

Myslovitz, Townboys

All the boys, they wander
Around the blocks, each evening
Just seeking something
Killing time once again
See them throwing pebbles
At the wheels of sport cars
And looking at the minis
Of girls who don't care about them

All the boys, they wander
Around the blocks, each evening
'Cos in the evening
You can't see the greyness
The dirty streets are shadowed
And the lampposts are broken
And you can pretend
That you've really gone for a walk

All the boys, they wander
Around the blocks, each evening
They dream of living
In lands of distinction
Staring at the empty
Binoculars of bottles
They discuss all-American
Motion pictures

All the boys, they wander
Around the blocks, each evening
Or sit along the pavement
Smoke joints for pleasure
All their efforts to flee
Become stronger
When they really can
It's too late
They can't move any longer