

Tin Town

Seals & Crofts

Have you been down to Tin Town, where dreams in cans once were drowned.

A snag somewhere in someone's life caught him there, pulled him to strife.

A bottle here, and there are left. Many broken, the air is deaf .

With non-understanding vows, remember tears upon their brows.
In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town.

A tiny flag upon a mast, where camptown children played in past .

A river winding through the trees. Banks eroded, extreme degrees.

Once a place to be baptized, when pentecostal need arise.

A shank or two with rotted plank. A fish or two, their eyes are blank.

In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town.

Well I been down to Tin Town, where once a boy I did fall down.
And cut my arm on piled up junk. I wrapped it up and I hailed a drunk.

He carried me three miles to home, where daddy said I was cut to the bone.

The doctor washed his hands and said, "Five more minutes, the boy'd been dead."

Down where people lose their heads.

In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town. I know you well.

Well I live here in Tin Town. Not many people come around.

When when they do I smile at them. And say, "Hello, it's a mighty hot day.

Can you spare a man a dime? I got thirty cents and I can buy some wine.

I'm livin' in my childhood schemes. Please, mister, you can make my dreams (you can make my dreams!)."

In Tin Town, has-been town. Tin Town, has-been town.

It's my home. It's my home. It's my home. It's my home.