

Going Back

Tracy Chapman

No picnic no barbecue out in the back
A yard for parked cars left to rot and forget
For chained-up mad dogs for garbage to sit
Get lost get lost a part from it

I can't see through it
But i can see past
With me with me always
Without going back

Just people and buildings
Not city or town
Great lake crooked river
Flat land water burns
The air not smoke
It tears the eye
Home is where you live
Home is where you'll die

I can't see through it
But i can see past
With me with me always
Without going back

In a glacial slide
Over ice mirrored glass
In a slip and past times
Are in the future brought back
Reflected reflected reflected
Every footstep

No walk in the park
No there is nowhere
No place can replace
What a clear eye reveals
Soft and hard shaped like a wheel
Made me of rubber made me of steel

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