

The Party's Over

Cold Chisel

Hey, when I walk with you
The ancient streets, the ancient sounds
That we used to know
All around
Our days were long ago
The party's over
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Baby, in the rooms upstairs
The guns were cleaned but never used
Early middle age
Cut the fuse
Just a cafe society
The party's over
Yeah the party's over
Temple bells are all that remain
And the plans we made are now no more
Out of the dreams we knew
Its only you that survived
The long occupation,
Then the war
When I go
Spread my ashes on the sea
Will you remember me
Years away
Cause I won't be back this way
The party's over
Yeah, the party's over