

My Hometown

Bowling For Soup

This song goes out to my good friends,
Especially the ones I had before the Grammy nominations in 2003
And all the girls from back in high school,
Who actually spoke to me,
Even though I was a fat kid and a marching band geek.

I hope this song finds you well.
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell.
I hope that you're back up if you've ever been down.
And I hope that you got the fuck out of our hometown.

Here comes a shout out to the professor,
Who said "Son pick a path and stay the same, cause charisma is the key to opportunity"
And to all the clubs that let us play.
To our family and friends and the music stores,
For giving us gear when we couldn't pay.

I hope this song finds you well.
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell.
I hope that you're back up if you've ever been down.
And I hope you got the fuck out of our hometown.

You know I can't count how many times I've heard people say (heard people say)
"Be proud of where you're from, you're gonna put us on the map"
But where the hell were you back in the day, (back in the day)
No one came to see us,
So we got the hell out of there.
So there you have it.
t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t

This song goes out to my big brother.
For putting up with me following you around.
And making me smile when things at home weren't great
And not getting pissed when I humped your girlfriend
For letting me take your car to the prom.
For beating up the guys that hung my bike in a tree
For hand-me-down down albums and guitars with no strings
For never beating the shit outta me

I hope this song finds you well.
And I hope that you're doin fuckin swell.
I hope that you're back up cause I know you've been down.
I just wish you'd get the fuck out of our hometown.
I hope you get the fuck out of our hometown.
I'm so glad I got the fuck out of our hometown.

You know what I'm talking about don't ya?
Damn it!