

# The Everyday Story of Smalltown

XTC

Smalltown, snoring under blankets  
Woken by the clank  
It's just the milkman's dawn round  
Smalltown, hiding undercovers  
The lodgers and the lovers  
Are asleep 'round Smalltown

Shiney grey black snake of bikes  
He slithers  
Bearing up the men and boys  
To work  
We're standing in poplar lines  
Making alarm clocks that'll wake our wives up  
Don't ask us, we haven't the time  
We're racing the hooter that'll signal life's up

Smalltown, crouching in the valley  
Woken by the sally army  
Sunday marchround  
Smalltown, coughing in the toilet  
Who on earth would spoil it  
Would they pull down Smalltown?

If it's all the same to you  
Mrs Progress  
Think I'll drink my Oxo up  
And get away  
It's not that you're repulsive to see  
In your brand new catalogue nylon nightie  
You're too fast for little old me  
Next you'll be telling me it's 1990

I have lived here for a thousand years or maybe more  
And I've sheltered all the children who have fought the wars  
And as payment they make love in me  
In squeaky beds  
In bicycle sheds  
Inside of their heads  
As singles and weds  
As Tories and Reds  
And that's how I'm fed  
And that's how I'm fed

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Woken by the sally army  
Sunday marchround  
Smalltown, coughing in the toilet  
Now who on earth would spoil it  
Will you pull down Smalltown

Smalltown  
Smalltown