

XTC, The Everyday Story Of Smalltown

Smalltown, snoring under blankets
Woken by the clank
It's just the milkman's dawn round
Smalltown, hiding undercovers
The lodgers and the lovers
Are asleep 'round Smalltown
Shiney grey black snake of bikes
He slithers
Bearing up the men and boys
To work
We're standing in poplar lines
Making alarm clocks that'll wake our wives up
Don't ask us, we haven't the time
We're racing the hooter that'll signal life's up
Smalltown, crouching in the valley
Woken by the Sally Army
Sunday marchround
Smalltown, coughing in the toilet
Who on earth would spoil it
Would they pull down Smalltown?
If it's all the same to you
Mrs Progress
Think I'll drink my Oxo up
And get away
It's not that you're repulsive to see
In your brand new catalogue nylon nightie
You're too fast for little old me
Next you'll be telling me it's 1990
I have lived here for a thousand years or maybe more
And I've sheltered all the children who have fought the wars
And as payment they make love in me
In squeaky beds
In bicycle sheds
Inside of their heads
As singles and weds
As Tories and Reds
And that's how I'm fed
And that's how I'm fed
Smalltown, snoring under blankets
Woken by the clank
It's just the milkman's dawn round
Smalltown, hiding undercovers
The lodgers and the lovers
Are asleep 'round Smalltown
Smalltown, crouching in the valley
Woken by the Sally Army
Sunday marchround
Smalltown, coughing in the toilet
Now who on earth would spoil it
Will you pull down Smalltown
Smalltown
Smalltown