My Little Town

Paul Simon

In my little town, I grew up believing
God keeps His eye on us all
And He used to lean upon me
As I pledged allegiance to the wall
Lord I recall, my little townComing home after school
Flying my bike past the gates
Of the factories
My mom doing the laundry
Hanging our shirts in the dirty breezeAnd after it rains, there's a rainbow
And all of the colors are black
It's not that the colors aren't there
It's just imagination they lack
Everything's the same back in my little townNothing but the dead and dying
Back in my little town
Nothing but the dead and dying
Back in my little townIn my little town, I never meant nothin'
I was just my father's son
Saving my money, dreaming of glory
Twitching like a finger
On the trigger of a gunLeaving nothing but the dead and dying
Back in my little town
Nothing but the dead and dying
Back in my little townNothing but the dead and dying
Back in my little town
Nothing but the dead and dying
Back in my little townNothing but the dead and dying
Back in my little town
In my little town

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