

# Out The Back

The Whitlams

I wake and the sun has returned  
Trees with their majesty back  
I walk down to the sea  
Yeah, I'll borrow some wax

I can sit out here like a teabag  
No more exercise for me  
Now I've made it out the back

Breathing in the colors  
The blue was resting up for today  
While it was kicking back  
They were glass-blowing these waves

Its how the gum trees  
Are stamped into the sky  
I could be eight years old  
With these colors in my eyes

Waking up in a dream out here  
Sun is so low  
It's throwing its shimmers at me  
Skimming its stones

I can sit out here like a teabag  
No more exercise for me  
Now I've made it out the back

Back there they're bitching  
I'm guilty of it too  
Out here if you want a wave  
Theres another one coming soon

I'm not surfing  
I'm sitting out the back  
All the kids are dropping in  
On the old man on the plank  
The kids are dropping in  
On the old man on the plank