

Neil Finn, Rest Of The Day Off

Totally wired, and the game is up
I'm under the table
You carry my heart in the palm of your hand
As the clouds roll in
The party was rained out
Hoping not to find a man-made home
And by four o'clock
When the sun came out
We were beside ourselves

Taking the rest of the day off
Lying out the back
Slung in a hammock and
Gathering rheems of space and time

Two eyes that surrender
The call might come
Fire my anger and spoil the whole thing
Its not much fun when the pressure's on
And your luck has gone
But you squeeze my hand

We're taking the rest of the day off
We like to climb the rock
Before we have lunch
And we'll turn our backs on the whole damn bunch

You find the answer
Walking the dog
Down the south of Piha
Over and done
Not a lot to say when the man comes up
The line goes dead and you're yesterday's news
I couldn't care less now I'm here with you

We're the only ones left
And we're flat on our backs
Taking the rest of the days off
You find it don't add up too much
When you're wrapped in a blanket of stars with the one you love
Yeah

Like two shiney dogs
Yeah
With the one you love
Yeah