This Town

Peter Katz

Up on the hill there's,
a park and a mall,
green in the summer,
red in the fall.Kids head for home when,
street lights come on,
there's a glow in the window,
toys on the lawn.Good nights are said,
kiss on the cheek,
heavy heads,
drifting away.Here, in this town,
there's a feelin'...Down by the mill there's,
cracks in the road,
brown in the water,
grey in the smoke.Girls dressed like women,
when the streetlights come on,
there are boards on the windows,
signs on the lawn.Sirens arcing,
ring through the night,
never end,
wait for the day.Here, in this town,
there's a feelin'...Deep in the ground,
hear it beating,
wait through the crowd,
crack the ceiling.Here in this town,
there's a feelin'...Anything can happen,
anything can happen,
in this town.
(x2)Up on the hill there's,
a park and a mall,
green in the summer,
red in the fall.

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