

# Talk Of The Town

The Clarks

We grew up not far from here  
An oaky street, the country air  
Porch lights, breezy nights  
Dreaming dreams of that girl so right

Stand by her window when, the moon would rise  
And put her to bed, with my eyes  
Climbed a tree to get a better view  
I loved the girl, I never really knew

She's the talk of the town (This town, this town)  
Talk of the town (This town, this town)

White lace, the sun would shine  
Her Easter suit, pretending she was mine  
On holidays we'd meet in church  
At the sign of peace, for her I'd search

She worked in town, at the five and dime  
And I'd dig for change, so I could stay in line  
My knees would shake, when I thought I'd meet her  
Cherry cola, palm sweating fever

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Older now, moved and gone  
I think of her, and what went wrong  
It seemed so right, It's just as well  
She was twice my age, when I was twelve

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