

Casket Lottery "Wrong Hometown"

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Driving through your childhood, and all the stories that
youve told me since we first met. I get the feeling that
you're forgetting to tell me what you're trying to forget.
As we walk across the park on the iced over grass you
start to talk about all the times when, and all the nights
when, and the underneath us breaking like glass.

This is the park where you fell asleep, and couldnt tell
if it was a dream, when you opened your eyes and saw
the man hiding in the trees. This is the street where the
woman died, she had the problem of being too sweet,
and how naive of me to think I couldnt get homesick in
a week. All the sweethearts here litter the streets, the
liberal and artistic minds. They walk hand and hand
and kiss each others cheeks when they meet. They
have got everything in common and the conversations
never stop, theyve all got the one about running all
night from the campus cops.

But behind the trees at the overpass-a girl was once
crushed by a train, running to catch up with her friends,
her life turned into one day. And the town carries on-
and the town heals with time, everyone tries so hard to
chase these ghosts from their mind. And how naive of
me to think that i couldnt get homesick in a week.

It starts to snow as the quartet down the street warms
up the strings. I'm in the wrong hometown. It feels like
its time to leave. I'm in the wrong hometown for
Christmas Eve.

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