

Matthew Good

"The Boy Come Home"

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While I go over it in my head
Walk through those doors and stand there staring
And there ain't one soul that's in there dead
My hand stays out, I keep my head
And walking out I see you sitting in that Ford of your old
man's
Scratching your arms like your skin is crawling
But done up the best you can

Face first pilot through your window
Them Paupers they can't tell
It's strange to think we could have been so brought up
by
Ourselves
Run through the streets like rivers raging to seas of
barren sand
And while every gain tears you apart stay done up the
best
You can

Unemployment lines stretch to the desert and
camoflounge
Hotels
Where traded up to new distinctions puts justice in your
shells
Take one for the team and that pretty lady used to
cover
Up the smell
But when you get back boy you're just crazy if you dare
kiss
And tell

This aching heart ain't something I done
This aching heart's been handed down
But I'm done with it now

So I take that screaming in my head
I walk through those doors and stand there staring
And my hand slips into my coat and everything just
freezes...

Running out I see you sitting in the Ford of your old

man's
The boy come home

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