

Old Town

Roddy Woomble

Nothing to think about
Nothing much to see
Only the blue of your eyes
And your disguise is similar to mine
But it won't be enough to take us away
From this old town

Long ago
It's impossible to know
There were no paths before I came
Another day is gone
But I've still nothing to show
I'd been better off leaving

Nothing to else to think about
Nothing much to see
The calm and the blue of your eyes
Local pride comes and goes
And it blows our money around
Into the stones that build our town
And I guess I'll see you around
Still angry with what's been wasted

With all that wear and tear
It's impossible to know
Which path is my own
What would the community think
If I left my home
For more than a minute now

You've got to love this old town
To find a place to keep on living
Back down around the streets of this old town

And all my dreams happen in this old town
And here I watch the whole world
Without leaving
There's a hollow random sound
That follows me round this old town
Creeps into the locks of our town
And it'll shut off the lights of this old town