

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