

Parallel Lines (John Baker/Kevin Adams ©)

He grew up in a dusty town a long long way from home
He traveled north to cut some cane and live beside the surf
He was back down the coast and over the sea to a city of sails
And a girl he would meet
One night at a dance he asked for the time
She turned around and gave him a smile

Chorus

I can see them standing there, in a pool of electric light
With their hearts hanging out left to dry, in the sun

I looked out from our caravan and new world stared back at me
My brothers and my sister joined our suburban limousine.
Our story unfolds, in parallel lines, the one in our heads
and the one in our lives
One night at a dance he asked for the time
She turned around and gave him a smile

Our slippery essence, longs for freedom and will not be contained,
So step into those open fields you love so much again
I've never been good for sudden goodbyes
It's a little too late but I may as well try.
One night at a dance he asked for the time
She turned around and gave him a smile