Spit In The Street

The Rumjacks

Oh I lie awake, I'm fit to break,
And my head won't leave me alone,
I've to make my way through one more day,
Strippin' knuckle to the glistenin' bone,
Oh it's a shit-fight! hell-right! down to the Boulevarde,
Crackles in the blisterin' heat,
Where all the women they dress like high priced hookers,
And the men all spit in the street.
Oh I set out this mornin' in steel capped shoes,
I paid a hard earned dollar for all the bad news,
All to sell my soul to these ignorant mongrels,
They can't stop me thinkin' of you.
Oh, I shove aside the human tide,
And I struggle just to keep control,
Through the lines o cabs, the angry stabs,
Of the traffic all split my skull,
Where the railway cops lay into the drunks,
And the people never seem to see,
And all the posh kids roll to the soul-less drivel,
Of a pissy little MP3.
I've been wearin' my dreams like tattered old jeans,
All beer soaked & bloodied, the arse showin' through,
And if I come home tonight without a knife in the neck,
Whats left of me belongs to you.
Follow me & we can drown together in a smoky little room,
Help carry me by the light of the angry moon.
A pocketful o' nails, the screechin' rails,
Air thick enough to make ya choke,
Five days o' grief for two relief,
It doesn't ever seem enough, I know,
I need my white-hot fix o' my teenage kicks,
I gotta get back to me,
Among the boys o' Hades and the painted Ladies,
Of this city's where I've got to be…

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