Hometown Gypsy

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Drivin' up the coast
To find a version of the truth
Left the backdoor swinging
Like a dirty little slueth
The truth is I have never left
Felt half this alive
Now it's time to dance
Upon the grave called 45
Jacked up on some Kerouac
And surely bulletproof
The Girl who taught me what to do
Was missing her front tooth
Gentle as a storm
Inside your mental health
I want to find the answer
But I just can't find myself
I say so long
To the way I played
The way I played
Inside of yesterday
Hey let's run around
The great escape
From out of my hometown
Later I would look for love
Inside a woman's dorm
A couch to keep me humble
And her breath to keep me warm
Ophelia was the girl
That I was feeling for
Come to realize
It was me who was the whore
A captain lost himself
Inside a 40 year old skull
The drink of choice was knowledge
And we always wanted more
Drunken sailors
Seeking their Geronimo
Instead they found the things
That they really didn't want to know

Country roads
Would never let me stay
The way I played
Inside of yesterday
A devil's growl and cat's meow
Were blended into one
Termites called suburbanites
Were eating all the fun
A juggernaut of comedy
And blasphemy
I wanna stop the madness
But I think it has to be
Hey let's run around
The great escape
From out of my hometown

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