

Patti Scialfa, You Can't Go Back

New York City, 1988
standing in the Chelsea rain
with a small suitcase
I used to walk invisible
and the only time I felt recognized
was when I saw myself reflected
in your loving eyes
now I'm looking for a piece of my past
on these streets that I once knew but'

Hey hey, you can't go back
hey hey, you can't go back

Now I used to have the kind of luck
that went from bad to worse
a gypsy on the waterfront
she told me I was cursed
she said no one's young forever
well I just laughed
I turned to leave around the corner
and the years went past
now I'm looking for a piece of myself
on the same streets that I once knew but'

Hey hey, you can't go back
hey hey, you can't go back

How can everything look so different
how can everything look so the same
thru an open window I hear a record playing
'Who will stop the rain'
Now there's a river
of faces in the tide of rise and fall
do they wonder where we have gone
do they think of us at all
will they recognize us now
in those perfect clothes and gowns
do they wonder what we're doing here
on this side of town

Hey hey, you can't go back
hey hey, you can't go back