I Won't Ever Be There

John Nolan

It keeps me up at night.
I'm not certain I was right.
I'm consumed by what might have been
Again and again and again.

And now the sky is turning black.
Now the sirens are calling.
This neighborhood was mine once
But now it's strange and foreign.
My body's drenched and my fists are clenched
As I stare into the night.

And this street, the silent type,
It hasn't had much of a life.
And watches people come and go
and knows they're interchangeable.

The derelicts and debutants with so much in common,
The pedophiles and the parents who are all too human,
The churches on the corners where they beg forgiveness now.

And Jesus comes to me in my dreams.
He tells me that I still have a home.
He keeps talking about a place I can go.
Well, always loved, always forgiven, but I know

I won't ever be there.
I know I won't ever be there.
I know..

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I won't ever be there.
No, I won't ever be there.
No, I won't ever be there.
I know...

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