

## Mona and the Preacher

Cold Chisel

The street boys are waiting for the late late show  
Their eyes are shifty and their pants are low  
A telephone rings in a room upstairs  
The veteran sings to the road below  
Mona leans against a lamppost at the corner of the street  
The afternoon papers blow around her feet  
She hooks her thumb beneath the strap of her bag  
Her cigarette gleams as she takes another drag  
The city mission stands in the late night rain  
The big drops streak the dirty windowpane  
The old lay preacher steps out from a one way lane  
The lady says "Coffee!" and the man says "yes"  
Mona leans against the counter as she wipes her dress  
Her legs hold promise and her eyes are wide  
The preacher slides in from the night outside  
The laminex tables line along the wall  
Mona wanders through the cafe to the window stall  
The preacher asks softly for the time of day  
Then heads towards the mission with his take-away  
His eyes rake Mona as he jerks the door  
The outside rain becomes an inside roar  
Mona rests her toes on the late night cafe floor  
Mona and the preacher  
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Mona and the preacher  
The city mission stands in the late night rain  
The big drops streak the dirty windowpane  
The old lay preacher leaps a swollen drain

Now some like to dance in the twilight zone  
Seekin' after Mona when they're all alone  
Some seek the preacher, their hearts to console  
Cause she heals the body, but he heals the soul