

Home At Last

Cass McCombs

Got no wit, and I know it
Never did nothing, nothing worth a spit
Home at last

As always, you were right
I'd never amount to nothing, I'm just not that bright
Home at last

Unremarkable in every way
In my time, forgotten
On my tombstone, let it say
Here lies no one

Home at last
Lost no more
Home at last
An open door
Home at last
Forgotten son
Home at last
Cloud cuckoo for a bum

This world is not for the weak
The willing trample upon the meek
Home at last

Not that I can assign blame
I never even tried to play at your game
Home at last

Greeted by the hand of my Maker
I will shake it a lot
Maybe some old streetlamp will blink once for me
Maybe not

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