My Hometown

Keith Hampton

Two, three
This song goes out to my good friends
Especially the ones I had
Before the Grammy nominations in two thousand three
And to all the girls from back in high school
Who actually spoke to me
Even though I was a fat kid and a marching band geek
I hope this song finds you well
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell
I hope that you're back up if you've ever been down
And I hope you got the fuck out of our hometown
Here comes a shout out to the professor
Who said,"Son, pick a path and stay the same
'Cause charisma is the key to opportunity"
And to all the clubs that let us play
To our family and friends and the music stores
For giving us gear when we couldn't pay
I hope this song finds you well
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell
I hope that you're back up if you've ever been down
(Aaa)
And I hope you got the fuck out of our hometown
You know I can't count
How many times I've heard people say
Be proud of where you're from, you're gonna put us on the map
But where the hell were you back in the day?
No one came to see us so we got the hell out of there
So there
You have a de de de de de de de
This song goes out to my big brother
For putting up with me following you around
And for making me smile when things at home weren't great
And for not getting pissed when I humped your girlfriend
For letting me take your car to the prom
For beating up the guys that hung my bike in a tree
For hand me down albums and guitar with no strings
And for never beating the shit outta me
I hope this song finds you well
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell

I hope that you're back up 'cause I know you've been down
I just wish you'd get the fuck out of our hometown
I hope you get the fuck out of our hometown
I'm so glad I got the fuck out of our hometown
You know what I'm talkin' about
Don't ya? Dammit

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/