

# Pennywise, Homesick

I walk down my old street  
Used to be home for me and  
now there's spraypaint on the walls  
I see a house that at one time looked nice  
but now it is abandoned  
There's nothing left at all  
So why, why must we let our chances fly  
When oh when oh will we ever see hope again  
Why, why, why is it hard to say goodbye  
Well oh well oh at least I can still remember when  
our city used to be such a beautiful place  
Now you can't walk down the street  
the same and think you'll see the same  
My hands are in the air  
It makes no sense to me  
I cannot explain this tragedy  
My first trip to city  
I remember thinking  
that the buildings stood so tall  
and when I see that my old stomping ground  
is just a ravaged  
they seem so small now rather  
feel like I'm living in someone else's-dream  
It doesn't seem this is the way  
that things should be  
it's like a dark cloud swallowed up humanity  
Whatever it is it is be-yond-me  
Homesickness is the flu that surrounds me  
A virus spreading through the street  
It astounds me  
Homesickness