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, in my little town,
Comin' home after school, flyin' my bike past the gates of the factories,
My mom doin' the laundry, hangin' out shirts in the dirty breeze.
And 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 town,
My little town, my little town.Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.
Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.In my little town, I never meant nothin',
I was just my father's son. mmm.
Savin' my money, dreamin' of glory,
Twitchin' like a finger on the trigger of a gun.Leavin' nothin' but the dead and dying back in my little town.
Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.
Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.
Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.
Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.

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