

Into A Mall

Don Henry

This used to be a place where the whalers stayed
Where the refugees could hide away
Sardine factories blew steam in the sea breeze

There used to be a bar with nickel beer
And can-can girls with no brassieres
This used to be the place where Steinbeck stared and dreamed in the sea breeze

CHORUS

Now it's just a mall that's all
Artsy-crafty tourists on parade
Bermuda shorts, white legs, black shoes
Polaroids to capture all the greens and blues
Time just turned it all into a mall

This used to be a town of fortunes made
Of horses hooves on streets unpaved
This used to be the night you blew your pay on a lady in the saloon

There used to be gold in them thar these
Purple mountains majesty
Conniving gamblers stole it all in the saloon
(chorus)

BRIDGE

Vacation's over and we're going home
But can we stop and see the town I roamed as a child just for a while

This used to be a place called a neighborhood
With picket fences made of wood
Tire swings and daydreams grew wild in the backyard

There used to be bells from an ice cream truck
And a tree house fortress built on luck
A friendly game of kick-the-can grew wild in the backyard

CHORUS

Now it's just a mall that's all
Artsy-fartsy tourists on parade
Bermuda shorts, white legs, black shoes
Polaroids to capture all these dreams gone blue
Time just turned it all into a mall

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