

# Powderfinger, Hindley Street

A gentle winter haze creeps in at three forty-four  
The Hindley St parade shuffles to my door  
The hotel decor shades are always poorly sewn  
Twenty-five in thirty days makes this room feel like home

Na na na  
Na na na na  
Na na na  
Na na na na

The western ocean breeze kick starts another day  
And under brewed bag tea no matter where you get it always seems to leave that taste  
The Todd Street mall cafe is here to save the day  
Why should I complain when everybody else is overworked and underpaid

Na na na  
Na na na na  
Na na na  
Na na na na

Days keep rolling over  
Escape to the undercover  
Soon it will all be over  
And we can start again