My Town

Buck-O-Nine

I got the tunes in my pocket, in an old ass Walkman
Walking to the beach with a bottle of Black & Tan
Keys in the Velcro where it always should be
Time's tickin' by but it doesn't concern meI'm killin' time with nothin' to do, yeah
That's all I seem to think about or do
My soul is sound when I'm in my hometown, yeah
No place I'd rather beMy town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah
My town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat
Give me peace of mind that can't be beatWell, I can sleep all night to the sound of the ocean
An' wake up in the morning, and I do it all again
Seven days a week, I pay no attention
I spend a lot of time with my record collectionI'm killin' time with nothin' to do, yeah
That's all I seem to think about or do
My soul is sound when I'm in my hometown, yeah
No place I'd rather beMy town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah
My town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat
Give me peace of mind that can't be beatI hear the sound of the skateboard rolling down my backstreet
Reggae music comin' from the neighbor across from me
As time ticks by, as time ticks by
I never stop to ask, I never wonder why
As time ticks by, as time ticks by
I never stop to ask, I never wonder whyMy soul is sound when I'm in my hometown, yeah
No place I'd rather beMy town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah
My town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat
Give me peace of mind that can't be beatMy town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah
My town, my street
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat
Give me peace of mind that can't be beat, yeah

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