Breakfast at Sweethearts

Cold Chisel

Campbell lane
Through the window, curtain rain
Long night gone, yellow day
Speed shivers melt awaySix o'clock I'm goin' down
Coffee's hot and the toast is brown
Hey street sweeper, clear my way
Sweethearts breakfast is the best in town
Oh-oh, Breakfast at SweetheartsHey, Anne-Maria
It's always good to see her
She don't smile or flirt
She just wears that mini-skirt
Drunks come in
Paper bag, Brandivino
Dreams fly away
As she pulls another cappuccinoSix o'clock I'm goin' down
Coffee's hot and the toast is brown
Hey street sweeper, clear my way
Sweethearts breakfast is the best in town
Oh-oh, Breakfast at Sweethearts

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