Haunted Homecoming

The Good Life

well here I am, yeah, I'm back again
in the town that I used to call my residence
now it seems I dwell in a silver van
you might have seen it once, yeah, it's parked out front
but homecoming used to be a sweet affair
I'd be swimming to the arms of a lover there,
today there doesn't seem to be a niche for me,
just a couch at todd's house, and jim, me, and the tv.
the house is empty, the shadows are growing tall
against the book shelves and the paintings as dusk begins to fall
this city has abandoned me, it's forgotten who I am
the landscape change its shape,
the streets twist and bend until I've lost my directionI woke up late to the sound of drums
so I headed downstairs to see what was going on.
Roger was playing to a metronome,
he said it's just not right, man, it's got no soul.
I told him what my sister said in chicago:
"boy, you've made a choice you've got to uphold,
i know it might sound unbearable,
but when you chose to write, you chose to be alone."
so the house is empty and thats how it has to be
so I better not complain, I guess it's best for me,
but the city keeps haunting me
like the house on Lafayette
it was built for world war vet's
we laughed and said "how appropriate"who do you think of when you think of the city?
well, mostly, I think of you.
you're the peanuts at their city
you're the two way big at Lewi's
you're the monday nights at Sullivan's
you're the underground on Highland
you're the dogtrack
you're the dubliner
you're the forty-niner's shuffleboard
you're the big beer at the underwood
you're the brothers
you're the drug storewell, I miss this city,
I miss this city,
ohh, I miss this city,

I miss this city,
(well, here I am, yeah, I'm back again)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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