

Can't Go Home

Ron Pope

In this paint-by-numbers fairytale
I live outside the lines
With my yellows and my reds mixed up
I do not answer why
As I paint a perfect landscape
I am losing all my friends
And I am learning
That you can't go home again

I am counting all the freeway signs
And rivers as we go
Out on Highway 6 in Illinois
The afternoon rolls on
Months of loneliness feed every word
That pours out from my pen
And I am learning
That you can't go home again

You can't go home again
All your memories washed away
Can't go home again
Other summers took their place
Can't go home again
All I can say is I wish I could...

With this summer rolling endlessly
It's hard to sleep at night
Life is standing in a cemetery
Counting down your time
And I would try to write a letter
If I could think of words to send
But all I'm sure of
Is you can't go home again

Can't go home again
All your memories washed away
Can't go home again
Other summers took their place
Can't go home again
Whitewashed colors of the paint
Can't go home again
But you can never get away

Can't go home again
Though you traveled many miles
Can't go home again
No matter how you burn inside
Can't go home again
All I can say is I wish I could...