Fall of Rome

James Reyne

Every morning when I wake from my bed
I find I'm yawning just a-scratchin' my head
I face the dawning and I feel like I'm dead
I been sleeping all aloneWell, every daybreak as I wake from my sleep
I find I'm aching as I drag from the deep
If I were a Mustang, I'd be a junkyard heap
Mirror don't lie, mirror don't lie
Talk about a rolling stoneEverybody said, "What's that sound?"
Put it in a skillet and a-slap it all around
And everybody said, "I can't stay home"
Still thinking 'bout the fall of Rome
Still thinking 'bout the fall of RomeWell, all these dragons are just a-draggin' me down
I've been picking things up from the underground
Like a trackless tram, I'm Bondi bound
Sitting in the depot all aloneNo purity no clear white walls
Just a big stampede when the Warragul calls
Times a-menacing just gnashes and mauls
Where am I gonna buy it, where am I gonna buy it?
Gotta give a dog a boneEverybody said, "What's that sound?"
Put it in a skillet and a'slap it all around
And everybody said, "I can't stay home"
Still thinking 'bout the fall of Rome
Still thinking 'bout the fall of Rome
I've been thinking 'bout the fall of RomeWell, I've been living a categorical lie
Each last thrill the penultimate high
Just one more hit before I can die
Yellow teeth are snappin' all aroundWell, every daybreak as I wake from my bed
I find I'm aching just a-scratchin' my head
If I were a Mustang I think it's gone to my head
Mirror don't lie, mirror don't lie
Talk about a rolling stoneEverybody said, "What's that sound?"
Put it in a skillet and a-slap it all around
And everybody said, "I can't stay home"
Still thinking 'bout the fall of RomeEverybody said, "What's that sound?"
Put it in a skillet and a-slap it all around
And everybody said, "I can't stay home"
Still thinking 'bout the fall of Rome
Still thinking 'bout the fall of RomeStill thinking 'bout the fall of Rome
Still thinking 'bout the fall of Rome

I've been thinking 'bout the fall of Rome

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