

A.O.

The Presets

A.O.

Children mustn't know that we're living in a city that's built on bones

A.O.

All the army go, please enjoy this city before it explodes

A.O.

Here we here we go, it's a pity it's a feeling I can't control

A.O.

The children mustn't know this is adults only

Adults only

Adults only

Kookaburra sits in a tree I named

You can feel the sorrow, I can feel the shame

Cause there's no-one laughing round here no more but he

I flew back to the coast on New Year's Day

Little plane tossed 'round by a southerly

And when I stepped outside the streets were clean

But I know deep down lies undiscovered

Past the bone foundations of a town corrupted

Under creaking piers, under iron cover

Past the concrete crown of a million lovers

Past strutting and swagger, under coreless rubble

Past torn down shanties of forgotten troubles

Through its ills and evils, past rants and ravings

Lies the cold dark soul of an emerald city, I

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Walking through the streets I can feel its sting

Metal blue snakes screaming round this head I'm in

Keeps railing all the way to bed

And from the time it sleeps to its dawn awake

City's dreams rang out like a melody

"I finally recognize the tune," he said

Through fears and fervour, past lies and secrets

Of ink stain panic stricken 5 star heathens

Under storms of hell, through tropical fevers

Excitement of the first days of bushfire seasons

All this planning disasters, monuments to the masters

And the dog dark dealings of its backroom bastards

Every long lost dream, every failed endeavour

Every ice beer trail of a rum rebellion

Now I, huddle these feelings of pity

Watching new years colours rain down on the city

Where our beautiful beaches suffer photo ops
To watch schizophrenic tourists get shot by cops
Generation of kids with the toughest teeth
Still haunted by the visions of shocking ink
Where little old ladies die afraid and alone
Now surrounded by yuppies small bars and coke, I

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