The Boy Come Home

Matthew Good Band

While I go over it in my head
Walk through those doors and stand there staring
And there ain't one soul that's in there dead
My hand stays out, I keep my head
And walking out I see you sitting in that Ford of your old man's
Scratching your arms like your skin is crawling
But done up the best you can

Face first pilot through your window
Them Paupers they can't tell
It's strange to think we could have been so brought up by
Ourselves

Run through the streets like rivers raging to seas of barren sa nd

And while every gtain tears you apart stay done up the best You can

Unemployment lines stretch to the desert and camouflage Hotels

Where traded up to new distinctions puts justice in your shells Take one for the team and that pretty lady used to cover Up the smell

But when you get back boy you're just crazy if you dare kiss And tell

This aching heart ain't something I done This aching heart's been handed down But I'm done with it now

So I take that screaming in my head I walk through those doors and stand there staring And my hand slips into my coat and everything just freezes

Running out I see you sitting in the Ford of your old man's The boy come home