

Thrice All American

Neko Case

I wanna tell you about my hometown
It's a dusty old jewel in the South Puget Sound
Well, the factories churn and the timbers all cut down
And life goes by slow in Tacoma
People they laugh when they hear you're from my town
They say it's a sour and used up old place
I defended its honor, shrugged off the putdowns
You know that you're poor from Tacoma
The buildings are empty like ghettos or ghostowns
It gives me a chill to think what was inside
I can't seem to fathom the dark of my history
I invented my own in Tacoma
There was nothing to put me in love with the good life
I'm in league with the the gangs and the guns and the crime
There was no hollow promise that life would reward you
There was nowhere to hide in Tacoma
People who built it, they loved it like I do
There was hope in the train yards that something inspired
Once was I on it but it's been painted shut
I found passion for life in Tacoma
Well, I don't make it home much, I sadly neglect you
But that's how you like it away from the world
God bless California, make way for the Wal-Mart
I hope they don't find you Tacoma

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