

# Had Enough

[Frank Hamilton](#)

We've sat on familiar ground,  
Spinning the bottle round,  
We said that it would never last,  
'Cause we were growing up so fast.  
And now we're walking around the town,  
With music up and heads held down,  
There's nothing at all around, can save me now. But I don't want to be this old,  
I don't wanna be this cynical,  
I don't wanna be bought and sold,  
I'm just placing my bets on a miracle. I've had enough of this town,  
Where the rain falls down,  
Had enough of this town,  
Where the days go round,  
We've had enough of this town,  
But it's okay with you around,  
I'm okay with you around. So stuck in the same routine,  
The clocks go round and life's a daydream,  
Keeping our hands clean,  
Because we're scared of what might be. But I don't wanna be this old,  
I don't wanna be this cynical,  
I don't wanna be bought and sold,  
I'm just placing my bets on a miracle. I've had enough of this town,  
Where the rain falls down,  
Had enough of this town,  
Where the days go round,  
But it's okay with you around. And we'll laugh and we'll joke,  
And we'll drink and we'll smoke,  
'Till the morning. (x3) And we'll laugh and we'll joke,  
And we'll drink and we'll smoke... I've had enough of this town,  
Where the rain falls down,  
Had enough of this town,  
Where the days go round,  
But it's okay with you around.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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