

Caravans (John Baker 2007 ©)

Out here on the edge of town
The caravans are winding down
There's a bar-b-que at the swimming pool
Malcolm, he's an ex DJ
Now he's driving interstate
He shoots wild pigs on his holiday

You know there's something strange about the in-between
Airport lounges, hotel rooms where we have been, where
we'll go again

Stuart likes to ride alone, he's had 13 broken bones
Maybe that is why, he doesn't like to fly
His partner wears a baseball cap
She's a wiry girl with tats
She's like shooting pool to kill the afternoon

You know there's something strange about the in between
Airport lounges, hotel rooms where we have been, where
we'll go again
Don't drink the water, memories underneath the bed
Behind the doorway, instructions someone should have
read, I'll drink wine instead

We'll soon be gone, without a trace
But tonight we found our place