Leave Home

The Huntingtons

note on my door said son we got to chat
got things to chat over love mom and dad
don't mean to hurt you it's just better this way
we're awful sorry you're welcome to stay butwe're leaving homemiss mom's home cooking and dad's stupid jokes
where are they now i guess nobody knows
sunny hawaii or montego bay
when i read that note i can still hear them sayi got a postcard and you say that you're alright
birthday's ther come and go still you're no where in sight
no mother to tuck me in my bed tonight
no father ther to help me with the christmas lights

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