

Where Do I Start?

Nowherebound

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So where do I start a story so long,
Of reflection and solace delivered with song,
Well I guess it was Baker who taught me to play,
So perhaps dear Baker, it's you that I blame.
If you'd only just left me, by now I'd be lame,
I'd be boring, but happily boring and blissfully plain
God I swear some days I wish.

Well I wish that sweet Natalie didn't leave us so young,
I cried when The Adicts played "Never Walk Alone,"
And I swore that I felt her smiling somewhere,
Flipping us all off throwing shit through the air.

But some of us lucky, we saw through her shit,
The girl filled with gravel, with gruff, and with grit,
Was somebody's daughter, was somebody's smile,
Was here for a moment, now gone for awhile.

And Oh, Oh, Oh, How I wish we all never walked alone.
Oh, oh, oh, how I really wish we never had to make that walk alone.

Well Dustin tracked records like alms for the poor,
And we poor ass musicians did rap at his door.
And Born To Lose brothers would make some new friends,
On a less travelled road that one day would end.

To the all night road parties I'll never forget,
Getting tattooed hung over, while poor Stevie slept,
Cause he partied so hard, that Johnboy drew dicks on his chest.

To Johnboy, and Larry, and Kevin, and Chris,
To Ben, and to Benji, and Dustin, and Chris,
To Ian, safe travels my friend, tell em all "hi" from me.
And tell em, I wish that the years hadn't weathered my heart,
That the journey was perfectly, imperfect art,
And scars do remind me of all of the times that we've had.

Tell them oh, oh, oh, well we all must one day walk alone

Oh, oh, oh well we all one day have to make the walk alone

To sweethearts and lovers, you know who you are,
I'm sorry and thank you for wishing on stars.
With a hopeless romantic who couldn't get far on his own.
To the ones that I've hurt, I hope all is well,
And karma served supper to me here in hell,
So sweet dreams ex lovers, for now it's all come back to me.

And the last one I offer, I offer to you,
Sweet Jennifer Prior, what's this boy to do?
The house is so empty, it echoes my cries to your ghost.
And the memories of you still hang from these walls,
Cause I can't take em down yet or else then it all,
Will seem but a memory, and girl I'm just not done with you.

But, oh, oh, oh, well we all must one day walk alone.
But oh, oh, oh, how I really wish we never had to make that walk alone.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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