

# Cold Chisel, One Long Day

City life is closing in on me  
The way things go, thirty years,  
Bus timetable'll be my elergy

Up at seven every working day  
Pay comes in, pay goes out  
It's a week-by-week charade

General panic in the marketplace  
Boss found hung in office  
Could not stand the pace

And as the peak-hour traffic jams below  
Someone gets the story, somebody spread the rumour  
People come and go

Wandered down along the river last night  
Call me romantic, I say I couldn't sleep  
Until the first-light struck me down

Padding homeward on the inside lane  
Early morning, freeway's cool and quiet  
Dodging rubber stains

People talking in a seaside bar  
I ain't sentimental, but Lord  
Sometimes I get that gypsy urge to travel far

You know I'll disappear some long weekend  
Find a mangrove landscape  
Stretch out along some busted jetty  
And forget who I am

You go to move  
You got to go  
You go to be somebody  
You got to roll  
You got to stop  
You got to change  
You got to make a little money  
And be a little strange

And one long day  
Is all it takes to steal her heart away  
One long night  
And it's alright, you've done it again  
Soft, low words  
And slender ladies, beneath the cafe fans  
One long day  
Layed by dreams  
Cotton dresses, a Spanish border town  
Dreams so far  
From the subway, the crowds heading home  
Close each day  
In technicolor, a million miles away  
One long night and you're alone

Meanwhile  
City ways  
Life goes creeping on  
Sometimes  
I get the blues