

LOCAL RESIDENT FAILURE — A BREATH OF STALE AIR LYRICS

The Opener

*They knew it couldn't happen from the start, her family would always say that this would never last.
But the heart wants what the heart wants, and of course they had to try.
Secrets and forbidden love for he was black and she was white.*

*There was nothing really to accept, they were young and they still kept
Their secret relationship behind closed doors*

*She gave him what was once just hers, he took all of her flowers
This time it was different from just another score*

*Her mother couldn't understand, she was from another time.
She had the boy arrested and charged with another crime.
The crime was love he told the judge, he'd never give her up.
His sentencing was unjust, another story fucked by racism*

*Social and racial taunt, this was our systems flaw.
Why can't you let this be? It's love when hearts run free.*

*And who are you to say keep him away.
The rich the same, except you have nothing left to gain... .. just everything to lose.*

*He was gunned down at the courthouse, the time was 5 past 8.
She held him in her bloody arms, her last few words were "stop the hate"*

(Still) Kickin' On

*Where will they be 30 years from now?
Playing at some stadium, or just in Adamstown.*

Will mongo still be drunk, and do they practice only every 6 months?

CHORUS

*Over the hill and Wiseheimer's their name,
Geriatric punk rock is their game.
Will there ever be an album number 3?
And will they ever play the song 'Spider Monkey'?*

*Will Jake still be rich, and Chunk still a cop.
Will Vince have his pants down, and Heath have a job?*

Will mongo still be drunk, and do they play only every 6 months.

CHORUS

*Sitting in a wheelchair, staring into blank air.
Losing all their hair but does anybody care?
Walking round on a frame, or crawling on their hands.
Eating mash potato, whilst shitting in their pants.*

*I'll still be watching them when I turn 64.
They'll wave the cover charge and get my name put on the door.*

CHORUS.

Where the Bloody Hell Are Ya?

*Welcome to Australia, we worship sport,
Where the players have bi-polar and we idolise Shane Warne.
They drink rum, have group sex, and they get away with rape.
They eat, they shit, they talk shit and they fight.*

*Welcome to Australia, we're superficial.
I thought the race that stops a nation was more than a kick arse song,
But we don't except skin, unless it's coloured white,
We're rough, we're tough, we hunt to kill*

*We raise the southern cross beneath the star lit sky.
We worship corporations and it shows from the things that we buy.
Yet still, we're socially below the status line.*

*I'm gonna burn the southern cross beneath the star lit sky.
We'll talk of our ideas, we'll have a beer, we'll be best friends.
Nah, fuck this shit I wanna start a...*

*Country, where we're not racist.
Where we give a shit about issues and we're vegetarians.
I would banish all rednecks across the sea to New Zealand.
Where they'll eat the fish and chips and play rugby*

Playing the Race Card

*All I got is an apartment on the first floor in my block of flats.
All I want is a second storey Victorian on the street down by the beach.*

But I fucken never wanna work for it, I just wanna go squat or inherit it.

CHORUS

*Fuck work, fuck this, fuck you and your job.
That's how I wanna be.
But instead I conform to society, another shitty employee.*

*All I got is a guitar and a big nose on my half-cast face.
So I get money from the government, and it's the race card I'm gonna fucking play.*

But I never wanna fill another dole form, I just wanna exploit the racist government

CHORUS (whoa is me)

*Sometimes I think I should play it safe,
But I don't even have to pay when I go to TAFE*

*All I got is an apartment on the first floor in my block of flats.
All I want is a second storey Victorian on the street down by the beach.*

Amazing Disgrace

*He was a leader of the church, a leader of the people.
Disrespecting Jesus, underneath the steeple.
The cross will be raised, the people be upstanding,
But you will be left with nothing but handing.*

*Alimony to your bastard children.
The truth would set you free, but you wont listen.
You're an amazing disgrace, now you have to face
The people who you let down and the ex-wife who will never take you back.*

*So much for the 10 commandments (you lived imperfect lives)
Everyone entrusted you (and then you went and lied)
To the who loved you (until the very end)
And your sacred marriage vows (that you would defend)
Whoa, whoa, whoa (led you to descend)*

*You beg for forgiveness, you lost when you prayed.
You bow on your knees, then you fall on your face.
Is this a human act, or is your faith?
To me, it's another amazing disgrace.*

Everyday's a Holiday on Christmas Island

*Arriving from a war torn country, cramped up on a boat
And then your kept in isolation, strung out and hung out by the throat
These refugees and detainees, you want them out to keep this country clean*

*Everyday's a holiday out on Christmas island
Does Santa ever visit you out on Christmas island?*

*Free time in the courtyard playing cricket with security
Six and out over the fence, the game is over kill these refugees and detainees
You want them on a boat back out to sea*

*Is everyday a holiday out on Christmas island?
It's hard to put your trust in us when you're tortured by the government*

They crossed the ocean to be free, but now they're locked inside/

*Everyday's a holiday out on Christmas island
There's no snow or candy canes just people fucking tired
News limited will keep the ugly truth buried inside us
Everyday's a holiday out on Christmas island*

Nowhere to be Scene

*We've got a show tonight, and we're on at 10 o'clock
This place is fucking dead and the fucking footy's on
The band that's on tour asked where are all the punks? So I sculled my drink and I laughed in his face*

*They're nowhere to be seen, since 1999
Music's slowed down and there's no more 'Draw the Line'
All the friends I knew are moving on.
Writing slower songs
Acoustic guitar and an amp with no gain, now I'm going insane*

