

I walk down my old street
Used to be home for me and
now there's spraypaint on the walls
I see a house that at one time looked nice
but now it is abandoned
There's nothing left at all
So why, why must we let our chances fly
When oh when oh will we ever see hope again
Why, why, why is it hard to say goodbye
Well oh well oh at least I can still remember when
our city used to be such a beautiful place
Now you can't walk down the street
the same and think you'll see the same
My hands are in the air
It makes no sense to me
I cannot explain this tragedy
My first trip to city
I remember thinking
that the buildings stood so tall
and when I see that my old stomping ground
is just a ravaged
they seem so small now rather
feel like I'm living in someone else's-dream
It dosen't seem this is the way
that things should be
it's like a dark cloud swallowed up humanity
Whatever it is it is be-yond-me
Homesickness is the flu that surrounds me
A virus spreading through the street
It astounds me
Homesickness