

James Mcmurtry "The Old Part Of Town"

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(Peter Case)

Last night I wandered punch drunk & enraptured
Out on the beltway where the business is done
As I lay on the asphalt 'neath the glow of light boxes
I heard somebody say "bet I know where he's from"

When the town is so quiet you can hear the bell tower
tickin'
Out on the beltway they're sellin' the chicken
Where the tempers are short & the hours are
long Darlin', won't you meet me in the old part of
town?

Old part of town You can still hear the footsteps of the
old mystery
Old part of town You can still feel the heartbeat of our
whole history When the heat on the street is wearin'
you down
Darlin', won't you meet me in the old part of town?

Saw two red high heel shoes split up around midnight
They said they'd meet later by the fountain at Third
Four tires came screeching from different directions &
picked 'em both up 'fore they stepped off the curb

'Cause in the hours past midnight they stop keeping
tabs
The carnival quarters are vacant & sad
But darlin' I think there's still a time to be had
In the old part of town where your mom met your dad
Darlin' won't you meet me in the old part of town?

Saw a newspaper with big headlines
That seemed to stare right through ya
Jump off a boxcar and blow into town
Pick a fight with two beer cans and a torn candy
wrapper
The broom sweeping up the alley swore she never
heard a sound

Meanwhile back on the beltway the cars are waiting in

lines

Stars are blocked out by the shine of the signs

You might want to say "It's a sign of the times"

But darlin' won't you meet me in the old part of town

Darlin', won't you meet me in the old part of town

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