

# Jace Everett, Nowhere In The Neighborhood

Standin' here on this old familiar porch,  
I know this welcome mat ain't meant for me.  
I can't believe you even opened up the door:  
You always were much too kind to me.  
I don't know how I wound up here,  
I was nowhere in the neighborhood.

In this house on this street,  
We had a chance to live a dream:  
I'd go back and get it right if I could.  
'Cause I was here but I was gone:  
How could I get so much so wrong?  
Now I know a home is more than bricks an' wood.  
There's so much of love I thought I understood,  
But I was nowhere in the neighborhood.

I had everything a man could ever want,  
But still I was not satisfied.  
A fool would drink from some forbidden cup,  
Until he's drunk on his own lies.  
Yeah, I believed I could live two lives:  
I was nowhere in the neighborhood.

In this house on this street,  
We had a chance to live a dream:  
I'd go back and get it right if I could.  
'Cause I was here but I was gone:  
How could I get so much so wrong?  
Now I know a home is more than bricks an' wood.  
There's so much of love I thought I understood,  
But I was nowhere in the neighborhood.

'Cause I was here but I was gone:  
How could I get so much so wrong?  
Now I know a home is more than bricks an' wood.  
There's so much of love I thought I understood,  
Yeah, I was nowhere in the neighborhood.  
Nowhere in the neighborhood.

No, no.