

Homeward Bound

Dropkick Murphys

I've seen street corner preachers spending discharge pay
Between periods of getting stiff and happy tipplers singing son
gs of discontentment
With each and every passing sip from the bookmaker's clerk on t
he rowdy racing circuit
Known as Tom Sharkey's brawling bar to the tenders at the pubs
and illegal sporting clubs
In this town I call my home
You see, I come from a family who more or less traditionally se
nds its boys off to serve uncle Sam
"Obey your orders and protect your country" said this father to
his disheartened son
I've traveled over seas, seen forks in the road from Raven to t
he pubs near Cunard Pier
But the things weren't the same, as the place where I became,
A man in this town I call my home.