# This Place

## The Mockingbirds

Busted doors and broken women hang out in the street
Faces unfamiliar turn to stare and not to greet
And the old cafÃ© door's permanently closed, no more cappuccino brewing
There's a pair of eyes peering through the afterglow
Wondering what the hell I'm doin'
This place used to be my home
This town I used to call my own
Over the years nothin' and no one's grown
In this place, I used to call my home
The old tree on the hill's still standin'
Where my baby and I used to lay down
She taught me about livin', lovin' and life
My first and only love from this town
And the plain old houses seem like long lost friends
But most have been torn down
I guess they tried to make way for some kinda progress
So hard to find in this town
This place used to be my home
This town I used to call my own
Over the years nothin' and nobody's grown

In this place, I used to call my home
Fields of green and lazy skies
Golden memories just pass me by
When you go back, well, it's never the same
I know it's true
But I'm still hooked on you ... and this place
The old cafÃ© door's permanently closed, no more cappuccino brewing
There's a pair of eyes peering through the afterglow
Wonderin' what the hell I'm doin'
This place used to be my home
This town I used to call my own
Over the years nothin' and no one's grown
In this place ...
This place used to be my home
This town I used to call my own
Over the years nothin' and no one's grown
In this place, I used to call my home

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