

## **Town Pants**

### **"Breakfast With St. Swithin"**

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I had breakfast with St. Swithin  
He was waiting on a train  
He said, "Tell me all your troubles boy,  
I won't be through this way again."  
I said, "There's a certain one, and  
Her beauty's like an engine."  
He said, "Hang on son, I've heard this one,  
And the rest ain't worth the mention."

Said I'm sick of all you bleeding-hearts  
Hung up over skirts  
You always spend your money  
Just to end up feeling like dirt  
You sit home there alone  
Until all your youth is gone  
The bright lights of the city:  
They're waiting for you son.

Let's go running through the streets (2x)  
Stop along and chat with everyone we meet  
(repeat)

He brought me to the bars  
And he brought me around 'til one  
He dragged me here, and dragged me there  
Thought I'd never see the sun  
He dropped me on the corner  
I never saw him go  
I thought about his advice as I  
Walked home in the snow.

Ain't got no wishing well  
&#x'cause dead men never tell  
And all rose up from hell tonight  
'cause I guess that's just as well  
I've never come in early  
And I've never come home late  
I've never sang out of key  
And I've never sang that great.

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