

In the City

The Zutons

Well the city's so small
And the girls are too tall
Too many suntan machines
And when you walk in the bars
See the mumbling jars
The same ol' faces you've seen

Well maybe it's just me
I'm just paranoid
But I can't be mistaken
When I hear the same old noise

Some are jealous
Some are decent fellers
But I don't understand:
Why don't they mind their own business?

They're always standing up straight
Trying hard to look new
They like to comment on taste
And just before they go home
They have a ten-minute-moan
About the jobs that they hate

Maybe it's just me
I'm just paranoid
But I can't be mistaken
When I hear the same old noise

Some are vicious
Some are just malicious
But I don't understand:
Why don't they mind their own business?

Move from the city
It's such a stinkin' pity
Cause I love this ol' city
But times are not so pretty anymore

We got to move from the city

Gone away through the dirt
??? those old miniskirts
And leave those old stains behind
And as I pack up my case
And wipe the sweat from my face
Something enters my mind:

Well the people there
Will they just be the same?
All the old folks there
Could they even know my name?
Be reclusive
I'll just be elusive
To a way of life
That I can't get used to

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It's such a stinkin' pity
Cause I love this ol' city
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We got to move from the city
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