

Ain't you clever to be loaded
Pursed lips exploded
I heard a click and noted, I froze and floated
Between checking how my gums eroded

You didn't look like you were joking
When you said you're into choking
Well I guess if we're not into smoking
Then you gotta get your kicks

I gave what I had to give, with 48 hours in Tel-Aviv
Seems these kids just wanna live and let live
So take my love and get your kicks with it

I might go shack up in Tasmania
Before the ozone goes
And paradise burns in Australia, who knows?

Good luck with the service
I know you don't deserve this
By the time you've heard this, I'll be far
Far

Just another antipodean
But to Americans, I'm an alien
Dyed his hair again
How could I know where I've been
When I don't know who I am?

I might go shack up in Tasmania
Before the ozone goes
And paradise burns in Australia, who knows?

I want to breathe, I want to breathe real air again
I wanna go back, I wanna go back

I left my phone in Sydney
All the stress outdid me
Should I be worried 'bout my kidney?
Or worried about war?