

# Town Called Malice

Paul Weller

Better stop dreaming of the quiet life,  
Cause it's one you'll never know  
And quit running for that runaway bus,  
Cos their rosey days are few  
And, stop apologizing for the things you've never done;  
Cause time is short and life is cruel,  
But it's up to us to change  
This town called malice.

Rows and rows of disused milk  
Stand dying in the dairy yard  
And a hundred lonely housewives clutch empty milk  
Bottles to their hearts  
Hanging out their old love letters on the line to dry  
It's enough to make you stop believing when tears come  
Fast and furious  
In a town called malice.

Struggle after struggle, year after year  
That atmosphere's a fine blend of ice,  
I'm almost stone cold dead  
In a town called malice

A whole street's belief in Sunday's roast beef  
Gets dashed against the co-op  
To either cut down on beer or the kid's new gear  
It's a big decision in a town called malice

The ghost of a steam train, echoes down my track  
It's at the moment bound for nowhere,  
Just going round and round  
Playground kids and creaking swings,  
Lost laughter in the breeze  
I could go on for hours and I probably will,  
But I'd sooner put some joy back  
In this town called malice.