

The City

John Mayall

A couple miles away is the little country school where I go
Pedalling a bicycle along a cinder track and life is slow
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world

I started drawing pictures and my teachers do the best that they can do
I took examinations. I'm accepted in an art college school
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world

Commuting every day - I'm a victim of the bustle and the smoke
The city suffocates me and the noise of busy people makes me choke
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world

Sitting on the bus I feel I'm trapped inside a big machine
I dream about the country and the evening air that smells so clean
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world