

John Mellencamp, Dream Killing Town

Pre-war matador
Save your broken bones
Golden rule, he's such a fool
In the streets alone
Slow burn, taciturn
Nothing left to say
Column five, sympathize
It's easier that way

Just want to be a big boy
Pushin' some Jim-jims around
But it's hard to be a dreamer
In a dream killing town
Hard to be a dreamer
In a dream killing town

Good as dead, Sally said
I fear what she knows
Money spent, for reconnaissance
And blood's upon her clothes
Child's toy, soldier boy
Playing with his gun
Uptown, missile clown
Living on the run

He just want to be a big boy
Growing up too soon
Show you his gun
Flash his knife in the sun
And dance to a rock and roll tune

Once tried, twice denied
Sally said she knew
Full sized polarized
Is what she's looking through
Switch blade, promenade
Leather jacket war
Cliche, don't runaway
Slipping out the back door

All night parasite
Wake me up at noon
Copped himself an attitude
Down at the Red Dog Saloon
Quick laid, masquerade
Gets the young boy up tight
Low rent, Jack-a-Lent
Says he's gonna be all right