# Breakfast at Sweethearts (Live at Bombay Rock)

## Cold Chisel

Words and Music by Don Walker.
Campbell lane,
And thru' the window curtain rain,
Long night gone, yellow day,
The speed shivers melts away.
Six o'clock I'm going down,
The coffee's hot and the toast is brown,
Hey! street-sweeper, clear my way,
Sweethearts' breakfast the best in town.
woh o-o-oh, Breakfast at Sweethearts.
woh o-o-oh, Breakfast at Sweethearts.
Hey! Anne-Maria,
It's always good to see her,
She don't smile a flirt,
She just wears that mini-skirt,
Drunks come in
A paper bag Brandivino,
Dreams fly away
as she pulls another capucino.
Six o'clock I'm going down,
The coffee's hot and the toast is brown,
Hey! street-sweeper, clear my way,
Sweethearts' breakfast the best in town.
woh o-o-oh, Breakfast at Sweethearts.
woh o-o-oh, Breakfast at Sweethearts.
At Six o'clock I'm going down,
The coffee's hot and the toast is brown,
Hey! street-sweeper, clear my way,
Sweethearts' breakfast the best in town.
Six o'clock I'm going down,
The coffee's hot and the toast is brown,
Hey! street-sweeper, clear my way,
Sweethearts' breakfast the best in town.
Breakfast at Sweethearts, ye-ah ye-e ye-e yeah.
Transcribed by Ivan Smith-Romero (ismith@cmet.net)

Songwriters
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