

Crawl Australian, Unpublished Critics

I'm just a shy romantic with my eyes on the loose
I'm in a overcoated way
A poet in a garret
You know some people say
Standing at the barline with my lip on the curl
I'm with the other lean and lear
My finger on the pulse
And my hand around a beer

Ah, Ahh, well I don't wanna know what's going round here
Ah, Ahh, it's just a matter of time, hold it under light
Ah, Ahh, I've got to get away, to get away, to get away

The singer in the band, he sweat on a pose
And he's really such a jerk
Thinks he can call me stupid
Because he gets a lot of work
I'm standing in the background, got my arms on the fold
And every dog's gonna have it's day
The New Musical Express and my own 4-way P.A.

Ah, Ahh, well I don't wanna know what's going round here
Ah, Ahh, it's just a matter of time, hold it under light
Ah, Ahh, I've got to get away, to get away, to get away

Well, I've been reading those biographies in paperback
I've got a death-wish that I can't expalin
I've been working on the petulance
And the urchin took my name

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