

1995

The Whitlams

My sweet thing is pretending
Does a fine line in deception
What night did she fall
Or does it mean more
To know what I did the night before

There's nothing I can do
No way that I can hurt myself

My sweet thing reveals nothing
Does a fine line in deception
My sweet thing is pretending
Caught her on the phone last night

There's nothing I can do
No way that I can hurt myself
There's nothing I can say
And I'll be going out tonight

It's 1995
You can talk to beggars to feel alright
You got a hundred dollar bill to spend tonight
Her husband's in Florida looking for life
While a drunk Australian's in bed with his wife
You're allergic to cats, you better crash out
Here's an American sleeping pill in your mouth
Words & Music: Tim Freedman, Stevie Plunder, Andy Lewis
Tim Freedman: vocals, backing vocals, piano
Stevie Plunder: guitar
Andy Lewis: bass
Stuart Eadie: drums
Ronald S Peno: backing vocals
Stevie Wishart: hurdy gurdy
Ben Fink: additional guitars