

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'