Cold Chisel, Misfits

Surfboards through the turnstiles Speedboats on the bay All around the seagulls scream Children out to play The ferry sits like a holiday As the harbours heaves and sweats Like the faded jeans and tubetops On the Manly nymphets On the beach I'm called aparral In the west I'm a fast young fool In the church I'm irresponsible In the clubs I'm called uncool

Well youth is my advantage Anonymity my reward While the world's being measured For a uniform It's my luxury to be ignored

Misfit, baby misfit
I roll it round my mind
They tear apart this teenage heart
To see what they might find
Misfit, baby misfit
I roll it round my mind

Last long weekend we were hoonin' around Had a party round at Monica's place She played Mozart with my feelings And havoc with my face And the working woman in the house next door Rang the police around ten She'd give twenty years off the end of her life Just to be sixteen again