

Metho Blues

Cold Chisel

Yesterdays are gone

Road is hard and long
People carry on the best they can
Bring down one more day
Spending next week's pay
One more day of chasing, catching, gross mismatching blues
But never satisfaction

Kings Cross is my home
And all night long I roam
Begging cents from foreigners and friends
Time's a twisted road
And speed's the only code
Life's a winding highway, byway, do it my way blues
That never leads to answers

And metho is my friend
Yes, our love has one end
We'll be wed 'till death or blindness part
Oh yeah
General health is poor
My eyes are soaking sore
Seeking for some night spot dancer, find no answer blues
Lord, please repeat the question