

Ian Hunter, Detroit

(ian hunter)

(transcribed by nicole apostola)

He used to ride through the streets, crying through the alleyway
Freezing cold in the early morning light
Out to get a salary
Detroit, detroit
Tv image ain't gonna pay the bills
Big big cars
Detroit, detroit
The fan

Detroit, detroit
Big big shots
Got their heads in the sand
The usual
(buzzing cars noises from ian)
You're late
Detroit, detroit
He's a working man
Ghost town
Ghost town
(indistinguishable sounds, laughs)
The loneliest man in the world