

The Go Set, The Old Dark Brown

I heard yesterday you were moving up north,
I hope you find what it is you're looking for
When the payouts were gone, and the work finished up
its just a town full of ghosts, and they're all down on their luck
And I know that when I see you again,
I know, I'll drink with you my friend
And we'll have one more round in Melbourne town
another pint of the old dark brown
And we'll have one more round in Melbourne town
another pint and we will all fall, all fall, down
Well the irony of 'happy' hour, in one of two hotels
when we looked into a glass and agreed that life was hell
When the richest man in a town, is the fucking football star
and the man who gets the girls always drives the fastest car
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