

Seals and Crofts, Tin Town

(lyrics by James Seals; music by James Seals & Dash Crofts, 1970)
From the albums DOWN HOME (1970) and SEALS AND CROFTS I AND II (1974).

Have you been down to Tin Town, where dreams in cans once were drowned.
A snag somewhere in someone's life caught him there, pulled him to strife.
A bottle here, and there are left. Many broken, the air is deaf.
With non-understanding vows, remember tears upon their brows.
In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town.

A tiny flag upon a mast, where camptown children played in past.
A river winding through the trees. Banks eroded, extreme degrees.
Once a place to be baptized, when pentecostal need arise.
A shank or two with rotted plank. A fish or two, their eyes are blank.
In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town.

Well I been down to Tin Town, where once a boy I did fall down.
And cut my arm on piled up junk. I wrapped it up and I hailed a drunk.
He carried me three miles to home, where daddy said I was cut to the bone.
The doctor washed his hands and said, "Five more minutes, the boy'd been dead."
Down where people lose their heads.
In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town. I know you well.

Well I live here in Tin Town. Not many people come around.
When when they do I smile at them. And say, "Hello, it's a mighty hot day.
Can you spare a man a dime? I got thirty cents and I can buy some wine.
I'm livin' in my childhood schemes. Please, mister, you can make my dreams (you can make my dr
In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town.
It's my home. It's my home. It's my home. It's my home.