

## **Men At Work**

### **"No Restrictions"**

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Give me no restrictions on what I do or say  
Don't speak of tomorrow when it's still today  
Leave me to my selfish ways, I'm well enough alone  
That is what I tell myself as I stumble home

Derelict across the street in the garbage bin  
Looks like he's found something neat judging by his  
grin  
Such a long long way to go, I hope I get there soon  
Wish I could jump a great height and land in my front  
room

Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh

Wake up in the morning, make sure I'm still alive  
Percolate the coffee, opens up my eyes  
Hear the cricket calling, switch on the TV  
Sit and stare for hours and cheer Dennis Lillee

Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh

Through the de-restriction zone, we pass a long wide  
load  
Laugh at the reflections of cat's eyes on the road  
Freeways hypnotize me, up, up and away  
Hope we make it home tonight, be that as it may

Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh

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