

# Last Child

## Aerosmith

I'm dreaming tonight, I'm living back home  
Right!  
Yeah...yeah

Take me back to a south Tallahassee  
Down cross the bridge to my sweet sassafrassy  
Can't stand up on my feet in the city  
Gotta get back to the real nitty gritty

Yes sir, no sir  
Don't come close to my  
Home sweet home  
Can't catch no dose  
Of my hot tail poon tang sweetheart  
Sweathog ready to make a silk purse  
From a J Paul Getty and his ear  
With her face in her beer

Home sweet home

Get out in the field  
Put the mule in the stable  
Ma she's a cookin'  
Put the eats on the table  
Hate's in the city  
And my love's in the meadow  
Hands on the plow  
And my feets in the ghetto

Stand up, sit down  
Don't do nothing  
It ain't no good when boss man's  
Stuffin' down their throats  
For paper notes  
And their babies cry  
While cities lie at their feet  
When you're rockin' the street

Home sweet home

Mama, take me home sweet home

I was the last child  
I'm just a punk in the street

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