

Town of Song

I run everything I own into the ground
this austerity program is getting me down
I think I've stayed too long in the town of song
I should move along from the town of song
or should I stick around this piece of ground
around the town of song, where I belong?

I see a younger man with cold hard stares
money-stained hands and savoir faire
I hear a simple groove with a lightening tongue
the words are slung and never sung
with the pretty girls, it's all complete
how can a simple song like this compete?

I hear a siren screaming in the night
a twinge of fear is bottled tight
but there are no tears when you realize
all you've got is your disguise
so make it work where you belong
even if it's in the town of song

I run everything I own into the ground
this austerity program is getting me down
I think I've stayed too long in the town of song
I should move along from this town of song
or should I stick around this piece of ground
around the town of song where I belong?

So, I guess I'll keep writing until the day I die
though no one hears the words I sigh
it doesn't bother me, I lie
and I'll work until the day's gone by
morning comes and evening goes,
away the highs and say hello,
another day has come, it's time to go
to the town of song