

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