

# Tarcutta Shade

## Skyscraper Stan

Blood and bone bake on the bitumen  
She's at the counter counting cars as they pull in  
Cream coloured cotton clings to her skin  
Its forty degrees in the shade

The sun rises early and the evening comes late  
As truckers come travelling driving freight interstate  
Far from the arms of the wives they hate  
On these long hot Tarcutta Days

Tarcutta Days, Tarcutta Days  
Forty degrees in the Tarcutta shade  
The Tarcutta shade, Tarcutta shade  
On these Tarcutta days

Outside the boys sit stoned in a commodore  
Watching time crawl by across the forecourt floor  
She fixes her hair in the microwave door  
And ignores the Tarcutta day

The Tarcutta day, Tarcutta day  
Forty degrees in the Tarcutta shade  
The Tarcutta shade, Tarcutta shade  
On these Tarcutta days

So on and on it goes,  
The city folk in their holiday clothes  
While up and down the road  
The crows grow fatter

The buckled iron, the prayers for rain  
The thicknecks burning up the inside lane  
Its enough to drive a girl insane  
But whats it matter?

Blow flies, blacktop, bull headed men  
The trees in the heat haze shimmer nad bend  
They come and they go but they never quite end  
Those long hot Tarcutta days.

Lyrics Submitted by Anton Stoynev

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