

Small Town Shit

Hotel Lights

put your lips in a pucker
and keep them there
and keep talking
like the waitress down at the lantern
what's worse than your refusal
is my not wanting to

small town
small town
small town shit

post card charm
in a box in the attic
tell it all on the phone
like something new so unusual
what's worse than your refusal
is my not wanting to

small town
small town
small town shit

something 'bout the same old patterns
it's not lost on me

grave yard crosses
and four way stop signs
heads or tails you win
i don't remember who i am
what's worse than your refusal
is my not wanting to
i heard i was all wrong
it got back to me

small town
small town
small town shit