

# Rebecca Martin, Lonesome Town

(R. Martin)

I'm staying in the city  
In the dim light I feel complete  
Though the plaster walls  
I've worked long and hard for  
Are moving in

You will find me sleeping  
Without a single soul around  
Someone unwinding  
In a lonesome part of town

In my best dress and make-up  
To meet the night I can hardly reach the sink  
Everything's cock-eyed  
To the drunk that I'm turning into  
I've turned into

You will find me sleeping  
Without a single soul around  
Someone unwinding  
In a lonesome part of town

I don't want your sympathy  
When I go to speak  
Stop and listen to me  
Don't turn away  
From the words of the gray and aging.

You will find me sleeping  
Without a single soul around  
Someone unwinding  
In a lonesome part of town Lonesome town.