

To Call My Own

Golden Smog

Blowing through my losing streak
Bought the farm on a dead end street
Nothing ever grows under your sun

Filling voids with emptiness
And driving past your old address
Loneliness two has turned into one

They welcome you with open arms
Tell you they don't mean no harm
Do they mean anything at all

Feeling crowded by my company
You can't hate but parts of me
I know there's a new myth on your floor

Staying up in 409
The day are yours the nights are mine
Burned out everything except the door

It's like breaking out of broken homes
They tell you they don't eat their own
Searching for one thing to call my own
To call my own

There's a goldmine in the local scene
Get nine lives you need thirteen
Paid the price landed on all four

You used to mean the world to me
Scared to death of what that means
So we don't mean anything at all

I welcome you with broken arms
You know I don't mean no harm
Do I mean anything at all

And they all come from broken homes
They tell you they don't eat their own
Searching for a thing to call my own