

The Jam

"Town Called Malice"

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Better Stop dreaming of the quiet life cos it's the one
we'll never know
And quit running for that runaway bus cos those rosey
days are few
And stop apologising for the things you never done
'Cos time is short and life is cruel
but it's up to us to change this town called malice.

Rows and rows of disused milkfloats 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-ea-eah!

Ba-Ba, Ba-Ba, Ba-da-Ba, Ba-Ba, Ba-Da--Ba! Whoah!
Ba-Ba, Ba-Ba, Ba-da-Ba, Ba-Ba, Ba-Da--Ba!

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
Oo-oo! Yeah!

A whole street's belief in Sunday's roast beef
Gets stashed 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
Oo-oo! Yeah!

The ghost of a steam train echoes down my track
It's at the moment bound for nowhere just going round
and round, Ohh
Playground kids and creaking swings, lost laughter in
the breeze
I could go on for hours and I probably will but,
I'd sooner put some joy back into this town called
malice.
Yeah-ea-eah!

It's a Town called malice - Yeah-ea-eah!

Whooh!

It's a Town called malice - Whooh-Yeah!

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