

End Of Your World

The Whitlams

The light from the street it comes
Filtering through your room
Just another night just another dream you're putting yourself i
nto

And outside the streets are bare without a care as if no-one
Dares to make a sound
I said well ain't that the way
That you like it

Well I know with all the plans we had it was gonna be hard to s
ucceed
But harder than any of that is sitting here watching you bleed

You're on a plane to the end of your world
You're going down down down
It's one hell of a way to go out

Yeah and all around it's comin' down
You feel the winter it's setting in
Well the leaves they now fill the gutters
The trees just branches in the wind

And into an empty room my eyes they're open wide
To try to find something that was inside
To take the place of what was left behind

You're on a plane to the end of your world
You're going down down down
It's one hell of a way to go out

Well you know it's so quiet here
It's like a country town
Where all the drama's gone
It's left far behind and now there's only piece of mind

You never thought it was a crime
To be so sad and lonely
But now you're down down down
It's one hell of a way to go out
Out with a bang
Words & Music: Stevie Plunder
Stevie Plunder: vocals, guitar
Tim Freedman: piano, backing vocals
Andy Lewis: bass
Stuart Eadie: drums