

## **Tom Petty**

# **"This Old Town"**

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Living free is gaining on me  
Can't keep ahead of my dreams  
My relief turned out a thief  
Smooth as rocks in the stream

This old time is a sad affair  
You be glad you're not there  
It ties your hands  
It spikes your drink  
I'd say more, but I can't think

Lazy Jim took a bottle with him  
Tried to flag down a train  
Left a note  
Couldn't read what he wrote  
A light came on in my brain

This old time is a sad affair  
You be glad you're not there  
It ties your hands  
It spikes your drink  
I'd say more, but I can't think

The hills are gold  
Mornings are cold  
Don't know a soul on the street  
I keep to myself like everyone else  
Nobody says much to me

Go to bed, fight thoughts in my head  
In the two in between wake and sleep  
Rats to kill, contracts to fill  
It's on ice, but it won't keep

This old time is a sad affair  
You be glad you're not there  
It ties your hands  
It spikes your drink  
I'd say more, but I can't think

This old time is a sad affair  
You be glad you're not there

It ties your hands  
It spikes your drink

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