

Cold Chisel, Home And Broken Hearted

Hiked up to Sydney in the week before Christmas
It was thirty-eight degrees in the shade
Bought a second-hand Morris for a cheap two-twenty
And drove it down to Adelaide
She boiled for an hour twenty miles out of Euston
I thought the heat would never end
But I knew I'd be home for Christmas with my Sandy
And a few extra dollars to spend

I drove it to the buyer just as fast as I could go
I was talking to his teenage son
I sure hope it lasted for the poor little bastard
At least until he'd had some fun
I caught a taxi homeward with great anticipation
Thinkin' all you have to do is try
There was a note propped up against the dressing table mirror
"Dear Jimmy, it's over, goodbye!"
Home and broken hearted
I've been pasted to the telephone
Boxing Day break was wasted sitting home on my own
The beer we bought for Christmas ran dry this afternoon
And on the radio it's New Year's Eve
What a low down time of the year to pack your luggage and leave

Went to a party, tried to drink myself happy
The steaks were washed away in the rain
Finished up in bed with an old acquaintance
She'll never be my friend again
And everyone was asking me where's the little woman
Rolled home before the rain could stop
I've been sitting for days reading pre-Christmas papers
With my heels on the table-top