

Helluva Home

Dave Hause

Their sidewalks, songs and their knuckles are cracked
And they ring like an old broken bell
They kick and they scream, they call it brotherly love
And it seems like a living hell

But the pavement connects, and the knuckles protect
And the cracked songs help heal the wounds
And they huddle together fight off the cold
They kick scream and sing out of tune
And wait for the flowers to bloom

It's a helluva home
It's a helluva home
Where else would I go
It's all I know
It's a hell
It's a helluva home

Out here it's all earthquakes, plastic, and the hills are on fire
Styrofoam, tan moms and drought
I ain't seen a black girl in 28 days
And I'm starting to have my doubts

No rain's got me withering but at least I'm not shivering
I can breathe here without all the gloom
We got our feet in the sand, endless possible land
Bathing in the sun and the moon
With wildflowers always in bloom

It's a helluva home
It's a helluva home
Where else would I go
It's all I know
It's a hell

It's a helluva home
It's a helluva home
Where else would I go
It's all I know
It's a hell
It's a helluva home

I got used to waving goodbye
I got tired of grinding in a giant city waiting to die

It's a helluva home
It's a helluva home
Where else would I go
It's all I know
It's a hell

It's a helluva home
It's a helluva home
Where else would I go
It's all I know
It's a hell
It's a helluva home

Helluva home

You go east you go west you get tarnish and sheen
The trick is to live with the two
For now I'll sing here with less in a world in between
As long as I'm singing with you

I want to sing it with you