

Paul Weller

"Town Called Malice"

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Better stop dreaming of the quiet life
'Cause it's the one we'll never know
And quit running for that runaway bus
'Cause those rosy days are few

And stop apologizing for the things you've never done
'Cause time is short and life is cruel but it's up to us to
change
This town called Malice, yeah, yeah, yeah

Rows and rows of disused milk floats
Stand dying in the dairy yard
And a hundred lonely housewives clutch empty milk
Bottles to their hearts

Hanging out their old love letters on the line to dry
It's enough to make you stop believing when tears
come fast and furious
In a town called Malice, yeah, yeah, yeah
This town called Malice, ooh ooh yeah

Struggle after struggle, year after year
The atmosphere's a fine blend of ice I'm almost stone
cold dead
In a town called Malice, yeah, yeah, yeah

A whole street's belief in Sunday's roast beef
Gets dashed against the co-op
To either cut down on beer or the kids new gear
It's a big decision in a town called Malice

The ghost of a steam train echoes down my track
It's at the moment bound for nowhere just going round
and round

Playground kids and creaking swings
Lost laughter in the breeze
Go on for hours and I probably will
Sooner put some joy back
In this town called Malice, yeah, yeah, yeah
This town called Malice, yeah, ooh ooh yeah

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