

Don't Get Out Much Anymore

James Reyne

Moonlight in my Martini
I've been fighting in the war
Like some beleaguered soldier
Don't know what he's fighting for
Excuse my righteous indignation
Served the system with the best
Screamed blue murder down some dappled sunlight hillside
This golden medal
Tarnished on my chest

Chorus ~

And the phone won't ring I'm sure
And the cat scratch at the door
Without you I'm poor
I don't get out much anymore

And then the devil came to paradise
Where he always did his worst
And now my luck is changing
It's gone from bad to cursed

Chorus +

I don't get out much anymore

Chorus +

I don't get out much anymore
I don't get out much anymore