

Smalltown

John Cale

When you're growing up in a small town
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You say no one famous ever came from here
When you're growing up in a small town
And you're having a nervous breakdown
And you think that you'll never escape it
Yourself or the place that you live
Where did Picasso come from
There's no Michelangelo coming from Pittsburgh
If art is the tip of the iceberg
I'm the part sinking below

When you're growing up in a small town
Bad skin, bad eyes - gay and fatty
People look at you funny
When you're in a small town
My father worked in construction
It's not something for which I'm suited
Oh, what is something for which you are suited?
Getting out of here

I hate being odd in a small town
If they stare let them stare in New York City
As this pink eyed painting albino
How far can my fantasy go?
I'm no Dali coming from Pittsburgh
No adorable lisping Capote
My hero - oh do you think I could meet him?
I'd camp out at his front door
There is only one good thing about small town
There is only one good use for a small town
There is only one good thing about small town
You know that you want to get out

When you're growing up in a small town
You know you'll grow down in a small town
There is only one good use for a small town
You hate it and you'll know you have to leave