

Under The Underpass

Youth Group

I'll meet you by the drain.
We'll run through leaves and shopping trolleys, gathering in the rain.
Cocooned in our nest of joyful folly.
We have no home. This is our home.

Our parents are asleep.
They think that we're still kids and they know what the first one did.
But they'll never know the things we did.

We will drive around until a security guard
tells us we're not allowed.

And I'll find you out beyond the streetlights.
Under the underpass, under the underpass.
Where the tall grass keeps us out of sight.
Under the underpass.

Let's stay awake all night
and in the morning just when we thought we froze, the early light
will flicker in the creek and shine like barcode
and we'll go back to stacking shelves
at Woolworths.

And I'll find you out beyond the streetlights.
Under the underpass, under the underpass.
I won't tell them even if they ask.
Under the underpass.

Who'd have thought we'd live?
Who'd have thought we'd last?
Oh I have no home. This is my home