

# Stay With Me

The Whitlams

You're watching the Sunday night movie  
I'm looking at the gun-grey dawn way below me frozen  
quiet  
The line goes dead before I've had my fill of words of  
reassurance  
That my home is still my home, it's something to believe  
in

Stay with me  
Ah won't you stay a bit longer and see  
It's all I need, across the sea  
To get on the phone and hear you say  
You'll stay with me

I walk around Ludlow into a bar to not get drunk  
For one sympathetic glance and touch the back wall  
Straight back out the front  
On your side of the night cicadas are the sound of the  
earth creaking  
As it's slowing down to spin you into sleep in your home-  
town

Back home a little feeling of enterprise  
Make a little thread for you and I hope it shines

That is not the wind  
This building it's flying through the darkness so I can  
be close to you