

Cold Chisel

"Home And Broken Hearted"

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Hiked up to Sydney in the week before Christmas
It was thirty-eight degrees in the shade
Bought a second-hand Morris for a cheap two-twenty
And drove it down to Adelaide
She boiled for an hour twenty miles out of Euston
I thought the heat would never end
But I knew I'd be home for Christmas with my Sandy
And a few extra dollars to spend
I drove it to the buyer just as fast as I could go
I was talking to his teenage son
I sure hope it lasted for the poor little bastard
At least until he'd had some fun
I caught a taxi homeward with great anticipation
Thinkin' all you have to do is try
There was a note propped up against the dressing
table mirror

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