

**John Watts****"Dead Centre Of Town"**

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I live in the dead centre of town  
Where every landlorn sailor comes to drown  
Where great ideas extinguish without sound  
And all my fickle friends have gone to ground  
So they will not come round...  
And you ask me what the problem is  
I say it's obvious  
And I'm not lying

I live in the dead centre of town  
With one foot in the grave and one underground  
Where clocks don't go no matter how they're wound  
Boredom's king, unhappiness abounds  
And you ask me what the problem is  
I say it's obvious  
And I'm not lying  
Our town is dying

I live in the dead centre of here  
Where daughters treat their daddies like king lear  
Who says "death's a good career prospect, dear"  
Where sinners burn in hell for half a beer  
And you ask me what the problem is  
I say it's obvious  
And I'm not lying  
Our town is dying

I live at the town centre of death  
Where even time is running out of breath  
She crawls past gasping "how much have we got left? "

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I'll tell you  
What the problem is  
It's oh so obvious  
And I'm not lying  
Our town is dying

