

John Farnham, Underneathe The Arches

Underneath the arches
I dream my dreams away,
Underneath the arches
on cobble stones I lay,
Every night you'll find me
tired out and worn,
Happy when the daylight comes creeping
heralding the dawn.
Sleeping when it's raining
and sleeping when it's fine,
I hear the trains rattling by above,
Pavement is my pillow
no matter where I stray,
Underneath the arches
I dream my dreams away.

SHORT INSTRUMENTAL

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