

# Chapel St

Dean Ray

See the real world drifts away  
Then it comes on back again  
I lose myself within a film  
Soon that film comes to an end

I lay a listening to Simon and Garfunkel  
To take my mind here for to rest  
From all the debt that surrounds me  
And to ease this aching in my chest

So I take a stroll down the dirty pavement  
Of Chapel Street and I walk alone  
There's tram cars running through my brain  
And the city's sitting on a throne

Now I'm homeless here in Camberwell  
I walk up Bourke Road for the time  
The things I see and hear around me  
They're not fit for nursery rhymes

I smell coffee beans and ales  
Through the nicotine and tears  
Butt out cigarettes laying on the sidewalk  
Man I know that's how I feel

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