

Transit Lounge

Crowded House

Talk to her, that's right
It could mean more than you think
Talk to her, that's right
And you don't have to lose a thing
Leave the boots and saddle outside
You could make her happy again
Laugh about a time
She threw the dinner at you
And in the coconut grove
You can't imagine the scene
When another bus unloads
We're still waiting to leave
Talk to her, that's nice
Or you could make a murder begin
Breathe on her, that's right
Once more you will be her friend
She's the only one you know
Where you're from and where you've been
With what remains unsaid
Can leave you hanging in between
Spent a lot of time in the transit lounge
And I wasn't sure where I was going now
The things that I read on yesterday's news
Not a hundred percent sure what to do with my shoes
Lying on the floor of the transit lounge
There'll be no announcements made
Better make sure you don't sleep too sound
There'll be no announcements made
There'll be no announcements made
And you can dream about the things
You meant to do before you die
Pick him out, this one
He'll wait here for his moment to shine
All the stupid things I said
Will haunt you, will linger, I guess
And in the coconut grove
You can't imagine the scene
Another bus unloads
We're still waiting to leave

The camera flash goes off
See the tallest man alive
And Thai massage his feet
Before his long plane ride

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