

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 but we're leaving home miss 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 say i got a postcard and you say that you're alright
birthday's there come and go still you're no where in sight
no mother to tuck me in my bed tonight
no father there to help me with the christmas lights

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