

Australian Crawl, Daughters Of The Northern Coast

Ain't nothing like the windy city
Where the station-wagon died
Where the wild dogs meet the fences
And the horsemen, fences ride
Where the flatlands become flatlands
And the caravans collide
I'm just sitting 'neath the mango
Running a tide
Took a ride on a bin-train
50 cars or more
They say the heads are just insane
But it's too risky to score
Sittin' on the lawn with Andrea
Draggin' the line for big red
Everyone looks better with a suntan
Easier to get you into bed

Daughters of the northern coast
Sons of beaches, don't deliver the post
You know the post is a ghost

Lee Marlin went lookin' for a marvin
While we were looking for a line at the pub
Hey, and still the black man's starvin'
No wonder nobody wants a job
Helicopter over homestead
Stirring all the young blades at night
They're steppin' out there in the sultry summer evening
Their pistols all packed
And their badges so bright

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Took a ride on a bin-train
50 cars or more
They say the heads are just insane
But it's too risky to score
Andrea's been giving me a towel down
Standing on a palm beach shore
If 'n'those girls keep a doin' that thing
I can't wait for next year
I'm gonna come back for more

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