

Sounds Of Then (This Is Australia) - GANGajang

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Bm /// E / D / Bm /// E / D / Bm /// E / D / Bm /// E / D /

[D] Bm E D Bm E D
I think I hear the sounds of then, and people talking, the scenes recalled by minute movement
Bm E D Bm E
And songs they fall from the backing tape, that certain texture, that certain smell
Bm E D Bm E D
To lie in sweat, on familiar sheets, in brick veneer on financed beds
Bm E D Bm E
In a room of silent hardiflex, that certain texture, that certain smell
Bm D E
Brings home the heavy days, brings home the night time swell

Bm D E G Bm D E G
Out on the patio we sit, and the humidity we breathe
Bm D E G Bm D E G Bm
We watch the lightning crack over cane fields, and laugh and think, this is Australia

Bm /// E / D / Bm /// E / D /

Bm E D Bm E D
The block is awkward, it faces West, long diagonals, and sloping too
Bm E D Bm E D
And in the distance, through the heat haze, in convoys of silence the cattle graze
E Bm D E
That certain texture, that certain beat, brings forth the night time heat – ch'ckow!

Bm D E G Bm D E G
Out on the patio we sit, and the humidity we breathe
Bm D E G A G Bm
We watch the lightning crack over cane fields, laugh and think that this is Australia

Bm /// E / D / Bm /// E / D / Bm /// E / D / Bm /// E / D /

G /// /// A /// /// G /// /// Bm /// E /// Bm /// E ///

