

Wheat

"Hometown"

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I'd trade all my sunshine, for twin towers to hide behind
And find you there
And I left on that sunday
To come home on a tuesday
Well I never
I never thought I'd have to stay and watch the world
explode

And I swear it was beautiful before they sent those
airplanes
And I thought I would show them to you just like my dad
did

Home town come tumbling down

When she came on that sunday
I took her home the long way
So she could see

And she asked when they made it
And would they ever change it
I said no way
Half of what you see and none of what you hear believe

And I told her I that they remind me of Motown, sixties,
skinny ties,
What they thought the future looked like where the
Jetsons lived.

Home town come tumbling down

So we sat down and we cried
And we ran to the front line
And some came home

And I stay off the expressway
Nothing to see there anyway
That view sucks now

But there was a time the Brooklyn traffic couldn't get
me down

I swear it was beautiful I hope they build it tall again
Til then your imagination is all that you will have

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