

Tacoma

Fruit Bats

I might just go back to Tacoma
If it'll have me back
I've missed the lingering blanket of cold cloud
And the moss in the sidewalk cracks

Yeah, I may go back to old Tacoma
If it opens its arms, I surely will
Back where the smell of the saltwater mingles
With the stink of the paper mill

I'm going back to where the mountains
Are all about to blow their tops
I'll drag my body back past the old rain shadow
'Cause it is the only place that makes me feel alive

Back to where the churning waters
Make me feel so small
Drag my body back past the old rain shadow
'Cause it is the only place that makes me feel alive
It is the only place that makes me feel alive
It is the only place that makes me feel alive
Never a lonely place