

## 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 then your refusal  
is my not wanting to

small town  
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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

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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

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