

## St. Kilda Again

Mary Black

With your famous philosophies  
Tied up in brown paper wrapping and string  
You stepped back through time  
Like the time that you stepped through  
Meant nothing at all  
A little bit weary and world worn and eager  
For taking some more  
And we leaned on each other like brothers  
And fought with our backs to the wall

We took no routine stance  
We were living' our lives by chance  
Robbing Peter for Paul  
Losing it all  
Maybe I'll find you one Saturday night  
In St. Kilda again

We were wrong the world didn't end  
Between there and here  
Thought it's still looking shaky and worn  
Did you give up your dreaming  
Believing time finds a price for us all  
But time is an enemy, patient and clever  
And way beyond our control  
When you run out of time  
It's funny but money can't talk at all

We took no routine stance  
We were living' our lives by chance  
Robbing Peter for Paul  
Losing it all  
Maybe I'll find you one Saturday night  
In St. Kilda again

When the world turned rough  
And betrayed your trust  
And they left you out in the cold  
In the deafening silence  
A man is an island  
When he's out on his own  
A little bit weary and world worn  
Not eager for talking anymore  
Hey brother what happened  
To standing and fighting  
With our backs to the wall

We took no routine stance  
We were living' our lives by chance  
Robbing Peter for Paul  
Losing it all  
Maybe I'll find you one Saturday night  
In St. Kilda again