

## Red Hot Chili Peppers

### "Hometown Gypsy"

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Drivin' up the coast  
To find a version of the truth  
Left the backdoor swinging  
Like a dirty little slueth

The truth is I have never left  
Felt half this alive  
Now it's time to dance  
Upon the grave called 45

Jacked up on some Kerouac  
And surely bulletproof  
The Girl who taught me what to do  
Was missing her front tooth

Gentle as a storm  
Inside your mental health  
I want to find the answer  
But I just can't find myself

I say so long  
To the way I played  
The way I played  
Inside of yesterday

Hey let's run around  
The great escape  
From out of my hometown

Later I would look for love  
Inside a woman's dorm  
A couch to keep me humble  
And her breath to keep me warm

Ophelia was the girl  
That I was feeling for

Come to realize  
It was me who was the whore

A captain lost himself  
Inside a 40 year old skull  
The drink of choice was knowledge  
And we always wanted more

Drunken sailors  
Seeking their Geronimo  
Instead they found the things  
That they really didn't want to know

Country roads  
Would never let me stay  
The way I played  
Inside of yesterday

A devil's growl and cat's meow  
Were blended into one  
Termites called suburbanites  
Were eating all the fun

A juggernaut of comedy  
And blasphemy  
I wanna stop the madness  
But I think it has to be

Hey let's run around  
The great escape  
From out of my hometown

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