

Sittin' In A Bar In Adelaide

Skyhooks

Well, I was sitting in a bar in Adelaide, starin' at the barmaids tits
When I overheard a conversation that really gave me the shits
There was a cream shirted businessman shooting off his mouth to two of his safari jacket cronies
I could not believe what was being discussed by those three straight laced phonies

They said this country is on the rocks, we gotta kick the commos out
Not a day too soon or we'll all be doomed and our wives and kids will have the pox
The dollars not worth the paper it's printed on, our stocks are droppin' like bricks
The unions got the country by the balls, our morals have been hit for a six
They moved the plastic plant over to the east, they're tryin' to keep the river clean
What about our profit where's our incentive? What about the capitalist dream?

Then all of a sudden three girls arrived promotin' some new cigarettes
And headed for these three dead heads like my manager after his debts
And soon these family men and these three girls who were young enough to be their daughters
Got horny and headed off back to their motel leavin' me to sip my mineral water

These are the kinda guys when they were in school
They'd punch a few longhairs, play the fool
Now they're married settled down
Wearin' cufflinks workin' downtown

Property developers management consultants, pyramid selling and all
Two sets of books for these legal crooks and a company car at call
Big business is getting to me, think I'll go on the dole
Might have to find for something to eat but I won't have to search my soul

So everybody that's here tonight, be prepared to stay and fight
'Cause when the rich get richer and the poor stay poor, someone's gonna come poundin' on your door
And it won't be the cops it'll be your friends and you're gonna have to stick by them till the end

So all you readers of the Toorak Times and connoisseurs of vintage wines
Switch on your brains read between the lines, you don't have to pay those parkin' fines
And for all you defenders of Peanut John who hang onto the past and hang onto your dough
Your daughters are out at our rock'n'roll show 'cause it sure beats h

ome when there's nowhere to go
It sure beats home when there's nowhere to go
It sure beats home when there's nowhere to go

So I'm in a bar in Adelaide and your somewhere out there
Maybe you're laughing at me and my mates, well, I'd think again before it's too late
Maybe you're sick of message songs but that song ain't where the message belongs
It belongs in your heart and in your hands
'Cause if it ain't then you're not a free man
If it ain't then you're not a free man
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