

INXS, Wishy Washy

I got a place with a view
You can see the cars
As they travel down the freeway
To clubs and bars
There's a woman downstairs
With matt-grey hair
And she smiles when she tells me
There's no room for me here

They've got it in the city
They've got it in the country
But here in the suburbs
It's all so wishy-washy
It's all so wishy-washy

I got another place
This time with a fireplace
And a woman can come around
Write poetry and feel safe
I said it's good for me now
But I'm not being fed
I said it's good for me now
But I'm not being fed

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They've got it in the country
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Aaaahh...WISHY-WASHY!