

Procession

Real Estate

Take me past the courthouse
Take me past where I was born
No I didn't even notice
The color of the door

This place seems so familiar
Despite the intervening years
No I don't even remember
The brief time we lived here

Well the former generations
Tried to keep the dream intact
But I've always been impatient
It sweetens looking back

Police are stopping traffic
Up and down the boulevard
Feel like time has become static
As we stop and as we start

Take me past the courthouse
Take me past where I was born
No I don't even remember
Where I'm from anymore

Well the former generations
Tried to keep the dream intact
But I've always been impatient
It sweetens looking back