

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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