Wrong Hometown

Small Brown Bike

Driving through your childhood,
and all the stories that youve told me since we first met.
I get the feeling that you're forgetting to tell me what you're trying to forget.
As we walk across the park on the iced over grass
you start to talk about all the times when,
and all the nights when, and the underneath us breaking like glass.
This is the park where you fell asleep, and couldnt tell if it was a dream,
when you opened your eyes and saw the man hiding in the trees.
This is the street where the woman died,
she had the problem of being too sweet,
and how naive of me to think I couldnt get homesick in a week.
All the sweethearts here litter the streets, the liberal and artistic minds.
They walk hand and hand and kiss each others cheeks when they meet.
They have got everything in common and the conversations never stop,
they've all got the one about running all night from the campus cops.
But behind the trees at the overpass-a girl was once crushed by a train,
running to catch up with her friends, her life turned into one day.
And the town carries on-and the town heals with time,
everyone tries so hard to chase these ghosts from their mind.
And how naive of me to think that i couldnt get homesick in a week.
It starts to snow as the quartet down the street warms up the strings.
I'm in the wrong hometown.
It feels like its time to leave.
I'm in the wrong hometown for Christmas Eve.

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