

# You Gotta Love This City

The Whitlams

You gotta love this city, love this city, you gotta love this city  
You gotta love this city, love this city, you gotta love this city

Too sick for breakfast, the car wouldn't start  
The train was really full, and his girlfriend had a boyfriend  
The houses all the same, now here's the rain  
Not falling but collapsing at his feet  
Deep breath and he clocks on, raincoat on his arm  
He wishes the hours would disappear

But the trip's in vain 'cause awaiting him  
A lay-off notice and his severance pay  
He shuffles back to the train again  
You gotta love this city

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Back home he lies in bed for days and days  
Watching American television, smoking  
And playing with himself ringing double-0 double-5  
Into town on Thursday night  
The girls are pretty and the lights are bright  
At least he loves his city

Holding court on Taylor Square proper was the man he could become  
Lear's Fool is a bum now  
With seven holy parcels by his side

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He walks along the foreshore, he's got a bottle  
And he's breathing with his city

It was busy everywhere he went  
There was a crowd over the bay  
And a fireworks display  
It's all very strange for a Thursday night thought he  
Then it dawns on him as a cracker explodes  
And who the hell is he going to blame?  
It dawns on him - the horror - we got the Olympic Games

You gotta love this city for its body and not its brain

And he screams "My city is a whore, opened herself to the world  
Jumped up and down in pastel shirts  
And lathered up thinking about designs for T-shirts"

You gotta love this city for its body and not its brain

It's more than he can take, and the stars' reflection breaks  
'Cause you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it enjoy the view  
You gotta love this city  
He's had enough and he sinks to the bottom