

Home Street Home

King Kobra

When I was ten, my old man split
My mama just couldn't deal with it
So I jumped onto a railroad car
And headed out west to be a rock star

Well I got off in Hollywood
And I'd get out baby if I could
'Cause times is tough and my luck is bad
I ain't got no money and it makes me mad

So when you see me on the street
Just remember my shoes could be on your feet
And it's home street home

Well a buddy of mine went to Vietnam
And his own guys hit him with a shot of Napalm
Now he can't really breathe that well
And he can't get a job, but what the hell
His benefits ain't never come through
And I'm sure they were spent by you know who
I'd like to laugh, that'd be a switch
Life ain't no joke, it's a bitch

So when you see me on the street
Just remember my shoes could be on your feet
And it's home street home