

Too Late

Cold Chisel

Got the news
Just today
Somebody told me
To get here right away
Said you were hurtin'
Said you were low
Couldn't get a single friend
On the telephone
But it's . . .
Too late too late too late for love
Too late too too late to start again
Too late to hope for
Some kind of . . happy end
And it was
Too long too long too long ago
These healing years go by so slow
They don't talk to me
Don't offer no
Means to an end . . My friend

On and on the lazy river flows
Stretching out beneath the burning sun
Here we are standing in the road
Each about to go our separate ways
Each about to go our separate ways