

Pale, Town Called Malice

Better stop dreaming of the quite life
'cause (it's) the only one we'll never know.
Quit running for that run-away bus
'cause those rosy days are few.

And stop apologizing for the things you've never done
('cause) life is short and time is cruel,
(but it's) up to us to change this ...

Town called malice. [who-oh]
Town called malice. [ye-eah]

Better stop dreaming of the quite life
'cause (it's) the only one we'll never know.
And a hundred lonely housewives
clutch empty milkbottles to their hearts.

And hanging out their old loveletters on the line to dry.
(It's) enough to make you stop believing
tears come fast and furious in a ...

Town called malice. [who-oh]
Town called malice. [ye-eah]

A whole street's belief
in Sunday's roast beef.
It's dashed against the co-op.
(It's a) big decision or the kids' new gear,
(it's a) big decision in a ...

Town called malice. [who-oh]
Town called malice. [who-oh]