*Another Wednesday and there's no place left to go
The Lucky has shut down, should we go to the statio'?'
There's a band that fucking rocks but this place is fucking dead
The punks are all in bed*

Defamation by Defecation

*Heading out for a bite to eat, with my lady by my side.
Light some candles present the rose, I hope she'll be surprised.*

*Entrees, mains now it's time for dessert... (She's got a sweet tooth for whipped cream)
I hope this is enough for her.*

*What has come out of the kitchen and what the fuck's that smell?
There's a pile of shit on top of the ice cream, courtesy of the Coogee Bay Hotel.*

Sad Beginning, Happy Ending

*We're never walking forward, to one step that way, we're taking two steps back.
Holding hands as one race, we'll conquer fears and we'll stare this fight in the face.*

*I dream of perfect I dream that one day, these children will grow up.
To a clean street town, where society's anti racial slurs won't erupt,
Into a state of skin bashing hate.*

*It just takes one to turn this picture from a...
Sad beginning into a happy ending.
We should be winning and not defending.*

*The colour of one's skin and the issues of prejudice that run.
Through society as one living under the same sun.
It's like a movie script where the good guy dies and the bad guy gets the cred.
These broken bones that flow the same, will all reveal the colour red.*

One nation, one family, one future, proud tradition.

Sad beginning, happy ending.

Recall

*Consider me negative you just don't know
I'll go down my own path and lead my own show
Opinions and phone calls you're 40 cents less
Fucked off my brain now you're wasting your breath*

*CHORUS Cannot keep control
End up losing it all*

*She says I'm negative, she just cant see
Lies and hypocrisy in her ideology
A door will slam shut, who will be left out?
The one in denial or the one free of doubt?*

CHORUS

Fuck White Pride

*My mother once said, "It doesn't make sense to be a racist in Australia"
So take your southern cross tattoo back to Cronulla.*

*You can beat me or kill me for speaking my mind.
But I'll die with my values, and you can rot in hell.*

*You've got the guns, but we've got intelligence.
You can keep the flag, because we've got reconciliation.*

*Fuck white pride
You racist cunt*

What's the Good News?

*Every weekday afternoon I sit and watch TV,
There's a thousand images of negativity staring back at me.
What is this show I'm watching" they say it's called the evening news
Well I wouldn't watch a show that features war and child abuse.... but I love Sandra Sully.*

*I remember to a time when I was oblivious, but I was 6, and now...
I'm getting older and realise that these real lies are sent down from the corp.*

*Seeing all this shit they call news that drips from my TV
I wonder from whose arse it falls and why it's fed to me?
This defecation reeks of dirty cash and handshakes to
These lies they try to pass as news they spread just like a flu
And there's more than just a few*

CHORUS

The corporation's misinformation is bearing down on me

The corporation's misinformation spews from my TV

CHORUS

(Corporations who supposedly oppose)

In Sickness and in Health

Living life is hard, when it's coming to an end, and your battling a cancer, and no one has an answer and your family is helpless to just sit back and wait.

*She was a strong believer so I know that she's with God.
Looking down on all of us, smiling because she's proud.
She raised my mother and my mother she raised me.
Put up with my bullshit until I was 19.*

I'll always remember the gifts, the cars and the socks, and every fucking birthday without fail she'd send me 20 bucks... to do whatever I please.

In sickness and in health, in feeling unwell, our family stood by you that time you went through hell.

Living life is hard when it's coming to end, and your battling a cancer and no one has an answer and your family is helpless to just sit back and.....

Sleeping Beauty

WAIT.....

*I met her through a mutual friend in the last few days of May
I thought her name was Mary, but she told me it was Jane
She likes adventurous sports and also walks along the sand
She likes rock and roll as well but she fucking hates my band*

*Everyday is different I never know what to expect.
She'll get me all excited, but refuses to have sex.
She loves her crimes and mysteries, to that I do admit.
And she's always in the bathroom when I need to take a shit.*

*She's my sleeping beauty, she's in my wet dreams.
She follows me at gunpoint and will shoot me if I scream.
She's my sleeping beauty, she's the right to my left glove.
We're not the same, we're opposite that's why I fell in love.*

The Funeral

*It was over 10 years ago that I got my first taste.
When I heard the best song in the world, it was 'Punch in the Face'
From that point I lived my life with no rules, not a care in this world, because no care makes no fools.
I don't pity all the upper class having time for no life, works a bore so you won't ignore getting killed
by this knife.*

I've learned to live my life not being angry all the time,

CHORUS

*So just know that I've had a fucking ball ... so play this song at my funeral.
I've conquered all my fears, and man I drank some beers,
I partied with my friends, who drove me round the bend.
I told some fucking lies, and got punched in the eye,
I learnt from my mistakes, and gave up eating steaks.*

*I drove around the block three times and another time for luck,
I didn't want to work no more I want a job that doesn't suck.
Looking to the future with something left in my hand,
I lived, I loved, I gave, I shoved, I played in this fucking band
This all might sound morbid, but it'll happen to me one day, when it finally comes I would have lived
my life to the full.*

I've learned to live these days being content with what I've got

CHORUS

*Now my time it has come to and end I want to thank my parents and I want to thank my friends
I've left a little girl she's my legacy to this world
So just know that I've had a fucking ball
So play this song at my funeral.*