Counting Feedcaps

Greg Brown

Don't wanna live in the city,
City is way too full.
I just wanna be where I can sleep
With both of my eyes closed.
Don't wanna live in the country,
I can't afford no farm.
So I'm in this little town, and I look around,
And there ain't that much to do.

Let's go down to the cafe and count feedcaps,
And count feedcaps, in a row.
Red and blue and green over the coffee cups,
Stirrin' easy, fadin' slow.
JoAnn, you know how much I love you,
That's why I brought you here.
Where the rent is cheap and the fishin's good,
When it don't rain too much.
What is this look in your eyes, dear?
Are you tired of me?
You don't wanna read; nothin's on TV,
Don't look at your suitcase like that.

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