

Crowded House **"Transit Lounge"**

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Talk to her
That's right
It could mean more than you think

Talk to her
That's right
You don't have to lose a thing

Take a satellite
You could make her happy again

Dream about
The time
She threw the dinner at you

And in the coconut grove
You can't imagine the scene
Another
We're still waiting to leave

Talk to her
That's nice
Or you could make a murder begin

Dream on her
That's right
Once more, you could be her friend

Well, she's the only one you know
Where you from and where you been

Think about
The time
She wants to make it in your head

I spent a lot of time
In the transit lounge
And I wasn't sure
Where I was going now

Plenty hours spent
Was yesterday's news

Not 100% sure
What I did with my shoes

Lying on the floor
Of the transit lounge
There'll be no announcements made

You better make sure
You don't sleep too sound
There'll be no announcements made
There'll be no announcements made

Dream about
The things
You'd like to do before you die

Wonder all
The one
Still waiting for his moment to shine

And all the stupid things I said
Still haunt you, still linger
I guess

And in the coconut grove
You can't imagine the scene
And now the truck unloads
We're still waiting to leave

The camera flash goes off
See the tallest man alive
In time, I fall at his feet
Before this long plane ride

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