

# Nanci Griffith, I Love This Town

(with Jimmy Buffett)

I love this town like an unmade bed  
I love this town of the living dead  
I love this town gonna paint it red  
If I can spare a minute

I love this town where curtains twitch  
Where this door scratches next door's itch  
It's a pantomime at fever pitch  
And we can all be in it

People here are large as life  
They know the whole world and his wife  
From a razor's edge to a kitchen knife  
They'll be glad to help you

I love this town of hidden charms  
Where no one means you any harm  
And if you sleep through false alarms  
No one here would blame you

I love this town on the beaten track  
Where nothing slips between the cracks  
Her rent's arrears his heart attack  
Now isn't that a shame, ooh!

Everyone's friendly to your face  
And everybody knows their place  
As long as you respect their space  
You won't have to worry

The town hall clock is calling out  
It's rush hour on the roundabout  
Now I know without a doubt  
It's the place for me

I love this town the dirty streets  
It's a merry-go-round with broken seats  
Where silk and lace and satin sheets  
Are only dirty washing

I love this town down on its knees  
It's going under by degrees  
Still we can do just as we please  
As long as no one's watching

I love this town I love this town  
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