

# From St Kilda To Kings Cross

[Paul Kelly](#)

From St Kilda to Kings Cross is thirteen hours on a bus  
I pressed my face against the glass and watched the white lines rushing past  
And all around me felt like all inside me  
And my body left me and my soul went running  
Have you ever seen Kings Cross when the rain is falling soft?  
I came in on the evening bus, from Oxford Street I cut across  
And if the rain don't fall too hard everything shines just like a postcard  
Everything goes on just the same  
Fair-weather friends are the hungriest friends  
I keep my mouth well shut, I cross their open hands  
I want to see the sun go down from St Kilda Esplanade  
Where the beach needs reconstruction, where the palm trees have it hard  
I'd give you all of Sydney Harbour (all that land, all that water)  
For that one sweet promenade

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