

Morcheeba, Small Town

You feel frozen
But you've been chosen
You lay there drunken
Your dreams seem sunken

Your world's a small world
And you break the rules
You're one big fish
In a pool of fools

Tired of serving up you town
Tired of wearing that crown
Tired of sliding up and down
Tired of being you

Your work's no future
Your girl don't suit you
The bar won't serve you
You have no nerve to

Take a break
From this sad old school
Accross the lake
Lies a place that's cool

Run you've got a place to go
Run you've got a boat to row
Run you've got a face to show
Run while you can

The high street's sleeping
As friday's creeping
The shops are open
But their minds are closed

How's it going but it's not their concern
They talkin' stuff about you
That you never learn

Smile, you're on your own
Smile, 'cause you've outgrown
Smile, you lost your home
Smile to yourself