

# Little River Band, This Place

Busted doors and broken women hang out in the street  
Faces unfamiliar turn to stare and not to greet  
And the old caf door's permanently closed, no more cappuccino brewing  
There's a pair of eyes peering through the afterglow  
Wondering what the hell I'm doin'  
This place used to be my home  
This town I used to call my own  
Over the years nothin' and no one's grown  
In this place, I used to call my home  
The old tree on the hill's still standin'  
Where my baby and I used to lay down  
She taught me about livin', lovin' and life  
My first and only love from this town  
And the plain old houses seem like long lost friends  
But most have been torn down  
I guess they tried to make way for some kinda progress  
So hard to find in this town  
This place used to be my home  
This town I used to call my own  
Over the years nothin' and nobody's grown  
In this place, I used to call my home  
Fields of green and lazy skies  
Golden memories just pass me by  
When you go back, well, it's never the same  
I know it's true  
But I'm still hooked on you and this place  
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