

# Anne McCue, Love's Not Passing Us By

4 a.m. bar stools in  
Count your money  
The cold air stings  
Morning feels just right  
And we've stayed up all night again  
A little rain, a little smoke  
Follow the tram lines to the coast  
On the beach you look so Irish  
As the sun comes up behind you  
I don't want to claim you  
I don't want to change you  
But we're so far from home  
I hate to leave you alone  
Let the morning air sigh  
Love's not passing us by  
Love's not passing us by  
Sydney's calling but that's not where I want to be  
The melbourne autumn  
I guess that's what I want to see  
And I'm running down canning Street  
I'm running down your street  
I don't want to claim you  
I don't want to change you  
But we're so far from home  
I hate to leave you alone  
Let the morning air sigh  
Love's not passing us by  
Love's not passing us by