

Steve Kilbey, Starling St.

Music in Starling St sounds like the wind
Down the cafe when the daylight has thinned
Harry and Dorothy say let's begin
You clap your hands for a jug of fine wine

Two ugly jail-workers both ways men stare (?)
His house down the lane, the life he leads there
You notice he's gone and he just doesn't care
He claps his hands for a jug of fine wine