

Tom Petty, This Old Town

Living free is gaining on me
Can't keep ahead of my dreams
My relief turned out a thief
Smooth as rocks in the stream

This old time is a sad affair
You be glad you're not there
It ties your hands
It spikes your drink
I'd say more, but I can't think

Lazy Jim took a bottle with him
Tried to flag down a train
Left a note
Couldn't read what he wrote
A light came on in my brain

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The hills are gold
Mornings are cold
Don't know a soul on the street
I keep to myself like everyone else
Nobody says much to me

Go to bed, fight thoughts in my head
In the two in between wake and sleep
Rats to kill, contracts to fill
It's on ice, but it won't keep

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