

Melbourne

The Whitlams

She paints pictures on the wall
She eats all of the garden
And has an aversion to conviction
And she calls her dog "the bear"
In love with this girl
And with her town as well
Walking 'round the rainy city
What a pity there's things to do at home
She paints pictures on the wall
I awake to see the feelings
from the night before
She eats all of the garden, it's a jungle out there
And we won't return by dawn
If I had three lives
I'd marry her in two
I'm dreaming of a time
That we sit when the music stops
She has an aversion to conviction
She's more confused than ever
Won't pay her fines and wonders when the cops will get her
She calls her dog "the bear"
And walks me with him to the corner
In her pyjamas