

# 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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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

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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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