

The Boy Come Home

Matthew Good

While I go over it in my head
I walk through those doors and stand there staring
There ain't one soul that's in there dead
My hand stays out, I keep my head
And walking out I see you sitting
In that Ford of your old man's
Scratching your arms like your skin is crawling
But done up the best you can
Face first pilot through your window
Them paupers they catch hell
It's strange to think we could have been so
Brought up by ourselves
Run through the streets like rivers raging
To seas of barren sand
And while every grain tears you apart stay
Done up the best you can
Unemployment lines stretched to the desert
And camouflaged hotels

Where traded up to new distinctions
Puts justice in your shells
Take one for the team and that pretty lady
Used to cover up the smell
When you get back boy you're just crazy
If you dare kiss and tell
This aching heart ain't something I done
This aching heart's been handed down
But I'm done with it now
I'm done with it now
I'm done with it now
So I take this screaming in my head
I walk through those doors and stand there staring
And my hand slips into my coat
And everything just freezes
Running out I see you sitting
In that Ford of your old man's
The boy come home, yeah
The boy come home, yeah

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