

# Town Called Malice

The Jam

Better stop dreaming of the quiet life  
'Cause it's the one we'll never know  
And quit running for that runaway bus  
'Cause those rosy days are few

And stop apologizing for the things you've never done  
'Cause time is short and life is cruel but it's up to us to change  
This town called Malice

Rows and rows of disused milk floats  
Stand dying in the dairy yard  
And a hundred lonely housewives clutch empty milk  
Bottles to their hearts

Hanging out their old love letters on the line to dry  
It's enough to make you stop believing when tears come fast and furious  
In a town called Malice, yeah

Struggle after struggle, year after year  
The atmosphere's a fine blend of ice I'm almost stone cold dead  
In a town called Malice, ooh yeah

A whole street's belief in Sunday's roast beef  
Gets dashed against the cop  
To either cut down on beer or the kids new gear  
It's a big decision in a town called Malice, ooh yeah

Ooh, the ghost of a steam train echoes down my track  
It's at the moment bound for nowhere just going round and round

Playground kids and creaking swings  
Lost laughter in the breeze  
I could go on for hours and I probably will  
But I'd sooner put some joy back in this town called Malice, yeah ooh  
In this town called Malice, yeah  
In this town called Malice, ooh yeah