

# My Little Town

Paul Simon

In my little town  
I grew up believing  
God keeps his eye on us all  
And he used to lean upon me  
As I pledged allegiance to the wall  
Lord I recall my little town  
Coming home after school  
Riding my bike past the gates of the factories  
My mom doing the laundry  
Hanging out shirts in the dirty breeze  
And after it rains there's a rainbow  
And all of the colors are black  
It's not that the colors aren't there  
It's just imagination they lack  
Everything's the same back in my little town

In my little town I never meant nothing  
I was just my father's son  
Saving my money  
Dreamin of glory  
Twitching like a finger on a trigger of a gun

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town  
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town  
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town