

Curtain Calls On Walkabouts

For Our Hero

I wished away the bloody nose
Covered up the bruises
Sure I have my doubts but fathers so proud
He pats me on the back and sits me down
Says good boy, you blew them out all by yourselfThe school-yards changing,
(keep you blurry)
The fist-fights samey
(an headached heads a rolling)
Im throwing punches
Your drop-drop-dropping againPut tickets on me
Ill only keepem to fly us home
The mic rings hollow:
Thisll be my year
Check me in
The curtain-calls on walkabouts
Most of us are on the bench
Just itching to get back inGive us something to write home about
Before I bluff another get-well to myself
Tell mama im a dreamer,
And father im a sinner
Dont bother with the in betweenesFell in love with the lazy winners,
Kickin back our teensPut tickets on me
Ill only keepem to fly us home
The mic rings hollow
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Check me in
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Just itching to get back inDa da da da daPut tickets on me
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Just itching to get back in.