

## Peter

## The Easybeats

(Peter) where are you?

(Peter) where are you?

Mother sits all by herself  
Ironing her Sunday best  
Police are looking for a man  
Who's wanted for arrest

Ahh ahh, ahh ahh  
Ahh ahh, Ah ah ah

(Peter) where are you son  
Your mothers calling you  
(Peter) where are you son  
Your mothers calling you-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo  
Hurry hurry,  
Hurry hurry

(Peter) where are you?  
(Peter) where are you?

Killer stalks the darkened street  
For a place to hide  
Suddenly his face lights up  
A back door open wide

Ahh ahh, ahh ahh  
Ahh ahh, Ah ah ah

(Peter) where are you son  
Your mothers calling you  
(Peter) where are you son  
Your mothers calling you-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo  
Hurry hurry,  
Hurry hurry

(Peter) where are you?  
(Peter) where are you?  
(Peter)  
(Peter)

Killer kicks a bucket and it hits the ground  
Mother hears a noise and she turns around  
There she sees the killer standing with a knife  
Terror stricken face screaming for her life

(Peter) where are you son  
Your mothers calling you  
(Peter) where are you son  
Your mothers calling you-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo  
Hurry hurry,  
Hurry hurry

(Peter) where are you?  
(Peter) where are you?  
(Peter)  
(Peter)

(Peter)  
(Peter)  
(Peter)