

Adelaide

Paul Kelly

The wisteria on the back verandah is still blooming
And all the great aunts are either insane or dead
Kensington Road runs straight for a while before turning
We lived on the bend it was there I was raised and fed
Counting and running as I go
Down past the hedges all in a row
In Adelaide, Adelaide

Dad's hands used to shake but I never knew he was dying
I was thirteen I never dreamed he could fall
And all the great aunts were red in the eyes from crying
I rang the bells I never felt nothing at all
All the king's horses all the king's men
Cannot bring him back again

Find me a bar or a girl or guitar where do you go on a Saturday
night?
I own this town I spilled my wine at the bottom of the statue o
f Colonel Light
And the streets are so wide everybody's inside
Sitting in the same chairs they were sitting in last year
(This is my town!)
All the king's horses all the king's men
Wouldn't drag me back again
to Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide...