

This Town

[Dan Mills](#)

It's been the same old day in this town
And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down
It's just the kind of day when your friends don't come around
And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down
A street gang tried to take my pride, tried to take my money and phone
No train, no fame, cold rain, and I forgot my umbrella at home
Please ask me my opinion of the war and politicians out wasting my dough
When they tell me that I don't know nothing, I just tell them that there's nothing to know
Cause it's been the same old day in this town
And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down
It's just the kind of day that your friends don't come around
And my head won't stop hanging down
No my head won't stop hanging down
I grew up in a Crate and Barrel home and if you could then you certainly
can
I'm a good son, good brother, good lover but I sure ain't much of a man
So you think that you know me boy? You think you watched what I became?
Well you better know that what I do and who I am is never the same
[chorus] And the love of a woman ain't
gonna save my sorry day
I need something between just a near drink of beam and a river to sweep me away
I ain't gonna share my bed so you can nod your head and tell me it will be okay
[chorus]

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