This Old Town

Tom Petty

Living free is gaining on me
Can't keep ahead of my dreams
My relief turned out a thief
Smooth as rocks in the streamThis old town is a sad affair
You be glad you're not there
It ties your hands, it spikes your drink
I'd say more, but I can't thinkLazy Jim took a bottle with him
Tried to flag down a train
Left a note, couldn't read what he wrote
A light came on in my brainThis old town is a sad affair
You be glad you're not there
It ties your hands, it spikes your drink
I'd say more, but I can't thinkThe hills are gold, mornings are cold
Don't know a soul on the street
I keep to myself like everyone else
Nobody says much to meGo to bed, fight thoughts in my head
In the two in between wake and sleep
Rats to kill, contracts to fill
It's on ice, but it won't keepThis old town is a sad affair
You be glad you're not there
It ties your hands, it spikes your drink
I'd say more, but I can't thinkThis old town is a sad affair
You be glad you're not there
It ties your hands, it spikes your drink
I'd say more, but I can't think, well

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