

# Billy Joel, The Great Suburban Showdown

Flyin' east on a plane  
Drinkin' all that free champagne  
I guess I saw this comin' down the line  
And I know it should be fun  
But I think I should've packed my gun  
Got that old suburban showdown in my mind

Sit around with the folks  
Tell the same old tired jokes  
Bored to death on Sunday afternoon  
Mom and Dad, me and you  
And the outdoor barbecue  
Think I'm gonna hide out in my room

I've been gone for a while  
Made some changes in my style  
And they say you can't go home anymore  
Well the streets all look the same  
And I'll have to play the game  
We'll all sit around in the kitchen chairs  
With the TV on and the neighbors there

Out in the yard  
Where my Daddy worked so hard  
He never lets the crab grass grow too high  
Oh, the place hasn't changed  
And that's why I'm gonna feel so strange  
But I'll have to face the music bye and bye

I've been gone for a while  
Made some changes in my style  
And they say you can't go home anymore  
Well the streets all look the same  
And I'll have to play the game  
We'll all sit around in the kitchen chairs  
With the TV on and the neighbors there

Drive into town  
When this big bird touches down  
I'm only comin' home to say goodbye  
Then I'm gone with the wind  
And I won't be seen again  
Till that great suburban showdown in the sky  
Till that great suburban showdown in the sky