

# My Hometown

## Deacon Jones

Two, three  
This song goes out to my good friends  
Especially the ones I had  
Before the Grammy nominations in two thousand three  
And to all the girls from back in high school  
Who actually spoke to me  
Even though I was a fat kid and a marching band geek  
I hope this song finds you well  
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell  
I hope that you're back up if you've ever been down  
And I hope you got the fuck out of our hometown  
Here comes a shout out to the professor  
Who said, "Son, pick a path and stay the same  
'Cause charisma is the key to opportunity"  
And to all the clubs that let us play  
To our family and friends and the music stores  
For giving us gear when we couldn't pay  
I hope this song finds you well  
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell  
I hope that you're back up if you've ever been down  
(Aaa)  
And I hope you got the fuck out of our hometown  
You know I can't count  
How many times I've heard people say  
Be proud of where you're from, you're gonna put us on the map  
But where the hell were you back in the day?  
No one came to see us so we got the hell out of there  
So there  
You have a de de de de de de  
This song goes out to my big brother  
For putting up with me following you around  
And for making me smile when things at home weren't great  
And for not getting pissed when I humped your girlfriend  
For letting me take your car to the prom  
For beating up the guys that hung my bike in a tree  
For hand me down albums and guitar with no strings  
And for never beating the shit outta me  
I hope this song finds you well  
And I hope that you're doin' fuckin' swell

I hope that you're back up 'cause I know you've been down  
I just wish you'd get the fuck out of our hometown  
I hope you get the fuck out of our hometown  
I'm so glad I got the fuck out of our hometown  
You know what I'm talkin' about  
Don't ya? Dammit

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