

Cold Chisel, Breakfast At Sweethearts

Campbell lane
Through the window, curtain rain
Long night gone, yellow day
Speed shivers melt away

Six o'clock I'm goin' down
Coffee's hot and the toast is brown
Hey streetsweeper, clear my way
Sweethearts breakfast is the best in town
Oh-oh, Breakfast at Sweethearts . . .

Hey, Anne-Maria
It's always good to see her
She don't smile or flirt
She just wears that mini-skirt
Drunks come in
Paper bag, Brandivino
Dreams fly away
As she pulls another cappucino

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