

# 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