

Homegrown

Francis Dunnery

Well I don't care too much for ambiguity
It doesn't sit to well with my sobriety
You hit me with one thing I can't stand
You try to make me be a family man
I say I'm never going to be a family man

Homegrown
Your daddy's on the phone
Your mamma's in the kitchen and I watch the family crumbling
You?
You know
You bet your life and soul
I wonder round the garden and I watch the family crumbling away

Well I've been drinking all them things you poured on me
It doesn't mix to well with my debauchery
You tell me do some washing, comb my hair
But that ain't really something that I chose to care about baby
Mamma got another man

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There's always a place we can go
Always a place we can hide away
Cos I can't get no family satisfaction

There's a pain that I feel when we go and hide
That some could never mention
Let it breathe then let it rot
Let it fall inside your making
Cos I'm breaking
I'm homeless and shaking
And I can't get no home emotion

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