

Candyland

James McMurtry

Ugly pictures on the wall
Traffic outbound slowing to a crawl
Evening papers on the manicured lawns
It never ceases it just goes on and on
The people next door don't mind at all
They've got 'em a spiked fence ten feet tall

In the candyland
In the candyland

Gray squirrel running down the telephone wire
Kids around the poolside screaming like cats on fire
Cats on fire chasing after the ice cream van
But that circus music's got to be hell on the ice
cream man
He clips his roach and he hauls his load
Taking his half out of the middle of the road

The heels grow tall and the skirts hang low
There could be something here but they just won't let
it show

Same old neighborhood with a colder feel
Just the curbs and drains left over from the new deal
Smooth young faces on the TV news
And They can read copy they don't have to be real
Thinking back on the finer days
Remembering the pendulum swings both ways