Desolate Town

Madcap

Desolate and dark is the town where I am found.
No money in my pocket. Broken down and cold.
I won't let it get me down.The cold is breaking through
The cracks and into my bones.
I'm three thousand miles away from home.
Good times are found,
Good times are lost in the game we play
Three thousand miles away from home.Desolate and dark is the town where I am found.
No money in my pocket. Broken down and cold.
I won't let it get me down.I've been down this road many times before.
Sometimes it gets so tough,
And it makes me think of home.
Then I think about the good times
And what you mean to me.
I'm coming back for you.

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