

# Hoodie Weather

The Wonder Years

It smells like it should be snowing  
And I've been frequenting a diner on Main Street  
Where the waitresses are girls that graduated with me  
Have problems with oxy and can't recall what I had to drink  
No one knows where they're going  
They just know they want out of here badly  
They're like cigarettes dropped on a highway  
They smash and scatter and burn out somewhere else without knowing  
I've got my grandmother's veins in the back of my hands  
And just a hint of a South Philly accent  
I was born here and I'll probably die here  
Let's go home

This town has got lies to tell  
I'll wait around and hear you out  
But I can't keep from digging up these bones forever  
At least for now, I'll settle down  
I'll try to find some solid ground  
I lost my footing trying to get home last winter

The kids in the graduating class  
Have got their eyes set west  
And California on their lips  
But I left some blood there that I'm never getting back  
Rocky's in the Deep South  
I don't think he's coming back now  
It's sinister, but it's how life worked out  
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Growing up means watching my heroes turn human in front of me  
The songs we wrote at eighteen seem shortsighted and naïve  
So when the weather breaks, I'll pull my hoodie up over my face  
I won't run away, run away  
As fucked as this place got, it made me me

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