

# 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

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

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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