

# INXS, Wishy Washy

I got a place with a view  
You can see the cars  
As they travel down the freeway  
To clubs and bars  
There's a woman downstairs  
With matt-grey hair  
And she smiles when she tells me  
There's no room for me here

They've got it in the city  
They've got it in the country  
But here in the suburbs  
It's all so wishy-washy  
It's all so wishy-washy

I got another place  
This time with a fireplace  
And a woman can come around  
Write poetry and feel safe  
I said it's good for me now  
But I'm not being fed  
I said it's good for me now  
But I'm not being fed

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Aaaahh...WISHY-WASHY!