

# Walkabouts, Immaculate

Said this was our town  
The joke it was on us  
We were just passin' thru'  
On the way to givin' up  
Joked this was our town  
That someday we'd be thrilled  
By anything we loved  
And everything we killed  
But the biggest risk we'll ever take  
Will be to stay here in one place  
Swearin' gold is struck  
On the way to givin' up  
I try not to forget  
How close we came to it  
Ooh -- Immaculate ... ooh -- Immaculate ...  
Ain't we strange enough  
That we don't have to prove  
We know how to last  
And we know how to lose  
Gonna chase it down  
Find the truth in store  
Were we better off  
Just one stop before?  
Will there be a run of days,  
When sittin' pretty will make sense?  
When somethin' like a prayer,  
Up and pays the rent?  
I try not to forget  
How close we came to it  
Ooh -- Immaculate ... ooh -- Immaculate ...  
You're the fever that I dream  
The only dream I dream awake  
A dream the mornin' cannot shake  
You're the fever that I dream  
The only dream I dream awake  
A dream the mornin' cannot shake (the fever that I dream)  
Ooh -- Immaculate ... ooh -- Immaculate ...  
Ooh -- Immaculate ... ooh -- Immaculate ...