

The Herd

"Full Moon"

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[Verse 1]

We pulled in that town by the bypass
That you drive past without a second glance
She's had her last dance
Yeah we took our chance on a street about four lanes
wide
Dead quiet seven or eight at night
She was the 1985 tidy town winner
But now it's quiet after five you can't find dinner
Potholed roads just as the locals like it
Some top spots near by spoken of on a quiet tip
And the hire car felt the bumps
The only light was at the pub
Shrug of the shoulders we headed in for counter grub
"Unlucky son the missus has gone off to bed
I can do a bowl of chips or some butter on bread"
Sweet n' four schooies, three lemon-lime and bitters
One for the driver, two for the big hitters
And we eat quick as if it's last drinks
"Bar shuts at nine" he said, after I asked him

[Chorus]

Wind blowing through, ghost in my head
This lonely road, has been left for dead
Wind blowing through, ghost in my head
This lonely road, has been left for dead

[Verse 2]

"A game of darts" the fella asked the only drinker in
the place
An older bloke with worry lines that made a roadmap of
his face
Now he could see that we were blow-ins
But was showing hospitality
Gradually we warmed when he chalked up a tally
He stammered a little hammered, but totally balancing
He leaned over and added "Hey you up for a
challenge?
Test your talent, but what you say you tell me a tale"
Tried his hand on the land, freight job with state rail
He said "This was town of industry so many years back

But black years of drought and fire have left some
fierce cracks"
He says "You youngins probably don't wanna year that
I served in New Guinea, believe me son we adapt"
It's nothing to be sneered at, we all fought
It was a busy boom town now become back water
It went Telstra, NAB then Australia post
But when that bypass went in
Thats when we failed the most

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Formerly a town of bushrangers I felt like a stranger
The air thin as the area paper
Days feel long as The Hume, few semis through
Never thought they'd see the day they give thanks for
diesel fumes
Just two visits from memory by the local member
In the past century, to the war memorial at the
cemetery
The train stations shut
So the only way to get north of the border is by
catching a bus
But the bastards only stop twice a week
Roadhouse, got some yellow postcards of roast and
peas
And the young mostly being city gives the feeling
That a home quickly becomes a house with paint
peeling
This fellow was jovial
It won't be all over till the last beer's poured
Man, it's more than ceremonial
Our last cheers sure, raised our schooner's in respect
Had to jet full moon, long road ahead

[Chorus]

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