

Chris De Burgh, Nothing Ever Happens Round Here

She was a girl from a one horse town,
The only place for miles around,
Cutting hair in the modern style,
Putting in the nine to five,
but, every night it was the same old dream,
On the cover of a magazine,
She, looked good but it could never come true,
'Cos nothing ever happens round here,
Nothing ever happens round here;

She had a boyfriend in the town,
He spent his days just messing around,
With stick shifts and steering wheels,
Motorbikes and automobiles,
And every night it was the same old thing,
Meet the boys for a couple of drinks,
Shoot pool and talk about girls,
And nothing ever happens round here,
Nothing ever happens round here;

They said nothing, no nothing,
Nothing ever happens round here,
Nothing, no nothing,
Nothing ever happens round here.

One day in a local bar,
She heard a movie man was looking for a star,
And everybody in the whole damn town,
Got the call to come on down,
And when she walked into the room,
Every heart went BOOM BOOM BOOM,
- Who's that girl?
She's exactly what were looking for,
But nothing ever happens round here,
Nothing ever happens round here;

They said nothing, no nothing,
Nothing ever happens round here,
Nothing, no nothing,
Nothing ever happens round here;

And so she took a screen test,
No doubt that she was the best,
The camera fell in love with her,
Before she knew it she was on the way to make that dream come true;

Now she's living in Hollywood,
And everything is looking good,
She thinks about the folks back home,
And her boyfriend all alone, but;

Every night it's still the same old thing,
Meet the boys for a couple of drinks,
Shoot pool and talk about girls,
And nothing ever happens round here,
Nothing ever happens round here,

They said nothing, no nothing,
Nothing ever happens round here,
Nothing, no nothing,
Nothing ever happens round here;