

# Weddings Parties Anything, Say The Word

(Thomas)

Trams pass me out on St. Kilda Road,  
Drizzle wet and slow, like thinking,  
Oh oh, take me down into Young and Jacksons  
We'll do a bit of serious drinking.  
Lean on bar, hands in the pockets,  
Drain those glasses down like rockets.  
Call this history? But what could we ever really know,  
Of you?

In your Roaring Days,  
In your Roaring Days,  
In your Roaring Days,  
What could we ever really know?  
In your hard day the world was oh, so very wide  
Poets were people still..  
And though I'm young, I am so, oh so very tired  
Couldn't count the tears I have cried  
I think of London, I think of Mudgee,  
Think I'll stay and fight.

So it's set them up,  
And we will dream tonight, Henry.  
Of your Roaring Days,  
Of your Roaring Days,  
Of your Roaring Days,  
What could we ever really know?  
Of your Roaring Days,  
Of your Roaring Days,  
Of your Roaring Days,  
What could we ever really know?  
In these Roaring Days,  
In these Roaring Days,  
In our Roaring Days,  
What could we ever really know?  
What did you ever have to show?