

Brunswick Street

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I took my sister to Brunswick Street; she came down from cattle country
Off beat styles on Brunswick Street, a taste of Melbourne funky
We rode the tram from Collins Street, through staid grey city sights
Electric colour of Brunswick Street, took her by surprise.

Pretty Girls on Brunswick Street, happy in their skin
Their not slaves to fashion, doing their own thing
Vintage wares on Brunswick Street, many nations span the strip
Mix of fortunes on Brunswick Street seems everybody fits.

Country myths abound, we all sing hey true blue
But get your self to Brunswick Street, and get a broader view
2nd stories looking faded, graffiti statements too
Amongst the torn and tattered, see the people shinning through

Pretty Girls on Brunswick Street, ink upon their skin
Their not slaves to fashion, not trying to fit in
Vibrant colours on Brunswick Street, weathered faces on the strip
Mix of fortunes on Brunswick Street seems everybody fits.

Beggars hustle on Brunswick Street, ask for fag or fare
I gave one money for the tram ride, my sister stood and stared
Drinking coffee on Brunswick Street, see the hopeless and the hip
Young and old and worlds collide, it's really worth the trip

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