

Going Back

St. Paul & The Broken Bones

One traffic light
No store
Somebody said there's no school anymore
It's a raging day, steam rising off the pavement
Shooting signs for entertainment
And I'm on edge, just like before
I always said I'd show you
I always said I'd show you

Going back
Going back to where the hurt is
Where the dirt is
Won't be doing that
Not going back
So I'll have to stagger forward, shaking
Like a wounded bird
With no idea how bad the damage is

I take you to see the church
The mix of Clorox and the pine, shreds my nerves
And it brings it home, if this is home, it's also in me
Instead of clean, the smell is sickly
And I'm scared it's you I'll hurt
I always said I'd show you
I always said I'd show you

Going back
Going back to where the hurt is
Where the dirt is
Won't be doing that
Not going back
So I'll have to stagger forward, shaking
Like a wounded bird
With no idea how bad the damage is

Shouldn't have come here
We shouldn't have come here
Don't dig it up
It's more than sad
Going back
So I'll have to stagger forward, shaking
Like a wounded bird
With no idea about the damage done