

It Gets Lonely In A Small Town

Greg Brown

Young woman with a child,
living all alone,
on a hot night in the summer,
with the television on.
"Goodnight Mama",
says the child,
from a crib by the tv.
And the woman washes two plates and cups,
'til they are way past clean.
And the blue flares of the tv screen--
heat lightening, inside and out.
Oh, it gets lonely in a small town,
when midnight, rolls around.

An old woman at her sewing,
by a rusty oil stove.
The snow has covered everything,
the years have covered love.
Oh, they buried him two years ago,
in six feet of black dirt.
She lives in just one room now--
she's still mending his shirts.
And the white flares of the memories--
moonlight, inside and out.
Oh, it gets lonely, in a small town,
when midnight, rolls around.

Way out at the edge of town,
looking at the flat lands,
you can't help but wonder if he's still got,
the whole world in his hands.
Oh, there seems to be so much more sky,
every evening and morn.
And the only song you ever hear
is the crickets in the corn.
And the red flares of the sunset--
one more day, falling down.
Oh, it gets lonely in a small town,
when midnight, rolls around.
Yeah, it gets lonely in a small town,
when midnight, rolls around.