

# Joe Jackson, Home Town

Of all the stupid things I could have thought  
This was the worst  
I started to believe  
That I was born at seventeen  
And all the stupid things  
The letters and the broken verse  
Stayed hidden at the bottom of the drawer  
They'd always been  
And now I plough through piles  
Of bills, receipts and credit cards  
And tickets and the Daily News  
And sometimes I just . . .  
Wanna go back to my home town  
Though I know it'll never be the same  
Back to my home town  
'Cause it's been so long  
And I'm wondering if it's still there  
We think we're pretty smart  
Us city slickers get around  
And when the going's rough  
We kill the pain and relocate  
We're never married  
Never faithful not to any town  
But we never leave the past behind  
We just accumulate  
So sometimes when the music stops  
I seem to hear a distant sound  
Of waves and seagulls  
Football crowds and church bells  
And I . . .  
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