

# Myslovitz, Townboys

All the boys, they wander  
Around the blocks, each evening  
Just seeking something  
Killing time once again  
See them throwing pebbles  
At the wheels of sport cars  
And looking at the minis  
Of girls who don't care about them

All the boys, they wander  
Around the blocks, each evening  
'Cos in the evening  
You can't see the greyness  
The dirty streets are shadowed  
And the lampposts are broken  
And you can pretend  
That you've really gone for a walk

All the boys, they wander  
Around the blocks, each evening  
They dream of living  
In lands of distinction  
Staring at the empty  
Binoculars of bottles  
They discuss all-American  
Motion pictures

All the boys, they wander  
Around the blocks, each evening  
Or sit along the pavement  
Smoke joints for pleasure  
All their efforts to flee  
Become stronger  
When they really can  
It's too late  
They can't move any longer