

Income Town

John Martyn

You've got no work and you've got no money
You're just a little pouty, life's no so funny in
Income Town, living down in Income Town
Your eyes are so wide, your head's still spinning
Can't you see there is no winning in
Income Town, no winning in Income Town.

Your hands are still sore from wild end fighting
I don't see, there is no right and no wrong you done
No right and no wrong you done
Your smile looks right, your intentions are right
Your attitude's cool, your futures bright, you're in
Income Town, welcome down in Income Town.

Income Town is the place to be
Income Town was built for you and me
Income Town makes you sleek and fat
Income Town leaves you straight and flat.

The cold comes creeping, the darkness falls
Nothing to talk to, four brick walls in
Income Town, living down in Income Town
You've got no life, you've got no money
You're starting to sigh, future isn't sunny
It's an Income Town, living down in Income Town.

Your eyes are still wide, your head's still spinning
You're starting to sigh, there is no winning in
Income Town, there's no winning in Income Town
So kick up the heels with the rising sun
Pick up your feet, come on, let's run away from
Income Town, run away from Income Town.

Lay down your sorrow, pick up your joy
Come on home, be a country boy
Just a little while
Baby just a little while
Baby just a little country boy
Country boy
Take you for a country boy.