A.o.

The Presets

A.O.
Children mustn't know that we're living in a city that's built on bones
A.O.
All the army go, please enjoy this city before it explodes
A.O.
Here we here we go, it's a pity it's a feeling I can't control
A.O.
The children mustn't know this is adults only
Adults only
Adults onlyKookaburra sits in a tree unnamed
You can feel the sorrow, I can feel the shame
Coz there's no-one laughing round here no more but heI flew back to the coast on New Year's Day
Little plane tossed 'round by a southerly
And when I stepped outside the streets were cleanBut I know deep down lies undiscovered
Past the bone foundations of a town corrupted
Under creaking piers, under iron cover
Past the concrete crime of a million lovers
Past strutting and swagger, under coldest rubble
Past torn down shanties of forgotten troubles
Through its ills and evils, past rants and ravings
Lies the cold dark soul of an emerald city, IA.O.
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The children mustn't know this is adults only
Adults onlyWalking through the streets I can feel its sting
Metal blue snakes screaming round this head I'm in
Keeps railing all the way to bedAnd from the time it sleeps to its dawn awake
City's dreams rang out like a melody
"I finally recognize the tune," he saidThrough fears and fervour, past lies and secrets
Of ink stained, panic-stricken 5 star heathens
Under storms of hell, through tropical fevers
Excitement of the first days of bushfire seasons
All those planning disasters, monuments to the masters
And the dog dark dealings of its backroom bastards
Every long lost dream, every failed endeavour

Every ice beer trail of a rum rebellionNow I, huddle these feelings of pity
Watching new years colours rain down on the city
Where our beautiful beaches suffer photo ops
To watch schizophrenic tourists get shot by cops
Generation of kids with the toughest teeth
Still haunted by the visions of shocking ink
Where little old ladies die afraid and alone
Now surrounded by yuppies small bars and coke, IA.O.
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