

The Rifles, Hometown Blues

Walk up down rundown avenues and back through swollen city veins
Now sobered up enough to understand that nothing stays the same
Overpopulated crowds you'd think I'd find a place that I'd
Attach myself upon somewhere I felt alive until I die

These hometown blues follow me home again
The closer I go I feel further away

Walk back down run down avenues and attitudes are everywhere
Pass a drunken argument they roll around and people stare
Finally hit the underground and no surprise I turn to find
Two men for twenty pound of mine if I'm alive they'll have me die

These hometown blues follow me home again
The closer I go I feel further away
Further away, further away, further away

These hometown blues follow me home again
The closer I go I feel further away

These hometown blues follow me home again
The closer I go I feel further away