

# 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