

Dead Centre Of Town

John Wesley Harding

I live in the dead centre of town
Where every landlord sailor comes to drown
Where great ideas extinguish without sound
And all my fickle friends have gone to ground
So they will not come round
And you ask me what the problem is
I say its obvious
And I'm not lying

I live in the dead centre of town
With one foot in the grave and one underground
Where clocks don't go no matter how they're wound
Boredom's king, unhappiness abounds
And you ask me what the problem is
I say its obvious
And I'm not lying
Our town is dying

I live in the dead centre of here
Where daughters treat their daddies like king Lear
Who says "deaths a good career prospect, dear"
Where sinners burn in hell for half a beer
And you ask me what the problem is
I say its obvious
And I'm not lying
Our town is dying

I live at the town centre of death
Where even time is running out of breath
She crawls past gasping "how much have we got left?"

Ill tell you
What the problem is
Its oh so obvious
And I'm not lying
Our town is dying