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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