To Call My Own

Golden Smog

It's blowing through my losing streak
Bought the farm on a dead end street
Nothing ever grows under your sunIt's filling voids with emptiness
And driving past your old address
Loneliness, two has turned into oneThey welcome you with broken arms
You know they don't mean no harm
Do they mean anything at all?You feel crowded by my company
You can't hate but parts of me
And I know there's a new myth on your floorStaying up in 409
The days are yours, the nights are mine
Burned out everything except the doorIt's like breaking out of broken homes
They tell you they don't eat their own
Searching for one thing to call my own, to call my ownThere's a goldmine in the local scene
You get nine lives, you need thirteen
Paid the price, landed on all fourYou used to mean the world to me
Scared to death, of what that means
So we don't mean nothing at allI welcome you with broken arms
You know I don't mean no harm
Do I mean anything at all?And they all come from broken homes
They tell you they don't eat their own
Searching for one thing to call my own

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