

HOME TOWN

There once was a town
That I knew well.
Times have changed.... but the town
Hasn't as far as I can tell.

The people I knew who stayed,
Are all the same.
Their close-minded views,
And lives so tame.

Never been anywhere.
Never done a thing.
Just found a partner
And exchanged a ring.

Women with their youthful dreams lost.
Men with internal fears.
Both combine together,
To toil away the years.

Their minds never broaden,
The redneck breeds' true.
Opinionated, over the top,
With their one eyed view.

Always running someone down,
Talking behind their back.
Criticise, and ridicule those different,
Small towns have that knack.

A small town welcome,
Can't be beat.
Watch out they'll be talking about you,
On each and every street.

I see that I have changed
Broadened my view.
Seen the way others have to live,
And I enjoyed the differences too.

To put it simply,
I am glad that I got out.
To become a clone in this town,
I can live without.