

1955 (feat. Montaigne & Tom Thum)

Hilltop Hoods

You know when you're doing a song about a small town
You gotta start it with a cliché, you know what I'm sayin' Time moves a little slower here
The paint peels cause the summers here are so severe
And we're nowhere near no where you would know of
looks as here they show up just to show off
take a load off, just to watch the day go by
Philosophising with their friends like they're Plato
They prophesise on the bench by the main road, right
[?] if you say so guys
But what do they know [?]
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A girl with a shopping list, clutch her handbag close
I'm like "damn man [?]
Cause I'm a gentlemen, but then again most of are
First name basis in the bank, the post-office, the bar
The grocery, parks, [?] lady I ain't tryna grab your pension The old men on the bench Well lets go, lets go
We're living in the days when everybody sayin'
"What a time to be alive"
But I'm feeling out of place like I live in outer space
Cause it seems I'm stuck in time
It's like we lit the life
Right in the shadow of the cold war It gets so quiet at night
Like martial law took a '55 Time moves a little slower here
A day feels like a week, a weekend feels like it could go a year
And we're nowhere near so true
I don't tell 'em where I'm from, I tell 'em where I'm close to
And I can go through an Atlas, and show you on a map and
You'd still look me sideways and treat me like I'm backwards
But that's just fine, it just happens
[?] happy living in a city that's trapped in time
[?] back in time
[?] early night
[?] early flight
[?] laps of the sun [?] I'm from
[?] and then some
Once again the old men on the bench Well lets go, lets go
We're living in the days when everybody sayin'
"What a time to be alive"
But I'm feeling out of place like I live in outer space

Cause it seems I'm stuck in time
It's like we [?] life
Right in the shadow of the cold war
It gets so quiet at night
Like martial law took a [?] '55
Where I go, where I go
This will always be home, no matter
Where I go, where I go
This will always be home, no matter
Where I go, where I go
This will always be home
Well Montaigne lets go
We're living in the days when everybody sayin'
"What a time to be alive"
But I'm feeling out of place like I live in outer space
Cause it seems I'm stuck in time
It's like we ride the life
Right in the shadow of the cold war
It gets so quiet at night
Like martial law took a whole job '55

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