

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 stream This 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 Lazy 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 brain This 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 The 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 me Go 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 keep This 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 This 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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