

## **Kursner Rich**

### **"Your Town"**

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He prayed for smoke

She wouldn't.

He ate the sun.

She didn't. He sent love notes, and since the beginning  
on a

Charcoal moon tear red face night

A charcoal moon tear red face night

He told her it would be all right

But he was a stranger,

And he always would be.

The future was a desert spiked with pain and vermouth

Rolling his eyes, and stirrin' drinks with the truth..

And he was

Sick of walkin'

Limpin', not stalkin'.

His lips ain't movin but he's still talkin', sayin'

Show me the sights I never saw here before you, and

Let's find the cheapest beer around, yeah,

And a jukebox that spits memories, and we can

Sail by the town --

It might be my heart, but it's your town.

Aw, it's your town.

[harder and faster]

Well, now he prayed for smoke

And she wouldn't.

Heeeee ate the sun --

And she wouldn't (first is didn't; sorry)

He sent love notes, and since the beginning on a

Charcoal moon tear red face night

A charcoal moon tear red face night

He told her it would be all right --

But he was a stranger and he ALWAYS would be

The future was a desert

The future was a desert

The future was a desert

The future was a desert

The future was a desert spiked with pain and vermouth

Rollin in his eyes, and stirrin drinks with the truth

And he was

Sick of walkin

Limpin, not stalkin

He's in for a ride,

His lip

(erk) His lips ain't movin, but

He's still alive and singin'

Show me the sights I never saw here before you, and

Let's find the cheapest beer around, yeah

With a jukebox that spits memories, we can

Sail by the town, it might be...

My heart, but it's your town....

Aw, it's your town

[repeat chorus and fade]

-Rich Kurshner, aka TBone

\_Your\_Town

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