Hometown

Madcap

This city will not sleep tonight.
I hear sirens as I walk down 59th.
I New York City, lost under a gray sky,
I thought I heard my name
through the sound of the pouring rain.We're the troops from the west and we never rest.
We're the boys, we're the boys on the open road.
For east to west we;ve done our best.
We're the boys, we're the boys on the open road.
I hear my hometown calling.I rememver all the emptiness I thought I left behind,
As I checked into a brick hotel on 11th adn 59th.
I see my name on the neon lit marquee.
Maybe the emptiness was always meant to be.We're the troppes from the west and we never rest.
We're the boys, we're the boys on the open road.
From east to west we've done our best.
We're the boys, we're the boys on the open road.
I hear my hometown calling.

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