

Wicked Tinkers

"Call Home"

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Is this glass full of water or is it full of light
You can never walk by a mirror without looking at
yourself twice
Your whole life has been shaped by what you saw in the
back of a hand
You used to be a hungry boy but the law turned you into
a decent sort of man
Go and get your things now, we're going for a ride
I see the arrow in my path and I know this has gotta be
a sign
It didn't take much no it never took much to get out
Just your daddy's turn key and the engine fire burned
every wire down
Now the moon light lights up all of the dirty back roads
Past the graveyard family plot where everyone I know
goes
Drive away from the sounds of the place in the town
where he lives
I was swinging blind tryin' to find a way out of hell with
my fists
You put your hand on my shoulder it was nothing to me
'cept dead weight
'Cause I ain't never gonna turn around I'd rather make
the whole world pay
Do you wanna be one of the other reconciled down in
the earth
To poison the fields and the soil and the trees in the
dirt

Oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh

You hear a name in the noise at a party it was
somebody you know
Your sister singing for an audience of one on the radio
Call home, call home if you ever have any doubts
You're just a hitchhike highway ghost ridin' your ways
from town to town
Call home, call home, I'm looking for a quarter and a
payphone
Call home, call home, you've got a long way to go

I am a long way from home
You've got a long way to go
We are a long way from home

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