

# Ian Dury, Lonely (Town)

your eyes are focused on a screen of your own choosing  
your mind is busy with distractions of it's own  
my imminent departure is the flavour of the evening  
you lent me a welcome; i paid interest on the loan

your downward glance - a punishment for errant little foibles  
the things that make us human are unpleasent to your taste  
each drooping lash has cut me with barbed insinuations  
i plundered all my savings in hopes that you're displaces

so fond farewell from corny clown  
i'm going back to lonley town  
were people weep and others frown  
empty lives can tumble down  
in lonely town  
lonely town  
lonely town  
lonely town

a broken shadow of a man that you ignore before you  
once drove the streets of London like leaopard on the prowl  
the virus that destroyed the youth, the fool who would adore you  
will take me where the air is grey, the atmosphere is foul

so best of luck and all the rest  
i'm going back to lonley town  
where good is bad, worse is best  
empty lives can tumble down  
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