

# Hometown

## Big Chess

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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