

Devotchka

"Back Home"

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V1:

I'm the one under the gun, most of the time I'm havin
fun
Everything usually comes real easy to me.
I got friends that call every once in a while and others
that we talk like it's going out of style.
I never worry about much my spirit is free.
It all started when I was one week old. I was laid on an
alter for the world to know
My old man and my preacher man were the same. Yeah
but
My home life was no fairytale. It was me Deanna and
my sister Michelle
Gettin fed the word of truth every day.

Chorus:

Back home is where the chance was givin to me.
I go back to get where I can clearly see.
But every time that I get lost I crawl back on my hands
and knees
Back home where I need to be.

V2:

My momma was a typical preacher's wife, prayin her
way through struggles and strife.
Tryin the best she could to pass it my way.
I played football, baseball, tennis, and golf and every
time I got the chance I'd get lost
Runnin from my dad and what he had to say
And When I moved out everything got bad, struggling
between sin and God.
There wad'nt no sense in me acting that way,
Cause I was in church every time the door was cracked
even though I sat way back in the back.
They tried to teach me but I learned the hard way.

Bridge:

This is my life, there's no need to explain
I've made my decisions. I'm living with the pain.
When I look back on all the things I've tried
I'm surprised I'm still alive.

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