

The Waifs, Brief History...

We were both 18 the year that we met
I was slightly older but not by much
One look at you and I knew that was it
And your voice sounded like an angel above

One look at me you thought I was odd
Wearing those clothes in the Kimberley heat
Blundstone boots, cowboy hat, flannelette
And denim overcoat all the way down to my feet

When your sister asked me to join up with you
You nearly fainted with shock but you hid it well
"what the hell are you doing?"
you shouted when I left
I was singing all the way back to my hotel

Headed off from Broom
Travelled through the Kimberley
Derby, Fitzroy, a night in Halls Creek
Wyndham, Kununurra, Darwin we stayed for a while
Then we hit the coast near Townsville on the other side
Christmas in Cairns didn't have nowhere to go
Busking on the streets just to get a feed
Being kept up all night by the lovers on the top bunk
At a seedy backpackers called "Rapture of the Deep"

Now plenty has happened since those early days
Met a lot of people, been a lot of places
Many a night in friends and relatives beds
And God bless the lot of you that put us up and fed us
Played to crowds of thousands, played to one or two
Played in festivals and pubs, loved and hated what we do
but looking back now I wouldn't trade but
one of the memories we've made in the last eight years
and though there were times we didn't get along
I can honesty say I love the both of you

Now you're living in Sydney in some dingy room
In a house full of strangers on Ramsgate avenue
Paying twice as much as what the damn things worth
Working in the daytime just to make it though
You got your arms to your elbows in the sink at some
Place cleaning pots and pans, cups and saucers,
Knives and forks and plates
It's a far cry, from the life that we knew
Travelling around the country in a campervan
Playing songs, singing with your sister and you
It's too late to go back there again