

# How Can I Call This Home

Jason Robert Brown

Today we honor those who honored us, some fifty years ago. Those who gave life and limb for Georgia and suffered unimaginable degradation. But never defeat. The men of Georgia and the women of Georgia have never been defeated...

I go to bed at night  
Hoping when I wake  
This will all be gone  
Like it was just a dream  
And I'll be home again  
Back again in Brooklyn

Back with people who look like I do  
And talk like I do  
And think like I do  
But then—  
The sun rises in Atlanta again...

They have risen from the ashes of war with honor and courage and strength!

These people make me tense  
I live in fear they'll start a conversation  
These people make no sense:  
They talk and I just stare and shut my mouth  
It's like a foreign land  
I didn't understand  
That being Southern's not just being in the South...  
When I look out on all this  
How can I call this home?  
I am proud to be a Georgian on this day! These men belong in  
Zoos

It's like they never  
Joined civilization

The Jews are not like  
Jews—

I thought that  
Jews were Jews  
But I was wrong

I thought I would be  
Fine

But four years down the line  
With ev'ry word it's very clear  
I don't belong:

I don't cuss, I don't drawl  
So how can I call this home?  
Excuse me!  
Sorry!  
Get your souvenirs!  
Watch your step, Sir!  
Where's the fella  
With the beer!  
Mama

That man pushed me!  
Lucinda!  
Hey now, fella!

You got balloons?  
I want one!  
Settle down! / I never  
In my life! / I'll take a beer!

That Slaton's handsome...

La la la la in the land o' cotton...

Proud that our state is growing and building!

Home calls, and I'm free of the Southern breeze  
Free of magnolia trees and endless sunshine!  
Evermore lives the dream of Atlanta  
But not mine!  
Not mine!  
A Yankee with a  
College education

Who by his own design  
Is trapped inside the land that  
Time forgot!

I'm trapped inside this life  
And trapped beside a wife  
Who would prefer that I said "Howdy" not "Shalom!" We stand together

In the great state of Georgia!

Strong and proud Well, I'm sorry, Lucille  
But I feel what I feel

And this place is surreal  
So how can I call this home? God bless the sight

Of the old hills  
Of Georgia

The old red hills of

Old red hills of home  
Ever more lives  
The dream of Atlanta  
Ever more her eternal  
Old red hills of home