

Count Zero "Your Town"

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He is brown
No, white and round
How seldom facts
They slither down
The mayor he speaks with hollow sounds
And nary a word of truth resounds

In this Your Town

We was mad
No, sullen, sad
The paper snubbed
Our latest fad
The money spent
Was all we had
But funny smells
Aren't always bad

In this Your Town

In muted fun we stared at the sun
Looking for the newest one
The more you learn, the less you'll run
With feet so swollen
Hot cross buns
You weigh a ton.

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