

## Small Town Big Hell

Colin Hay

No longer do I cry, there's no future in the tear  
No longer do I ask why, the answer's never clear  
Not like a smokin' gun, it's not my idea of fun

Small Town Big Hell, for me for you  
Superstitious minds can kill the truth

It's not for me to say, so I will just play dumb  
They say love finds it's own way, but not for everyone  
The monsters they are real, your own lives they will steal

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What is our destiny, can we still the sea  
The devil's waiting in the wings  
Softly he, softly he sings

Come follow me to glory, step into the unknown  
But this is not my story, it's yours and yours alone  
Now you're many miles away, no longer hear them say

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Superstitious minds can kill the truth  
Small Town Big Hell, for me for you  
Superstitious minds can kill the truth  
Of me, and you, of me, and you  
Small Town Big Hell