

I Aint Goin Home

Van Dyke Parks

Fine day for fishin', fine day for wishin'
All that I miss is my fair weather friend
Feelin' like foolin' around
Somewheres I never be found
Wastin' my time
Would it be a crime if I climb
Back in the bottle again

Where a friend meets a friend
Where the bowed may unbend
Where the fast is forgiven
We get what we give in
And livin' is easy again

High time for drinkin', high time for thinkin'
Down where the cotton would melt in my mouth
Watchin' the world go around
Stood up but standin' my ground
Standin' so tall away from it all when I crawl
Back in the bottle again

Far is further than eye can see
I would go where you won't bother me
Other places I would rather be than there
I ain't goin' home

Though with disresponsibility
Underneath this domesticity
Even if my missus misses me tonight
I ain't goin' home

Bring me just another mouth to feed
Care not now where ere the path may lead
Who hath holpen now fill every need
Not me
I ain't goin' home

Found dis-for-straction, that's my relaxion
Out of the action and happy again
Don't go be mindin' me of pity of brotherly love
Birds gotta swim and fish gotta fry when I cry
Back in the bottle again
I ain't goin' home