

## Paramas In June

Illy

I can't wait for paramas in June  
With my mates in the local 'till we're carried out the room  
I wish I could be there sooner with my whisky shot and schooner  
'Cause I can't wait for paramas in June

Yeah, it feels like we're on our way back  
Raise an iso glass to that  
Stuck on loop  
Who knew when the curve turns flat  
For the rest of my life singing 'Happy Birthday' is gonna make me wash my hands  
The cafe is reopened, it's taking cash  
Whole control rocking tracksuits like lads  
And the all Murdoch press ganging up on Dan Andrews  
It feels like we're back on track

And me and TV needs  
Social distancing measures  
Z-grade celebs saying, 'We're in this together'  
We get it, we get it  
But months have passed, it's been hard  
Can't hug mum from two meters apart  
March and April came and went  
May finished  
Last thirty degree day I stayed in  
And now the news telling me restrictions getting eased, fuck yeah  
Just in time for winter  
But all good 'cause

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Yeah, I swear I'll never trip out of Middle C  
I'll fly 'till [?] extra baggage fee  
Or rocking up before the hotel room ready  
Took it for granted, didn't we?  
Silly me  
I don't mind spending time on my own  
I like home  
But when it forced, I get the itch to roam  
And I can't complain 'bout how bad I got it 'cause the next person in the same boat  
And right now we need hope, and that's me included  
'Cause shit's weird after two months of being secluded  
And in February who the fuck knew what Zoom was  
Swear, we [?] adjust [?] food [?]  
And don't it all seem so long ago?  
And as we crawl slow to the normal we know  
Man, every night when I put down my phone I close my eyes I'm dreaming of my first show 'cause

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And I can't wait to step back on a stage again  
If it's not until next year  
Just wake me when December ends  
From the country to the coast  
My band of bros back on the road  
Don't know when it will be  
But I will see you then

I can't wait for paramas in June  
Man, it turns out it's the little things that mean everything, if we only knew  
But when day this will end  
Be like old times are back again  
And look, you can call them parmies if you want bro, it's on you

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'Cause I can't wait for parmas in June  
I can't wait for paramas in June (can't wait for that golden brown schnitty)  
With my mates in the local 'till we're carried out the room  
(With the red sauce and the ham and the melted cheese)  
I wish I could be there sooner with my whisky shot and schooner  
(And I'll go the chips and salad, you can go for the mash and veggies if you want)  
'Cause I can't wait for paramas in June  
(Great for the chips and the beer, goddammit can't come quick enough)