

**Roddy Woomble****"Old Town"**

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Nothing to think about  
Nothing much to see  
Only the blue of your eyes  
And your disguise is similar to mine  
But it won't be enough to take us away  
From this old town

Long ago  
It's impossible to know  
There were no paths before I came  
Another day is gone  
But I've still nothing to show  
I'd been better off leaving

Nothing to else to think about  
Nothing much to see  
The calm and the blue of your eyes  
Local pride comes and goes  
And it blows our money around  
Into the stones that build our town  
And I guess I'll see you around  
Still angry with what's been wasted

With all that wear and tear  
It's impossible to know  
Which path is my own  
What would the community think  
If I left my home  
For more than a minute now

You've got to love this old town  
To find a place to keep on living  
Back down around the streets of this old town

And all my dreams happen in this old town  
And here I watch the whole world  
Without leaving  
There's a hollow random sound  
That follows me round this old town  
Creeps into the locks of our town  
And it'll shut off the lights of this old town

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