

Small Town Big Hell

Colin Hay

No longer do I cry, there's no future in the tear
No longer do I ask why, the answer's never clear
Not like a smokin' gun, it's not my idea of fun

Small Town Big Hell, for me for you
Superstitious minds can kill the truth

It's not for me to say, so I will just play dumb
They say love finds it's own way, but not for everyone
The monsters they are real, your own lives they will steal

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What is our destiny, can we still the sea
The devil's waiting in the wings
Softly he, softly he sings

Come follow me to glory, step into the unknown
But this is not my story, it's yours and yours alone
Now you're many miles away, no longer hear them say

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Superstitious minds can kill the truth
Of me, and you, of me, and you
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