

Junior Smalls And The Criminals

"One Trick Pony"

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These days have never been more cold
And they have a funny way of making you feel old
God, I pray we stay the same
Remember what we did that day
We cut our teeth on living for today

And I'll call you on the telephone
Let's make up stories about our lives
Some people believe anything
But we wrote the book on selling lies

And it's the same song
That we wrote before

Only the words have changed
And it's the same wrong
Like never before
Until we talk again

City lights and sleepless nights
Backstabbed with golden knives
No secrets left to keep
Or songs to talk about
And I'll bury my heart in this town
Just wait till you dig it up
And I'll bury my heart in this town
Just wait till you dig it up

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