The Great Suburban Showdown

Billy Joel

Flyin' east on a plane
Drinkin' all that free champagne
I guess I saw this comin' down the line
And I know it should be fun
But I think I should've packed my gun
Got that old suburban showdown in my mindSit around with the folks
Tell the same old tired jokes
Bored to death on Sunday afternoon
Mom and Dad, me and you
And the outdoor barbecue
Think I'm gonna hide out in my roomI've been gone for a while
Made some changes in my style
And they say you can't go home anymore
Well the streets all look the same
And I'll have to play the game
We'll all sit around in the kitchen chairs
With the TV on and the neighbors thereOut in the yard
Where my Daddy worked so hard
He never lets the crab grass grow too high
Oh, the place hasn't changed
And that's why I'm gonna feel so strange
But I'll have to face the music bye and byeI've been gone for a while
Made some changes in my style
And they say you can't go home anymore
Well the streets all look the same
And I'll have to play the game
We'll all sit around in the kitchen chairs
With the TV on and the neighbors thereDrive into town
When this big bird touches down
I'm only comin' home to say goodbye
Then I'm gone with the wind
And I won't be seen again
Till that great suburban showdown in the sky
Till that great suburban showdown in the sky----------

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