

# Daughters Of The Northern Coast

## Australian Crawl

Ain't nothing like the windy city  
Where the station-wagon died  
Where the wild dogs meet the fences  
And the horsemen, fences ride  
Where the flatlands become flatlands  
And the caravans collide  
I'm just sitting 'neath the mango  
Running a tide  
Took a ride on a bin-train  
50 cars or more  
They say the heads are just insane  
But it's too risky to score  
Sittin' on the lawn with Andrea  
Draggin' the line for big red  
Everyone looks better with a suntan  
Easier to get you into bed  
Daughters of the northern coast  
Sons of beaches, don't deliver the post  
You know the post is a ghost  
Lee Marlin went lookin' for a marvin  
While we were looking for a line at the pub  
Hey, and still the black man's starvin'  
No wonder nobody wants a job

Helicopter over homestead  
Stirring all the young blades at night  
They're steppin' out there in the sultry summer evening  
Their pistols all packed  
And their badges so bright  
Daughters of the northern coast  
Sons of beaches, don't deliver the post  
You know the post is a ghost  
Took a ride on a bin-train  
50 cars or more  
They say the heads are just insane  
But it's too risky to score  
Andrea's been giving me a towel down  
Standing on a palm beach shore  
If 'n'those girls keep a doin' that thing

I can't wait for next year  
I'm gonna come back for more  
Daughters of the northern coast  
Sons of beaches, don't deliver the post  
You know the post is a ghost

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