

# Wishy Washy

## INXS

I got a place with a view  
You can see the cars  
As they travel down the freeway  
To clubs and barsThere's a woman downstairs  
With matt-gray hair  
An' she smiles when she tells me  
There's no room for me hereThey've got it in the city  
They've got it in the country  
But here in the suburbs  
It's all so wishy-washy  
It's all so wishy-washyI got another place  
This time with a fireplace  
An' a woman can come around  
Write poetry and feel safeI said it's good for me now  
But I'm not being fed  
I said it's good for me now  
But I'm not being fed

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