

## XTC

# "The Everyday Story of Smalltown"

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Smalltown, snoring under blankets  
Woken by the clank  
It's just the milkman's dawn round

Smalltown, hiding undercovers  
The lodgers and the lovers  
Are asleep 'round Smalltown

Shiny gray black snake of bikes  
He slithers  
Bearing up the men and boys  
To work

We're standing in poplar lines  
Making alarm clocks that'll wake our wives up  
Don't ask us, we haven't the time  
We're racing the hooter that'll signal life's up

Smalltown, crouching in the valley  
Woken by the sally army  
Sunday march round

Smalltown, coughing in the toilet  
Now who on earth would spoil it  
Would they pull down Smalltown?

If it's all the same to you  
Mrs. Progress  
Think I'll drink my Oxo up  
And get away

It's not that you're repulsive to see  
In your brand new catalog nylon nightie  
You're too fast for little old me  
Next you'll be telling me it's 1990

I have lived here for a thousand years or maybe more  
And I've sheltered all the children who have fought the  
wars  
And as payment they make love in me

Squeaky old beds, in bicycle sheds

Inside of their heads, as singles and weds  
As Tories and Reds  
And that's how I'm fed  
And that's how I'm fed

Smalltown, snoring under blankets  
Woken by the clank  
It's just the milkman's dawn round

Smalltown, hiding undercovers  
The lodgers and the lovers  
Are asleep 'round Smalltown

Smalltown, crouching in the valley  
Woken by the sally army  
Sunday march round

Smalltown, coughing in the toilet  
Now who on earth would spoil it  
Till you pull down Smalltown

Smalltown  
Smalltown  
Smalltown  
Smalltown

Smalltown  
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Smalltown  
Smalltown

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