Powderfinger "Lemon Sunrise"

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A gentle winter haze creeps in at three forty-four The Hindley St parade shuffles to my door The hotel decor shades are always poorly sewn Twenty-five in thirty days makes this room feel like home

Na na

The western ocean breeze kick starts another day
And under brewed bag tea no matter where you get it
always seems to leave that taste
The Todd Street mall cafe is here to save the day
Why should I complain when everybody else is
overworked and underpaid

Na na

Days keep rolling over Escape to the undercover Soon it will all be over And we can start again, again

Na na

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