

# The City

John Mayall

A couple miles away is the little country school where I go  
Pedalling a bicycle along a cinder track and life is slow  
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world

I started drawing pictures and my teachers do the best that they can do  
I took examinations. I'm accepted in an art college school  
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world

Commuting every day - I'm a victim of the bustle and the smoke  
The city suffocates me and the noise of busy people makes me choke  
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world

Sitting on the bus I feel I'm trapped inside a big machine  
I dream about the country and the evening air that smells so clean  
The countryside is pretty but I got to face the city and the world