

From a Kitchen Table

[Dave Alvin](#)

I hope this letter finds you
Wherever you may be
Cause I mailed some awhile back
And they were all returned to meAint nothin I can tell you bout the hometown
Everything changes, but nothings new
Just Sunday night at the kitchen table
Finishin a beer and thinkin of youAnd I still work the same job
Just live with my mom for free
Cause ever since the old man passed on
It just got harder to leaveWell, I heard a rumor that you got married
Though you swore that you never would
I guess you finally got your own kids now
You ever tell em bout the old neighborhood?Like the time we stole your dads car
Drove all night down Imperial Highway
You kept sayin, Maybe we should turn around
And I said, It dont take much to get awayBut I still work the same job
Just live with my mom for free
Cause ever since the old man passed on
It just got harder to leaveGuess thats all that Ive got to tell you
I guess things turned out how theyre meant to be
I just hope that this letter finds you
But until then Ill just keep it with meAnd I still work the same job
Just live with my mom for free
Cause ever since the old man passed on
It just got harder to leave

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