

# Australia Street

## Sticky Fingers

It was a royal sunny day,  
We were chilling in the land,  
With the Camperdown park  
No body had a frown  
Reminicing on the days  
Where we used to have a blaze  
Everybody came around  
And we 'laxed out on the lays  
And remember when we drink  
And we smoke  
And we spar  
And we laugh  
And the night would just go on an on  
For the rest of my life  
That memory will stay  
Man fuck that was a good time

I don't feel afraid from you  
I don't feel afraid from you  
I don't feel afraid from you  
I don't feel afraid from you

You and all your tastes  
Forever feels like such a waste  
So many places to be, and people to meet  
Tropical here.  
Well see no distance  
The time when everything was perfect  
We can jump around to the sound of the music  
When you feel the bass come through the?  
Passengers seem to go real, real slow  
And this is what I want  
And this is what you get  
Come and share a toast for all that time you recollect  
From the start until these ends  
We wind up where we head  
Being clever never sweatshop  
Where forever has no wisdom  
You and all your tastes

Forever feels like such a waste  
So many places to be, and people to meet  
Tropical here.

I don't feel afraid from you  
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I don't feel afraid from you

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