up?
Can we be crazy for a few more years?
Have I got them in me?

Bought myself one of them keyboard axes
Wanted to get out and dance away from the piano
That could have been the beginning of the end
If I wasn't already in the middle
The crowd was confused
And then they cheered
My career it was back on track
I was relieved
Full of love for the people

I said "Thank you, each and every one of you, For loving me at my worst"
If this isn't love, it's very close
Can you hear the world is waking up?
Can we be crazy for a few more years?
Have I got them in me?

All you bright middle-aged things
Attending your sons and daughters
Spare a thought for me out here with the kids
To hell with your bricks and mortar

It's you and me and the Holy Ghost
On the road to dawn heading down the coast

We're better sorry than safe
When you count the cost
Mmm sorry than safe when you count the cost

There's a bar out East, it's called Serum
Only red wine and the finest of cigars
And if we leave now we'll still get in
You can find yourself a young consort
Writers of unpopular fiction are trying to drink more
Than bikies who've all left their beards at the door
You'll drink all the wine and smoke your cigar

And say "Thank you, thank you, for loving me at my
worst"
If this isn't love it's very close
Can you hear the world is waking up?
Can we be crazy for a few more years?
Have I got them in me?

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