Kangaroo Lake

Ian Moore

Busting and building him, waiting on a friend.
Watching the headlights through the mist and the rain.
And I wouldn't stay if I was given the choice.
But I'm cold and I'm flat, just like the sound of your voice.
When you promised to go straight.

And I waited there for you on Kangaroo Lake.

And even the morning sun seems tired and cold.
Pick up the paper back just for something to hold.
But the words are clear, and the language unkind.
And I'm staring at those pages, I think I'm losing my mind.
And the hour's growing late.

And I wish I could see you on Kangaroo Lake.
And to say this is easiest to say you don't know,
And there's nothing to talk about.
See the life through your eyes, everything's black and white,
I was never that kind.

So give me some kind of sign that you're still alive.
Send me a picture, postcard, just drop me a line.

'Cause I didn't know this was our final goodbye.
But I should have seen, but I was barely getting by,
And you don't negotiate.

And I wish I could see you on Kangaroo Lake.
Yeah, I wish I could see you on Kangaroo Lake.
Yeah, I wish I could see you on Kangaroo Lake.

Lyrics submitted by Michelle Lane.

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