

Chumbawamba "Smalltown"

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And every morning comes too soon
All your nights are sleepless
Poison arrows
To ruin your tomorrows

Below suspicion
Cafes full of people dressed as spies
And all I know
Is guilt for being different

It's always raining stones
There's a killer in my home
In a small town
Everybody looks the same
There are unwritten rules
Unspoken words
Should I pack my fear and go?

I have to leave somehow
Before they run me out of town
I have to leave somehow

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{Please sir I want some more}

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