

# Dream Killing Town

John Mellencamp

Pre-war matador  
Save your broken bones  
Golden rule, he's such a fool  
In the streets alone  
Slow burn, taciturn  
Nothing left to say  
Column five, sympathize  
It's easier that way

Just want to be a big boy  
Pushin' some Jim-jims around  
But it's hard to be a dreamer  
In a dream killing town  
Hard to be a dreamer  
In a dream killing town

Good as dead, Sally said  
I fear what she knows  
Money spent, for reconnaissance  
And blood's upon her clothes  
Child's toy, soldier boy  
Playing with his gun  
Uptown, missile clown  
Living on the run

He just want to be a big boy  
Growing up too soon  
Show you his gun  
Flash his knife in the sun  
And dance to a rock and roll tune

Once tried, twice denied  
Sally said she knew  
Full sized polarized  
Is what she's looking through  
Switch blade, promenade  
Leather jacket war  
Cliche, don't runaway  
Slipping out the back door

All night parasite  
Wake me up at noon  
Copped himself an attitude  
Down at the Red Dog Saloon  
Quick laid, masquerade  
Gets the young boy up tight  
Low rent, Jack-a-Lent  
Says he's gonna be all right