

Eurythmics, This Little Town

I was out there in the middle of the day
Trying to make love to a shopping arcade
In northern England...
Outside it was raining and I was feeling insecure
Sooner or later you got to face the fact
This world is shattered and it's too full of cracks to fill in
So we just give in on a Thursday afternoon...
In this little town where the traffic moves slow in the pouring rain
I want to take you there where the four winds blow
To be born again
I was out there with the Beatles and the Cranks
Trying to make some money and not to fall into the ranks of suburbia
With Richard Toomey a visionary ghost...
Sooner or later we make the same mistakes
Our pockets are all empty and our spirit starts to break
Just like a baby left in the car park on a foggy new years eve...
In this little town where winter begins
In the summertime (summertime)

I want to take you there
Wash away our sins
And be born again
I was talking to some friends of mine trying to make some sense
After drinking a case of wine from Yugoslavia but just before
Breakfast we all started to agree... (which was very unusual for us)
In this little town
In this little town
In this little town
In the pouring rain
I want to take you there
To be born again
In this little town
In the summertime
I want to take you there
And be born again
Born again...