

Homeward Bound

Dropkick Murphys

I've seen street corner preachers spending' discharge pay
Between periods of gettin' stiff
And happy tipplers singing' songs of discontentment
With each and every passion' sip
From the bookmaker's clerk on the rowdy racing' circuit
Known as Tom Sharkey's brawling' bar
To the tenders at the pubs through the illegal sporting clubs
In this town, I call my home
You see, I come from a family who more or less traditionally
Sends it's boys off to serve Uncle Sam
"Obey your orders and protect your country", said this father to his Disheartened son
You see, I've traveled overseas, seen forks in the road from Raven to the Pubs near Cunard Pier
But the things weren't the same, at the place where I became
A man in this town, I call my home
I'm goin' home
I've seen street corner preachers, spending' discharge pay
Between periods of gettin' stiff
And happy tipplers singing' songs of discontentment
With each and every passion' sip
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Known as Tom Sharkey's brawling' bar
To the tenders at the pubs and illegal sporting clubs
In this town I call my home
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