

Rough Town

Bronze Radio Return

"Where you from?" he asks
"Oh no, that city I always pass"
He told me he heard it's so hard to last
On a rising star, that seems to be sinking fast.

The bad news travels here so fast
While the tales of the good never will reach the mass
But I live here among the broken glass
It's not what you see, it's how you will make it last

From the late light after all the day is gone
When everybody leaves and the trouble comes along
There's not quite a welcome sign aglow
It's a rough town man, a rough town I know
The sound bites of dying city noise
Are a fraction of the action that no one here enjoys
If you hold tight and you listen past the lows
It's a rough town now, it's my rough town I know

"Hold your tongue, man" I say
'Cause it's easy to scoff and underestimate
All the things you can't relate to
Is the fabric I keep my memories sewn to

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