

# Nail

James Reyne

And so we wend our way to Big Smoke  
Cat on a hot, tin Tennessee  
In my town shoes and your golden slippers  
And Hart Crane's guarantee  
All these shuttered, little coastal towns  
Full of stutterers and lisps  
And dark sunglasses, wide-brimmed hats  
And whispers, whispers

And I looked to the sky  
And it looked like rain  
These Towers of Babel Babble  
Are gonna come down again

On this American talk show  
With these American talk show hosts  
On this American talk show  
With these American talk show hosts

For want of a nail the shoe was gone  
For want of a shoe the horse can't run  
For want of a horse the rider's no more  
For want of a rider we lost the saddle,  
We lost the battle and then we lost the war

And I was never the man  
That I used to be  
Just the boy most likely  
You ever did see

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