

Rosie And The Sea

Youth Group

moving to the city,
was so hard to say farewell
my girlfriends took me drinking at the RSL
and i was flushed with glory
from my (?) victory
and everybody tellin' me to tell my story
i went away
the very next day
with a headache
then lost it to the motorway
and i never, ever felt so free

and i go no place that i can be
thirty weeks of struggle in the city of sin
my boyfriend finished school,
he moved up and he moved in
and his pulse comes tattooed
with the name of his crew
and a musical horn is like an 'i love you'
things are so grim
there's worse gas than him (?)
and we won't be together once we've settled in
and i got no place that i can be
and i never, ever felt so free
i don't drink,
my pulse will rocket fuel to whoever's next