

Men At Work, No Sign Of Yesterday

Pull out the stop plugs, drain all the waste
Who needs it anyway
Fill all the big holes, leave no trace
No sign of yesterday

I was all the dishes and I clean up my place
No sign of yesterday
I stare at the photographs of your dark face
No sign of yesterday

Out in the yard, was such a lovely place
It's where we used to play
Inside, outside you can feel and taste.
No sign of yesterday

And I can't hear you calling
I can't hear you calling
I can't hear you anymore
Metal ships are falling
This old car keeps stalling
Always seems to be the way

Pick up the pieces, and go dig out the dead
Then you can go to bed
Night is the stealer and time is the test
No sign of yesterday

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