

Colin Hay, Wayfaring Sons

don't go out in the night
even though you know the town
someone always wants to fight
you end up lying on the ground
i dream of lying in the sun
in my ears hear the ocean roaring
like all good wayfaring sons
i traveled home
and the rain is pouring
soaks me to my skin
i duck into this public house
get shattered by the din

i sailed across the sea
my family and me
i never knew if i'd return
but in my memory i learned
so here we are once again
with my friends and the whiskey's flowing

and as the cold night air descends
i drift away
and my mind it wanders
back to southern skies
i call myself a fool
i hope i wake a realize

???? are better than ????
some people they get ???maimed???
yes, round the world i've been
no two places are the same
i dream of lying in the sun
in my ears hear the ocean roaring
like all good wayfaring sons
i traveled home with some more good stories
i build them up through time
they'll all become a pack of lies
when i'm beyond my prime