

Hindley Street

Powderfinger

A gentle winter haze creeps in at three forty-four
The Hindley Street parade shuffles to my door
The hotel decor shades are always poorly sewn
Twenty-five in thirty days makes this room feel like homeNa, na, na
Na, na, na, na
Na, na, na
Na, na, na, naThe western ocean breeze kick starts another day
And under brewed bag tea, no matter where you get it
Always seems to leave that taste
The Todd Street mall cafe is here to save the day
Why should I complain when everybody else is overworked and underpaid?Na, na, na
Na, na, na, na
Na, na, na
Na, na, na, naDays keep rolling over
Escape to the undercover
Soon it will all be over
And we can start again

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