

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