

J. Holiday

"This Town"

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This town I live in ain't fit for man or beast
This town I live in ain't fit for man or beast
There's a man down here, a man down there
They all want to rob you or take you somewhere
This town I live in ain't fit for man or beast
I'm going down to the store, boy
And get myself a dog
I'm going down to the store, boy
And get myself a dog
I'm going to chain, chain, chain him
Up to my fence
Make him bark, bark, bark
Understand my french
I'm going down to the store, boy
And get myself a dog
If I had a hundred dollars
I'd buy myself a gun
If I had a hundred dollars
I'd buy myself a gun
I'd stick it out the door
And wait for an attack
I'll need somebody just to cover my back
If I had a hundred dollars
I'd buy myself a gun
The moral of the story
You better watch where you go
The moral of the story, boy
You better watch out where you go
They'll get you in the morning
They'll get you at night
Some, then want to rob you
But most, they want to fight
This town I live in, I got to go
This town I live in
This town I live in, I got to go

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