

Cold Chisel, Flame Trees

Kids out driving Saturday afternoon pass me by
I'm just savouring familiar sights
We share some history, this town and I
And I can't stop that long forgotten feeling of her
Try to book a room to stay tonight

Number one is to find some friends to say "You're doing well
After all this time you boys look just the same"
Number two is the happy hour at one of two hotels
Settle in to play "Do you remember so and so?"
Number three is never say her name

Oh the flame trees will blind the weary driver
And there's nothing else could set fire to this town
There's no change, there's no pace
Everything within its place
Just makes it harder to believe that she won't be around

But Ah! Who needs that sentimental bullshit, anyway
Takes more than just a memory to make me cry
I'm happy just to sit here round a table with old friends
And see which one of us can tell the biggest lies

There's a girl falling in love near where the pianola stands
With her young local factory out-of-worker, holding hands
And I'm wondering if he'll go or if he'll stay

Do you remember, nothing stopped us on the field
In our day

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