

Going Back / Going Home

Butch Walker

I'm not happy with myself these days
I took the best parts of the script and I made them all
cliche
And this red bandanna is surely going to fade
Even though it's the only thing the fire didn't take

Everybody says you'll grow a lot from this experience
Maybe become Zen, after a while become a president
Blessings get disguised sometimes but all I know
Is I finally know the difference
Between going back and going home

There's a lady on my block that has a kid
As he swims in the above ground pool, she seals up the
lid
And he thinks it's kind of normal that she hides
Up the cuts and all the bruises, she says it's warpaint
for the eyes

She tells her son she did the best she could as she
buries dad
Maybe he'll grow up to be a man unlike his father did
As I leave the driveway for the northern snow
They'll finally know the difference
Between going back and going home, yeah

Cut to a life being born in sixty nine
Middle class suburbs, every thing's fine
Fondue parties, my mom and my dads
Drinks being drunk and fights being had

I lost my virginity to a girl in my band
She was four years older, she made me a man
So addicted to sex every chance that I got
With whoever I wanted until I got caught

So I took my penicillin and I took my band
To a town made of glitter girls and cocaine friends
Got handed the dream by the age of eighteen
Saw more than most people that I know had ever seen

Played every bar, drank till black and blue
Did the morning show bullshit and went to China too
Where they left us to die without a ticket to flee
Inciting a riot, we were only twenty three

Packed it up, started over just as fast as we can
Selling tapes, making merch in the back of a van
Living hand to mouth for the next five years
Took up drinking wine, gave up drinking beer

Signed another big deal with A Devil In A Dress
A one hit wonder I think described it best
Decided to burn out than to fade away
Went back to the van the very next day

Built it up, made a living without any help

Made amazing friends if I say so myself
If living like this at thirty eight is a bore
Then come on god, please give me thirty eight more

Everybody knows I've seen a lot, yeah, I'm experienced
Makes you feel so old after a while just like our
president
Every time I come back in this town I know
I finally know the difference
Between going back and going home
Yeah, going back and going home