

Australian Crawl, Hootchie 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 its 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 its 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
Dont you cry