

Small Town Shit

Hotel Lights

put your lips in a pucker
and keep them there
and keep talking
like the waitress down at the lantern
what's worse then your refusal
is my not wanting to

small town
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post card charm
in a box in the attic
tell it all on the phone
like something new so unusual
what's worse than your refusal
is my not wanting to

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something 'bout the same old patterns
it's not lost on me

grave yard crosses
and four way stop signs
heads or tails you win
i don't remember who i am
what's worse than your refusal
is my not wanting to
i heard i was all wrong
it got back to me

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