El Centro

Sunny

and somewhere
down a dusty road to nowhere
you left me by the gate there
and then you drove awayand I would
look to where our house stood
and dream the dream we all could
make it out of there okayand I'll drive ten hours to be back home
just to feel like i did back then
these broccoli fields and Chevy Impalas
and summer nights spun out with my friendsand someone
i met him by accident
in hind sight, heaven sent
how we know nothing back thenand he would
listen like no one had
and made me believe I could
be something much moreso I'll drive ten hours to be back home
just to feel like i did back then
these city lights are so fucking lonely
oh to be that young againgrab at this sand underfoot
that you misunderstood
for so long while you were runningand just let it pour
through your fingers
till it dawns on you
this is the stuff of beginningsso I'll drive ten hours to be back home
just to feel like i did back then
these broccoli fields and Chevy Impalas
oh to be that young againso somewhere
down a dusty road from nowhere
and I smell the desert air
Yes, I'll come home again
guess I'll come home again
(Sunny & DMR)

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