

Ian Dury, Lonely (Town)

your eyes are focused on a screen of your own choosing
your mind is busy with distractions of it's own
my imminent departure is the flavour of the evening
you lent me a welcome; i paid interest on the loan

your downward glance - a punishment for errant little foibles
the things that make us human are unpleasent to your taste
each drooping lash has cut me with barbed insinuations
i plundered all my savings in hopes that you're displaces

so fond farewell from corny clown
i'm going back to lonley town
were people weep and others frown
empty lives can tumble down
in lonely town
lonely town
lonely town
lonely town

a broken shadow of a man that you ignore before you
once drove the streets of London like leaopard on the prowl
the virus that destroyed the youth, the fool who would adore you
will take me where the air is grey, the atmosphere is foul

so best of luck and all the rest
i'm going back to lonley town
where good is bad, worse is best
empty lives can tumble down
in lonely town
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