

Griffith Nanci "I Love This Town"

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(with Jimmy Buffett)

I love this townÃ¢â€Œ like an unmade bed
I love this townÃ¢â€Œ of the living dead
I love this townÃ¢â€Œ gonna paint it red
If I can spare a minute

I love this townÃ¢â€Œ where curtains twitch
Where this door scratchesÃ¢â€Œ next door's itch
It's a pantomimeÃ¢â€Œ at fever pitch
And we can all be in it

People here are large as life
They know the whole world and his wife
From a razor's edge to a kitchen knife
They'll be glad to help you

I love this townÃ¢â€Œ of hidden charms
Where no one meansÃ¢â€Œ you any harm
And if you sleepÃ¢â€Œ through false alarms
No one here would blame you

I love this townÃ¢â€Œ on the beaten track
Where nothing slipsÃ¢â€Œ between the cracks
Her rent's arrearsÃ¢â€Œ his heart attack
Now isn't that a shame, ooh!

Everyone's friendly to your face
And everybody knows their place
As long as you respect their space
You won't have to worry

The town hall clock is calling out
It's rush hour on the roundabout
Now I know without a doubt
It's the place for meÃ¢â€Œ

I love this townÃ¢â€Œ the dirty streets
It's a merry-go-roundÃ¢â€Œ with broken seats
Where silk and laceÃ¢â€Œ and satin sheets
Are only dirty washing

I love this town
It's going under
Still we can do
As long as no one's watching

I love this town
I love this town
I love this town
I love this town

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