

My Town

Buck-O-Nine

I got the tunes in my pocket, in an old ass Walkman
Walking to the beach with a bottle of Black & Tan
Keys in the Velcro where it always should be
Time's tickin' by but it doesn't concern me

I'm killin' time with nothin' to do, yeah
That's all I seem to think about or do
My soul is sound when I'm in my hometown, yeah
No place I'd rather be

My town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah
My town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat

Well, I can sleep all night to the sound of the ocean
An' wake up in the morning, and I do it all again
Seven days a week, I pay no attention
I spend a lot of time with my record collection

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That's all I seem to think about or do
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I hear the sound of the skateboard rolling down my backstreet
Reggae music comin' from the neighbor across from me
As time ticks by, as time ticks by
I never stop to ask, I never wonder why
As time ticks by, as time ticks by
I never stop to ask, I never wonder why

My soul is sound when I'm in my hometown, yeah
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Give me peace of mind that can't be beat
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah