

# Always Coming Back Home to You

## Atmosphere

To all my killers and my hundred dollar billers  
To emo kids that got too many feelings

He held the register open while he counted her change  
I was next in line which meant I was invisible  
From where I stood I could see that the till was full  
He didn't look the type to play superhero  
So I stepped forth and paid for my cigarettes  
Crept out the stores front door to chase a little breath  
Bangles in my head, shake the song off  
Another manic Monday night, its gonna be a long walk

A car pulled up, a fixed up cutlass  
A woman and a child climbed out and left it running  
They went inside of the deli, placed an order  
With the extra dollar fifty bottled water cause the daughters picky  
When they came out mommy gave me a glance  
That said man can love an angel but he's got to take the chance  
Already knew the deal, I lit one up and walk  
So they got back in the Oldsmobile, belted up, and took off

Thug love on the corner by the walgreens  
Lookin at me like I'm just another square saltine  
As I get closer I notice that they showing each other sketches  
Out of their notebooks, reminded me of my old roots

I walk pass with a nod and a reminisce  
Swear to god hip hop and comic books was my genesis  
Respect the life and the fashions of the children  
It's the only culture I've got, exactly what we've been building

All of a sudden I'm in front of some man  
No he's a youngin but he's got a gun in his hand  
He looks fifteen, he looks frantic, no he looks afraid  
Immediately apprehensive til I heard him say  
"Do you want this It's not mine I promise  
I found it on my block in between a couple garages  
Didn't wanna leave it for a child to stumble over  
I don't even know how to hold it."

It was a thirty eight, the poor man's machete  
Held it in my hand, thinking damn man it's heavier then expected,  
Wedge it behind my belt buckle  
Knowing that its evil, even thought that I could smell trouble  
The extra strength felt weak,  
But over there on the corner saw what I needed and proceeded to cross the  
Street  
Put the heat in the mail box to loose it  
Figured that the post office knows whats best to do with it

Mosey down the road thinkin' bout the old  
I use to roam this zone with two feet of snow  
Right here, this use to be a record shop  
I've gotten love, I've gotten drunk, I've gotten beat up in that parking lot  
I've had my lake street pride for three decades  
These alleyways, and these streetlights have seen my best days  
Before I was a germ learning how to misbehave,

All the way to the grave, south side is my resting place

Took a right on Lyndale I'm getting near  
But then the road became empty and the people disappeared  
The clouds ran away, opened up the sky  
And one by one I watched every constellation die  
And there I was frozen, standing in my backyard  
Face to face, eye to eye, staring at the last star  
I should've known, walked all the way home  
To find that she wasn't here, I'm still all alone

No matter where I am, no matter what I do  
I'm always coming back home to you  
They can leave me for dead they can take away my true  
I'm always coming back home to you  
Through the lies and the sins that ride the wind that blew  
I'm always coming back home to you  
As sure as the life in the garden that you grew  
I'm always coming back home to you  
No matter where I am, no matter what I do  
I'm always coming back home to you  
If only I had known what you already knew  
I'm always coming back home to you  
From the heaven I've had to the hell I been through  
I'm always coming back home to you  
I'm always coming back home to you