

You took a train to the south side of Boston
You showed me where your old man stayed
Took twenty-eight years of blood I was lost in
To feel loved on my own birthday
And I always felt like I's in between something
Like home and somewhere far away
But tonight, on the west side in a bar out in Brooklyn
I saw tears outline your face

How lucky are we? It's been a hell of a week
But you're all grown now
There's smoke seepin' out of your bloody teeth
But you're home somehow

And I'll be upstairs with the guitar I's given
When I was barely fourteen
When did McGlinchey's get so crowded
And why are the crowds so damn green?
I lost my mind on the streets of the city
And maybe I lost all hope, too
Took twenty-eight years of blood pumpin' through me
To get to this evening with you

How lucky are we? It's been a hell of a week
But we're all grown now
There's smoke seepin' out of the bar down the street
But we're home somehow

How lucky are we? It's been a hell of a week
And we're all grown now
There's smoke seepin' out of the bar down the street
But we're home somehow

You took a train to the south side of Boston
You showed me where your whole heart stayed
Took twenty-eight years of blood pumpin' through me
To feel loved on my own birthday