

## In the City

The Zutons

Well the city's so small  
And the girls are too tall  
Too many suntan machines  
And when you walk in the bars  
See the mumbling jars  
The same ol' faces you've seen

Well maybe it's just me  
I'm just paranoid  
But I can't be mistaken  
When I hear the same old noise

Some are jealous  
Some are decent fellers  
But I don't understand:  
Why don't they mind their own business?

They're always standing up straight  
Trying hard to look new  
They like to comment on taste  
And just before they go home  
They have a ten-minute-moan  
About the jobs that they hate

Maybe it's just me  
I'm just paranoid  
But I can't be mistaken  
When I hear the same old noise

Some are vicious  
Some are just malicious  
But I don't understand:  
Why don't they mind their own business?

Move from the city  
It's such a stinkin' pity  
Cause I love this ol' city  
But times are not so pretty anymore

We got to move from the city

Gone away through the dirt  
??? those old miniskirts  
And leave those old stains behind  
And as I pack up my case  
And wipe the sweat from my face  
Something enters my mind:

Well the people there  
Will they just be the same?  
All the old folks there  
Could they even know my name?  
Be reclusive  
I'll just be elusive  
To a way of life  
That I can't get used to

Move from the city  
It's such a stinkin' pity  
Cause I love this ol' city  
Times are not so pretty anymore

We got to move from the city  
We got to move from the city