

Better In Spain

Kate Miller-Heidke

Can't stand it when the sun goes down
And I'm still yawning in my dressing gown
Like an old maid with her knitting

I got my mail order shoes today
But all parties are a season away
And gumboots would be more fitting

Sun, is there any chance of a warm change?
Sun please step on this rain, I'm going in... sane
Things are better in Spain

By myself eating coffee and cake
I think of all the friends that I could make
And I wonder if I still exist

New ghosts are living next door
I hear their dishes and their feet on the floor
Maybe a family... maybe terrorists

I don't suppose there's a chance of a warm change?
God please step on this rain, I'm going insane
Things are better in Spain

The sky's endless and the earth has a tan
The women kiss you and the men all dance
Even the dogs there have rhythm

The food hugs you and they drink in the sun
The kids play until a quarter to one
If they want to, you let 'em

Sunlight colours the land in Joan Miro's brain
London summers are grand but winter's so plain
Things are better in Spain
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