

# Australian Crawl, Hoochie Gucci Fiorucci Mama

Everyday i see you wearing things that have never been worn before  
While the children at the government schools send money for the poor  
And all you buy you bargain for, with your little man  
So that from your silks down to your paramour  
Your tres, tres, paragon

So it's a backbeach in the summer  
The chalet for the snow  
You poor hoochie gucci fiorucci mama  
You got really no place to go

Antiques flown in from venice fill your house upon the hill  
While your money sold the soul love of rock and roll  
For some cheap disco thrill  
I've seen your peers pouting over beers  
The loneliness it showed  
Mistaking tacky sex for sensuality  
They bought in toorak road

So it's a backbeach in the summer  
The chalet for the snow  
You poor hoochie gucci fiorucci mama  
You got really no place to go

Inside her empty castle  
Her lonely heart will dwell  
The life that she's been losing's  
Like some stony bagatelle  
The loving that you never found  
You don't know the reason why

Oh hoochie gucci fiorucci mama  
Don't you cry