

## Whitlams, The "Year of the Rat"

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Creeping into town with all these changes in my head  
Funny how my old haunts all look new  
A taxi from the airport to the Paris end of King  
I'll drop my bags I'll see who's in

My dirty streets  
My fabulous friends  
Here I am  
In your arms again

It's easy being famous in Sydney  
'Cause everyone's a star  
But it's got to be deepest darkest night  
For you to see them all

There's beer and women even for the thinking man  
Join the circus come on down  
I've heard they'll even stop kicking you  
Just before you hit the ground

My dirty streets  
My fabulous friends  
Yeah here I am  
In your arms again  
I'll get a shine-on  
All night and day  
You rough me up  
'Til I gotta get away

You know I love you but you try and kill me  
Gotta hold your head up in the Year of the Rat  
Newtown I love you but you try and kill me  
Gotta hold your head up in the Year of the Rat  
Tat, a tat-tat, tat

Second rower with the earpiece and the rumble in his  
eye  
Making sure that I don't stumble, wishes all the  
freaks'd die  
Over there a plain-clothes cop looking at his watch a lot  
Wondering is it time to call in the dogs

My dirty streets  
My fabulous friends  
Here I am  
In your arms again  
I'll get a shine-on  
All night and day  
You rough me up  
'Til I gotta get away

You know I love you but you try and kill me  
Gotta hold your head up in the Year of the Rat  
Newtown I love you but you try and kill me  
Gotta hold your head up in the Year of the Rat  
Tat, a tat-tat, tat

You know I love you but you try and kill me  
You know I love you but you try and kill me, yeah

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