

Everett Jace

"Nowhere In The Neighborhood"

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Standin' here on this old familiar porch,
I know this welcome mat ain't meant for me.
I can't believe you even opened up the door:
You always were much too kind to me.
I don't know how I wound up here,
I was nowhere in the neighborhood.

In this house on this street,
We had a chance to live a dream:
I'd go back and get it right if I could.
'Cause I was here but I was gone:
How could I get so much so wrong?
Now I know a home is more than bricks an' wood.
There's so much of love I thought I understood,
But I was nowhere in the neighborhood.

I had everything a man could ever want,
But still I was not satisfied.
A fool would drink from some forbidden cup,
Until he's drunk on his own lies.
Yeah, I believed I could live two lives:
I was nowhere in the neighborhood.
In this house on this street,
We had a chance to live a dream:
I'd go back and get it right if I could.
'Cause I was here but I was gone:
How could I get so much so wrong?
Now I know a home is more than bricks an' wood.
There's so much of love I thought I understood,
But I was nowhere in the neighborhood.

'Cause I was here but I was gone:
How could I get so much so wrong?
Now I know a home is more than bricks an' wood.
There's so much of love I thought I understood,
Yeah, I was nowhere in the neighborhood.
Nowhere in the neighborhood.

No, no.

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