

# Paula Cole, Lonely Town

Spin the globe, stop and start.  
Come to a place that's torn apart.  
Here's a secret, it's my heart,  
Oh well,  
It's only...  
Broken shutters, whistling wind,  
Vultures circling overhead,  
Tumbleweeds fly,  
Dust in my eyes,  
Guess it's not my feelings crying.  
Peeling paint on empty homes,  
Where people lived in this town long ago,  
Packed their bags, nailed down the door,  
To Lonelytown.  
Oh I once had a love of my life,

The sun of my soul.  
But I took him for granted,  
Ignored all the signs,  
And now it's just memories and passing ghosts.  
Spiderwebs and weeds waist high,  
Abandoned schoolyards and rusted wire.  
Looking for love,  
Looking for life,  
In Lonelytown.  
If you're lucky with a love of your own.  
Remember this in a nutshell I've told:  
Hold them close and don't let go,  
And cherish forevermore.  
Or you will live in Lonelytown.