

Welcome Home

Punch Brothers

Welcome home
- if home it is and well you come -
we've seen the smoke and smelled the fumes.
You went for broke,
then under over a couple bucks,
threw down the yoke and put up your dukes.

May a blow land
where you'll feel it.
May your fire spread
through the coal-sewn fields.

Fare thee well,
in a welfare line or thy father's will.
Don't kill us and we'll go your bail.
You hit and held
and folded, "enthralled isn't thrilled,"
you said, "grow up," and away you sailed.

May the blow land
where he'll see it.
May your fear spread
through the tear-stained shores.

Saying, "I never knew you."

Welcome home
- if home it is and well you come -
'cause fear and fire can't consume
condemn, condone,
or dismiss what we haven't done,
and he's out of salt.
Go dress our wounds.

Lay a flare down
by your dull pain.
May he show up
or may you move on.
He will show up
or you will move on.