

# Bill Withers, Lonely Town, Lonely Street

You can live your life in a crowded city  
You can walk along a crowded street  
But the city really ain't no bigger  
Than the friendly people, friendly people that you meet

You might be a sweet young, sweet young pretty pretty  
And at the dances you can't keep your seat  
But if dances don't lead to romances  
You might as well be born, be born with two left feet

You might be a sweet-toned sure 'nuff high-class talker  
You might be a stone, stone expert at kissing  
But it don't do too much good to be talkin'  
Brother, when there ain'n no, ain't nobody listenin'

And if you are shy, just not much of a talker  
Don't impress the people that you meet  
You might as well be a lonely walker  
In a lonely town, on a lonely street