That Little Place

Bobby Long

There's a place when I was young that I liked,
that place got burnt down not so long ago,
it never knew a name but it always looked the same,
I guess that place will always be my homeI saw the picture of it in the paper,
it brought a cold hard shudder to my bones,
I knew the boy that died, he was coldly burnt alive,
I guess that place will always be his home,
that little place I knew so long agoBut I hate what it did to me,
I'm lost inside the pockets of its overcoat,
I never tried to go back there and see,
all the ash, the debris and the smokeI moved away the day that I had left school,
I didn't stick around to make my mark,
I even changed my name,
told my family to do the same,
to run from that place I used to knowI left for the city with my sister and mother,
my father stayed there working for some magazine,
and though our house still stands
on some cursed and uneven land,
I guess it's somewhere in the in-betweenIt's never in some crazy place where you lose your face,
it's in the peaks and cracks of the unnoticed shade,
so when you kick your feet, down some forgotten street,
it's where it all floods back but it's too late to takeMy father wrote the story down in his letters,
a spark had chased the wind down to the town below,
no there's nothing left for me
since I went and got myself free,
I guess that place will always be my home,
that little place I knew so long ago

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