

Dan Mills "This Town"

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It's been the same old day in this town
And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down
It's just the kind of day when your friends don't
come around
And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down

A street gang tried to take my pride, tried to take my
money and phone
No train, no fame, cold rain, and I forgot my umbrella
at home
Please ask me my opinion of the war and politicians out
wasting my dough
When they tell me that I don't know nothing, I just tell
them that there's nothing to know

'Cause it's been the same old day in this town
And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down
It's just the kind of day that your friends don't come
around

And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down

I grew up in a Crate and Barrel home and if you could
then you certainly can
I'm a good son, good brother, good lover but I sure
ain't much of a man
So you think that you know me boy? You think you
watched what I became?
Well you better know that what I do and who I am is
never the same

[chorus]

And the love of a woman ain't gonna save my sorry
day
I need something between just a near drink of beam
and a river to sweep me away
I ain't gonna share my bed so you can nod your head

and tell me it will be okay

[chorus]

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