

Smalltown

Chumbawamba

And every morning comes too soon
All your nights are sleepless
Poison arrows
(To ruin your tomorrows)
Below suspicion
Cafes full of people dressed as spies
And all I know
(Is guilt for being different)

It's always raining stones
(There's a killer in the home)
In a small town
Everybody looks the same
(There are unwritten rules)
(Unspoken words)
Should I pack my fear and go?

I have to leave somehow
Before they run me out of town
I have to leave somehow

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(Please sir, I want some more)