# Hometown

## Coldair

I'd trade all my sunshine, for twin towers to hide behind
and find you there
And I left on that sunday
To come home on a tuesday
Well I never
I never thought I'd have to stay and watch the world explode
And I swear it was beautiful before they sent those airplanes
And I thought I would show them to you just like my dad did
Home town come tumbling down
When she came on that sunday
I took her home the long way
So she could see
And she asked when they made it
And would they ever change it
I said no way

Half of what you see and none of what you hear believe
And I told her I that they remind me of Motown, sixties, skinny ties,
What they thought the future looked like where the Jetsons lived.
Home town come tumbling down
So we sat down and we cried
And we ran to the front line
And some came home
And I stay off the expressway
Nothing to see there anyway
That view sucks now
But there was a time the Brooklyn traffic couldn't get me down
I swear it was beautiful I hope they build it tall again
Til then your imagination is all that you will have

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