

# Hometown

## Slingshot 45

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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