

# Lou Reed & John Cale, Smalltown

When you're growing up in a small town  
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When you're growing up in a small town  
You say no one famous ever came from here  
When you're growing up in a small town  
And you're having a nervous breakdown  
And you think that you'll never escape it  
Yourself or the place that you live  
Where did picasso come from  
There's no michelangelo coming from pittsburgh  
If art is the tip of the iceberg  
I'm the part sinking below

When you're growing up in a small town  
Bad skin, bad eyes gay and fatty  
People look at you funny  
When you're in a small town  
My father worked in construction  
It's not something for which I'm suited

Oh what is something for which you are suited?  
Getting out of here

I hate being odd in a small town  
If they stare let them stare in new york city  
As this pink eyed painting albino  
How far can my fantasy go?  
I'm no dali coming from pittsburgh  
No adorable lisping capote  
My hero oh do you think I could meet him?  
I'd camp out at his front door  
There is only one good thing about small town  
There is only one good use for a small town  
There is only one good thing about small town  
You know that you want to get out

When you're growing up in a small town  
You know you'll grow down in a small town  
There is only one good use for a small town  
You hate it and you'll know you have to leave