

Crawl Australian

"Daughters of the northern coast"

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Aint nothing like the windy city
Where the station wagon died
Were the wild dogs meet the fences
And the horsemen fences ride
Where the flatlands become flatlands
And the caravans collide
Im just sittin' 'neath the mango
Running a tide

Took a ride on a bin train
50 cars or more
They say the heads are just insane
But it's to risky to score
Sittin on the lawn with Andrea
Draggin' the line for big red
Everyone looks better with a suntan
Easier to get you into bed

=Chorus=
Daughters of the northern coast
Sons of beaches
Wont deliver the post
You know the post is a ghost

Lee Marlin went a lookin for a Marvin
While we were looking for a line at the pub
Hey now, everybody's starvin
No wonder nobody wants a job
Helicopter over homestead
Stirring all the young blades at night
Steppin' out there in the sultry summer evening
Their pistols all packed
And there badges so bright
If those girls keep doin' that thing
I cant wait for next year
I'm gonna come back for more

=Chorus=

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