

It smells like it should be snowing
And I've been frequenting a diner on Main Street
Where the waitresses are girls that graduated with me
Have problems with oxy and can't recall what I had to drink
No one knows where they're going
They just know they want out of here badly
They're like cigarettes dropped on a highway
They smash and scatter and burn out somewhere else without knowing
I've got my grandmother's veins in the back of my hands
And just a hint of a South Philly accent
I was born here and I'll probably die here
Let's go home

This town has got lies to tell
I'll wait around and hear you out
But I can't keep from digging up these bones forever
At least for now, I'll settle down
I'll try to find some solid ground
I lost my footing trying to get home last winter

The kids in the graduating class
Have got their eyes set west
And California on their lips
But I left some blood there that I'm never getting back
Rocky's in the Deep South
I don't think he's coming back now
It's sinister, but it's how life worked out
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Growing up means watching my heroes turn human in front of me
The songs we wrote at eighteen seem shortsighted and naïve
So when the weather breaks, I'll pull my hoodie up over my face
I won't run away, run away
As fucked as this place got, it made me me

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