

# Ghost Town

Cold Chisel

I've been forty days and forty nights  
In television land  
I'd kill myself with cigarettes  
If I could find my hands

Livin' in a ghost town

Take this will and testament  
And nail it to the wall  
You know I spent my time here  
Learning how to crawl

Livin' in a ghost town

And money don't buy water round  
The ghost town  
I've never found a border round  
The ghost town  
Whoever sets the weather  
Oughta keep it pretty calm  
Keep it fine and mild  
Cause like a cheap alarm  
I'm fuckin' wound

There's just a man on a bad street  
Who cannot turn around  
Or shout above the heat  
Below the knees he's  
Buried in the ground  
Waking up in Sydney Babylon  
Is what it's all about  
There's only one way in here  
And one way out