

# Rilo Kiley, A Town Called Luckey

Happy birthday, you're halfway to 60  
You have no land of your own  
A job you despise  
And a lover that's mean

And you started noticing a disturbing thing  
Birds eating other birds just beyond the screen  
So you packed up your things and hopped on the freeway headed east  
And you drove for eight days aimlessly

Telling yourself to be humble  
Singing to yourself to be free  
Being full aware that it's a middle-age crisis type thing

And you drove 'til you saw a sign for a town called Luckey  
Spelled L-U-C-K-E-Y  
Where the sugar towers rise to line and meet the streets  
Checked into a motel, slept on cardboard sheets  
That covered the bloodstained mattress underneath  
Went to the local bar and you got yourself a drink

Telling yourself to be humble  
Singing to yourself to be free  
It's a middle-age crisis type thing

It was the most ragtag group you had ever seen  
A slender man with a moustache on both sides nothing in between  
Looking like a preacher son who had given into the devil-worshipping scene  
He was a real looker and he bought you a drink

And you proceeded to tell him everything  
And you were getting a bit hysterical it seemed  
You laughed like a carburetor and then you screamed  
All the doubt and the disbelief

Telling yourself to be humble  
Singing to yourself to be free  
It's a middle-age crisis type thing

And he told you how he came to be  
As an altar boy by his father's knees  
And how he came to lose his faith  
There was no touching but advances were made

And his father's hand in slow motion it was approaching him  
And the doubt and disbelief crept over his young heart like the black ocean

A stormcloud, a hurricane if you will  
A stormcloud, a hurricane

Telling yourself to be humble  
Singing to yourself to be free  
It's a middle-age crisis type thing  
It's a middle-age crisis type thing

Go home lady, find yourself happy  
It's just a middle-age crisis type thing  
It's a middle-age crisis type thing  
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