

Wrong Way Street

Trampled by Turtles

Not an acre on the hillside
Not a dollar to my name
My job got shipped off far away from home
And all the two-time bankers
All moan and complain
That's enough, they've got enough for two
With none left for me and you

And all you daytime workers
Your backs breakin' every day
Ain't but a passing thought in their mind
And when you're done a-toiling
Sorry sir, you're on your own
You don't mind this and you don't mind that
You surely won't mind dying.

And the years roll down
In this dusty town
It's been worn down hard
And run away

And there's a girl beside me
Lord, she's the one I love
But I can't buy no flowers or a ring
And her mama's nice and friendly
And her daddy wants me dead
That's the way things go these days
And that's the way they've been

And the years roll down
In this dusty town
It's been worn down hard
And run away

My restless hands are grabbing
For a time that's never there
Wishful thinking got me down so low
And of all my friends and lovers
I'm the only one left alive
It echoes through the halls and stairs
And looks me in the eye

And the years roll down
In this dusty town
It's been worn down hard
And run away

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In this dusty town
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