

Ghost Town

Cold Chisel

Ive been forty days and forty nights
In television land
Id kill myself with cigarettes
If I could find my hands Livin in a ghost town Take this will and testament
And nail it to the wall
You know I spent my time here
Learning how to crawl Livin in a ghost town And money dont buy water round
The ghost town
Ive never found a border round
The ghost town
Whoever sets the weather
Oughta keep it pretty calm
Keep it fine and mild
Cause like a cheap alarm
Im fuckin wound Theres just a man on a bad street
Who cannot turn around
Or shout above the heat
Below the knees hes
Buried in the ground
Waking up in Sydney babylon
Is what its all about
Theres only one way in here
And one way out

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