

# From A Kitchen Table

Dave Alvin

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(Blue Horn Toad Music, BMI, Administered by Bug Music)

I hope this letter finds you  
Wherever you may be  
'Cause I mailed some awhile back  
And they were all returned to me  
Ain't nothin' I can tell you 'bout the hometown  
Everything changes, but nothing's new  
Just Sunday night at the kitchen table  
Finishin' a beer and thinkin' of you.

And I still work the same job  
Just live with my mom for free  
'Cause ever since the old man passed on  
It just got harder to leave.

Well I heard a rumor that you got married  
Though you swore that you never would  
I guess you finally got your own kids now  
You ever tell 'em 'bout the old neighborhood?  
Like the time we stole your dad's car  
Drove all night down Imperial Highway  
You kept sayin'