

# No Restrictions

## Men At Work

Give me no restrictions on what I do or say  
Don't speak of tomorrow when it's still today  
Leave me to my selfish ways, I'm well enough alone  
That is what I tell myself as I stumble home  
Derelict across the street in the garbage bin  
Looks like he's found something neat judging by his grin  
Such a long long way to go, I hope I get there soon  
Wish I could jump a great height and land in my front room  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Wake up in the morning, make sure I'm still alive  
Percolate the coffee, opens up my eyes

Hear the cricket calling, switch on the TV  
Sit and stare for hours and cheer Dennis Lillee  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Through the de-restriction zone, we pass a long wide load  
Laugh at the reflections of cat's eyes on the road  
Freeways hypnotize me, up, up and away  
Hope we make it home tonight, be that as it may  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh  
Whoa ohh ohh, whoa ohh ohh

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