

Cya "This Boy"

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Turn left at the old hote
I know this boulevard much too well it hasn't changed
since I been gone
Oh this used to be my way home

They paved the road thru the neighborhood
I guess the county finally fixed good it was gettin'
rough
Someone finally complained enough

Fight the tears back with a smile
Stop and look for a little while oh it's plain to see
The only thing missing is me

That's my house and that's my car
That's my dog in my back yard
There's the window to the room
Where she lays her pretty head
I planted that tree out by the fence
Not long after we moved in
That's my kids and that's my wife
Who's that man, runnin' my life

If I pulled in would it cause a scene
There not really expectin me those kid's have been thru
hell
I hear they've adjusted well

Turn around in the neighbors drive
I'd be hard to recognise in this pick-up truck
It's just an old fixer up

Drive away one more time
Lot of things runnin' thru my mind I guess the less
things change
The more they never seem the same

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