

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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