

Rifles, The "Hometown Blues"

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Walk up down run down 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

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