

When you re growing up in a small town
Bad skin, bad eyes - gay and fatty
People look at you funny
When you re in a small town
My father worked in construction
It s not something for which I m suited
Oh - what is something for which you are suited?
Getting out of here

I hate being odd in a small town
If they stare let them stare in New York City
as this pink eyed painting albino
How far can my fantasy go?
I m no Dali coming from Pittsburgh
No adorable lisping Capote
My hero - Oh do you think I could meet him?
I d camp out at his front door
There is only one good thing about small town
There is only one good use for a small town
There is only one good thing about small town
You know that you want to get out

When you re growing up in a small town
You know you ll grow down in a small town
There is only one good use for a small town
You hate it and you ll know you have to leave