

The Go-Betweens

"Darlinghurst nights"

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I opened a notebook, it read ?The Darlinghurst Years?
I snapped it shut but out jumped some tears
I didn't have to read it, it all came back
Dragging my fingers through my hair
Hidding behind her back

Gut rot cappuccino, gut rot spaghetti
Gut rot rock'n'roll through the eyes of Frank Brunetti
And always the traffic, always the lights
Joe played the cello through those
Darlinghurst Nights

One more coffee and I must go
Back to my room more chapters to go
We'll meet up in an alley with more places I know

I'm going to change my appearance everyday
I'm going to write a movie and then I'm going to star
in a play
I'm going to go to Caracas because you know I'm
just going to have to get away

Marjorie and Kim, Andy and Clint, Debbie, Bertie,
people came and went
And then there was Suzie who we never ever saw again

And always the traffic always the lights
Climbing that hill star studded nights
Joe played the cello

Alright.

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