

Rustic City Fathers

Vic Chesnutt

Those rustic city fathers were realtors,
Realtors
And all that profit taking
Was a beautiful awakening
They built themselves a beauty by the ton,
Ton by ton

I went there in a panic or for fun,
Or for fun
I thought i had a calling
Anyway i just kept dialling
And i sat beside the big puddle like a shriner,
Angry shriner

So i went to view the tower
Its majesty on a dead end street
It was a very long journey
And it took a lot of energy
I strode across the flat battlefield in the sun,
The filthy sun