

Butch Walker, Going Back / Going Home

I'm not happy with myself these days
I took the best parts of the script and I made them all clichés.
And this red bandana surely gonna fade
Even though it's the only thing the fire didn't take.
Everybody says 'you'll grow a lot, from this experience'.
Baby B comes in after a while, becomes a president.
The best things get disguised sometimes but all I know is
I finally know the difference between going back and going home.
There's a lady on my block that has a kid.
As he swims in the above ground pool, she seals up the lid.
And he thinks it's kinda normal that she hides,
All the cuts and all the bruises
She says it's warpaint for the eyes.
She tells her son she did the best she could as she buries Dad.
Maybe he'll grow up to be a man, or like his father did.
As they leave the driveway for the northern snow,
They finally know the difference between going back and going home.
Cut to a life
Being born in '69
Low class suburb,
Everythings fine.
Fondue parties
My mom and my dad,
Drinks being drunk
And fights being had.
I lost my virginity to a girl in my band
She was four years older, she made me a man.
So addicted to sex
Every chance that I got.
With whoever I wanted
Until I got caught.
So I took my penicillin and I took my band
To a town made of glitter girls and cocaine friends.
Got handed the job by the age of eighteen.
Saw more than most people that I know had ever seen.
Played every bar, drank till black and blue.
Did the morning show bullshit
And went to China too.
Where they left us to die, without a ticket to flee.
In sighting the riot, we were only 23.
Packed it up, started over just as fast as we can.
Selling tapes making merch in the back of a van
Living hand-to-mouth for the next five years.
Took up drinking wine, gave up drinking beer.
Signed another big deal with a devil in a dress.
A 'one hit wonder' I think, describes it best.
Decided to burn out, then to fade away.
Went back to the van the very next day.
Picked it up, made a living without any help.
Made amazing friends, if I saw so myself.
If living like this at thirty-eight is a bore,
Then c'mon God, please give me thirty-eight more.
And everybody knows I've seen a lot
Yea, I'm experienced.
Makes you feel so old after a while,
Just like our president.
Everytime I come back in this town I know,
I finally know the difference between going back and going home.
Yea...back and going home.
I do.