

The Boy Come Home

Matthew Good

While I go over it in my head
Walk through those doors and stand there staring
And there ain't one soul that's in there dead
My hand stays out, I keep my head
And walking out I see you sitting in that Ford of your old man'
s
Scratching your arms like your skin is crawling
But done up the best you can

Face first pilot through your window
Them Paupers they can't tell
It's strange to think we could have been so brought up by
Ourselves
Run through the streets like rivers raging to seas of barren sa
nd
And while every gtain tears you apart stay done up the best
You can

Unemployment lines stretch to the desert and camoflounge
Hotels
Where traded up to new distinctions puts justice in your shells
Take one for the team and that pretty lady used to cover
Up the smell
But when you get back boy you're just crazy if you dare kiss
And tell

This aching heart ain't something I done
This aching heart's been handed down
But I'm done with it now

So I take that screaming in my head
I walk through those doors and stand there staring
And my hand slips into my coat and everything just freezes...

Running out I see you sitting in the Ford of your old man's
The boy come home