

# My Town

Buck-O-Nine

I got the tunes in my pocket, in an old ass Walkman  
Walking to the beach with a bottle of Black & Tan  
Keys in the Velcro where it always should be  
Time's tickin' by but it doesn't concern me

I'm killin' time with nothin' to do, yeah  
That's all I seem to think about or do  
My soul is sound when I'm in my hometown, yeah  
No place I'd rather be

My town, my street  
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah  
My town, my street  
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat  
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat

Well, I can sleep all night to the sound of the ocean  
An' wake up in the morning, and I do it all again  
Seven days a week, I pay no attention  
I spend a lot of time with my record collection

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That's all I seem to think about or do  
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Give me peace of mind that can't be beat

I hear the sound of the skateboard rolling down my backstreet  
Reggae music comin' from the neighbor across from me  
As time ticks by, as time ticks by  
I never stop to ask, I never wonder why  
As time ticks by, as time ticks by  
I never stop to ask, I never wonder why

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Give me peace of mind that can't be beat  
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah