

Where I'm Coming From

Bronze Radio Return

I've seen lost and I've seen found
From sidewalks to interstates
I'm bound to this place
I've grown from this ground

I'm not pretty enough for pop
I'm not cool enough for indie rock
Too happy to sing the blues
And I'm too damn shy for dancing shoes
Street cred comes from a small-town road
Off Cedar Street with the tall pines blowing on me
Now I know, no I may not know where I'll go
That I know where I'm coming from

I take and I show
From the faces and the places that I go
Each one I use to make all the things I know
Cause when I talk and when I sing
It's like a cinder block and a diamond ring
One small nugget and the other one shines
I use 'em all the time

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I'm not cool enough for indie rock
I'm too happy to sing the blues
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Street cred comes from a small-town road
Off Cedar Street with the tall pines blowing on me
Now I know, no I may not know where I'll go
That I know where I'm coming from

Before my time is done
May not know what I'll become
May not know that I know that I know where I'm coming from