

# We're Already Home

Tom MacDonald

I was standing with my hands in my pocket and a cigarette hanging off my lips  
She was dancing on the sidewalk singing 'bout the life that she lived as a kid  
I was buzzing off the whiskey so I listened for a minute with my back up against the bricks  
Told another sad story from a woman who was tryna make a living with her hips

Oh lady, oh my, why don't you take me for a good time

Down to a place where the bad people go  
Where the beer's all cheap and the good weed smokes  
And the stage lights up and you leave your clothes  
And the cops don't come 'cause they know we won't leave  
We're already home

I was walking with my hands in my pocket and a little bit of bourbon on my breath  
I was following a woman from the bar, 'cause she knew about a thing, at least that's what she said

Oh lady, oh my, why don't you take me for a good time

Down to a place where the bad people go  
Where the beer's all cheap and the good weed smokes  
And the stage lights up and you leave your clothes  
And the cops don't come 'cause they know we won't leave  
We're already home

Down to a place where the freaks come 'round  
And the sun don't rise 'til the booze runs out  
And the guns go off but the music too loud  
And the cops don't bother tryna shut it down because we  
We're already home

I was walking with my hands in my pocket and a late night buzzing in my ears  
Left a girl from the bar at a party 'cause I know that she don't belong here

Oh lady, oh my, why don't you take me for a good time