

# 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