Angels

the everybodyfields

I was sick about the time we hit Virginia,
I had tombstones down both sides of my face.
Driving all night home from Boston,
I was so tired of being away.
Thinking about summer time and heat waves
And a town, it hardly ever snows,
Hitting apples with a baseball bat in August,
That's where I want to go...
So good to be home.

Well sidewalks down here, they go forever
and they always seem to meet you with a smile.
If they don't park the cars out where they shouldn't

I believe you can see clear for a mile.
Well there's a tree on Maple St., it turns so yellow,
it turns lose the leaves; the ground, it turns to gold.
My car, it always knows what gear to be in
and my feet can always take me home.
So good to be home.

Well the lights here, they can spin the head of a young
man
into thinking that the whole town loves you.
But your heart is not protected from the city
it might help to get you through.
Well the downtown has given me some problems
and we've all had some growing up to do,
walking on cars and across the tops of buildings,
I think that God was probably laughing too.
So good to be home...

Down the street my neighbor's son is walking,
the north side is getting bigger all the time.
I owe the girl down at the library some money,
she says she's just gonna let it slide.
In my mind every single day is sunny,
it's so bright it almost hurts my eyes to see.
When the rain is pouring out over the gutters,
thank the lord just to be here in Tennessee.
So good to be home...

Half a mile now from the border,
half a mile just to roll my windows down.
Sitting, staring at the windshield,
telling myself "not too much further now".
I call David up to see what he is doing
and I pass him as he's getting in his car.
Down the road and take a right down State of Franklin
and we'll p__ the night away down at the bar.
So good to be home...

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