

Whitlams, The

"You Gotta Love This City"

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You gotta love this city, love this city, you gotta love
this city

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this city

Too sick for breakfast, the car wouldn't start
The train was really full, and his girlfriend had a
boyfriend
The houses all the same, now here's the rain
Not falling but collapsing at his feet
Deep breath and he clocks on, raincoat on his arm
He wishes the hours would disappear

But the trip's in vain 'cause awaiting him
A lay-off notice and his severance pay
He shuffles back to the train again
You gotta love this city

You gotta love this city, love this city, you gotta love
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You gotta love this city, love this city, you gotta love
this city

Back home he lies in bed for days and days
Watching American television, smoking
And playing with himself ringing double-O double-5
Into town on Thursday night
The girls are pretty and the lights are bright
At least he loves his city

Holding court on Taylor Square proper was the man he
could become
Lear's Fool is a bum now
With seven holy parcels by his side

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this city

He walks along the foreshore, he's got a bottle

And he's breathing with his city

It was busy everywhere he went
There was a crowd over the bay
And a fireworks display
It's all very strange for a Thursday night thought he
Then it dawns on him as a cracker explodes
And who the hell is he going to blame?
It dawns on him - the horror - we got the Olympic
Games

You gotta love this city for its body and not its brain

And he screams "My city is a whore, opened herself to
the world
Jumped up and down in pastel shirts
And lathered up thinking about designs for T-shirts"

You gotta love this city for its body and not its brain

It's more than he can take, and the stars' reflection
breaks
'Cause you can lead a horse to water, but you can't
make it enjoy the view
You gotta love this city
He's had enough and he sinks to the bottom

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