

John Prine, In A Town This Size

In a town this size, there's no place to hide
Everywhere you go you meet someone you know
You can't steal a kiss in a place like this
How the rumors do fly in a town this size
In a smokey bar in the backseat of your car
In your own little house someone's sure to find you out
What you do and what you think
What you eat and what you drink
If you smoke a cigarette they'll be talkin' about your breath

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Oh, I had a fight with my girlfriend last night
Before the moon went down it was all over town
How he made me cry how I said goodbye
If it's true or not doesn't seem to count alot

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