

# Kim Wilde, Our Town

Written by Ricky & Marty Wilde

This is your town, this is my place  
This is where my whole world is lived in  
Nothing much, and just out of reach of all the city lights  
It's a high town, it's a low town  
It's get here, come on you grow town  
No-one does, but everyone thinks they're gonna make it soon  
This is one place I respected  
Now I feel it's really dejected  
No-one cares and the people just stare  
And a man on the box says  
"Hey you, don't walk away, vote for me  
You'll get more pay, keep working hard"  
But they work slow  
Here it comes now, Sunday morning  
Just another sleepy town yawning  
Down below everything looks just like another day  
But, in the warm glow of the sunrise  
There's a child who's searching with young eyes  
Looking 'round and feeling inside he's gonna fly away  
There was one time I was leaving  
But the folks around me kept grieving  
Friends said go, but my dad said no  
And my mum kept saying  
"Don't go, don't go away  
Don't leave us, you've got to stay  
Just raise them kids, oh mother no"  
No prospects, just projects  
Don't try to tell me we're living  
There's no real need to try  
Can't you see this town gonna die  
Hail the new age, it's a rat cage  
Join the place for breeding dumb spieces  
All stacked up and doing whatever someone tells you to  
Burn the place down, make it dead ground  
Show the people just what they're missing  
Wake up, wake up, can't you believe in what I'm telling you  
There's a house where I was born in  
Now it's changed without any warning  
Cranes just crash and bricks just smash  
While a billboard's saying  
"Let's go, let's get away  
Come fly me, you've weeks to pay  
When sunshine calls, but I won't go  
This is our town