

## Still Life in Mobile Homes

Anubis Gate

Sometimes the comfort of a room  
Sometimes I'm quite alone  
I pack to leave a foreign town  
It seems I'll never know  
But I'll rent new accomodation  
We'll make plans from mobile homes

The slow boat's moving with the tide  
Drifting far from shore  
It's the nature of this country life  
I've never known before  
Still we'll make plans for buildings and houses  
From mobile homes

Plant life  
My life  
Still life in mobile homes

The sound of wildlife fills the air  
So warm and dry  
The bushland burns in this southern heat  
Like an open fire  
Still we'll make plans for buildings and houses  
From mobile homes  
In mobile homes

Plant life  
My life  
Still life in mobile homes

A voice screams from heaven  
As we start to sail  
It's the going of the fatherland I used to know so well  
Still I'll find new accomodation  
We'll make plans from mobile homes

Plant life  
My life  
Still life in mobile homes