

Lou Reed & John Cale

"Smalltown"

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When you're growing up in a small town
When you're growing up in a small town
When you're growing up in a small town
You say no one famous ever came from here
When you're growing up in a small town and
you're having a nervous breakdown and you think that
you'll never escape it Yourself or the place that you live
Where did Picasso come from There's no Michelangelo
coming from Pittsburgh If art is the tip of the iceberg
I'm the part sinking below
When you're growing up in a small town
Bad skin, bad eyes, gay and fatty
People look at you funny
When you're in a small town
My father worked in construction
It's not something for which I'm suited
Oh, what is something for which you are suited ?
Getting out of here I hate being odd in a small town
If they stare let them stare in New York City
As this pink eyed painting albino
How far can my fantasy go ? I'm no Dali
coming from Pittsburgh
No adorable lisp
Capote My hero, oh, do you think I could meet him ?
I'd camp out at his front door
There is only one good thing about small town
There is only one good use for a small town
There is only one good thing about small town
You know that you want to get out
When you're growing up in a small town
You know you'll grow down in a small town
There is only one good use for a small town
You hate it and you'll know you have to leave

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