

# Rochester

Mat Kearney

This is my father's story, Michael P. Kearney, born in Rochester New York

I was born in Rochester to a bookmaking man  
Had a fake cigar shops with the games on in the back  
See them coming and going, let them ride on thoroughbreds  
Police chief and Tompaw wondering what was the spread

I carried rich men's bag through the brow trying to chase a little white ball  
I learned that any soft place wasn't good for me at all  
Daddy came home fired up looking for some sort of release  
He beat the hell out of Timmy, Timmy beat the hell out of me

I would hop the fence out to this government fields  
Run 'til there was nothing more to feel  
Lying there watching planes just disappear  
Knowing one day I'm gonna fly on out of here

Well that same police chief came knocking my first freshman day  
Put my daddy in handcuffs, send his picture on the front page  
Took every one of his suits and all my dignity  
Walk the halls of Irondequoit waiting for any punk to set me free

I would hop the fence out to this government fields  
Run 'til there was nothing more to feel  
Lying there watching planes just disappear  
Knowing one day I 'm gonna fly on out of here

Well I got that call to Vietnam just like everyone else I knew  
So scared of the hand grenades, threw them farther than any other troop  
I came home like an iron fist and Timmy tried to take my keys  
Ripped open his front pocket that was the last time he touched me

Moved to an island out west up to Breckenridge  
Met a mermaid on a glass boat and she promised me some kids  
Bought a house in Oregon where you could touch both of the walls  
Had a son named Benjamin and I was so scared of it all

Well Benjamin walked in the front room where I was cutting up my hash  
Looked into those deep blue eyes wondering why I've been so mad  
Flushed a quarter pound down the drain praying for the mercy to confess  
Trying to rip the boy from Rochester right out of my chest

We're gonna walk right out into these heavenly fields  
Run like there was no more time to steal  
My three boys in the grace of god I feel

Knowing one day you're gonna take me out of here  
Knowing one day you're gonna take me out of here