

Atlas Sound

"Always Coming Back Home To You"

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To all my killers and my hundred dollar billers
To emo kids that got too many feelings

He held the register open while he counted her change
I was next in line which meant I was invisible
From where I stood I could see that the till was full
He didn't look the type to play superhero
So I stepped forth and paid for my cigarettes
Crept out the stores front door to chase a little breath
Fangles in my head, shake the song off
Another manic Monday night, its gonna be a long walk

A car pulled up, a fixed up Cutlass
A woman and a child climbed out and left it running
They went inside of the deli, placed an order
With the extra dollar fifty bottled water cuz the
daughters picky
When they came out mommy gave me a glance
That said man can love an angel but he's got to take
the chance
Already knew the deal, I lit one up and walk
So they got back in the Oldsmobile, belted up, and took
off

Thug love on the corner by the Walgreen's
Looking at me like I'm just another square saltine
As I get closer I notice that they showing each other
sketches
Out of their notebooks, reminded me of my old roots

I walk pass with a nod and a reminisce
Swear to God hip-hop and comic books was my genesis
Respect the life and the fashions of the children
It's the only culture I've got, exactly what we've been
building

All of a sudden I'm in front of some man
No he's a youngin but he's got a gun in his hand
He looks fifteen, he looks frantic, no he looks afraid
Immediately apprehensive 'til I heard him say
?Do you want this It's not mine I promise

I found it on my block in between a couple garages
Didn't wanna leave it for a child to stumble over
I don't even know how to hold it.?

It was a thirty-eight, the poor mans machete
Held it in my hand, thinking damn man it's heavier then
expected,
wedged it behind my belt buckle
knowin that its evil, even thought that I could smell
trouble
the extra strength felt weak,
but over there on the corner saw what I needed and
proceeded to cross the
street
put the heat in the mail box to loose it
figured that the post office knows whats best to do with
it

Mosey down the road thinkin' bout the old
I use to roam this zone with two feet of snow
Right here, this use to be a record shop
I've gotten love, I've gotten drunk, I've gotten beat up
in that parking lot
I've had my Lake Street pride for three decades
These alleyways, and these streetlights have seen my
best days
Before I was a germ learnin how to misbehave,
All the way to the grave, SOUTH SIDE is my resting
place

Took a right on Lyndale I'm getting near
But then the road became empty and the people
disappeared
The clouds ran away, opened up the sky
And one by one I watched every constellation die
And there I was frozen, standing in my backyard
Face to face, eye to eye, staring at the last star
I should've known, walked all the way home
To find that she wasn't here, I'm still all alone

No matter where I am, no matter what I do
I'm always coming back home to you
They can leave me for dead they can take away my
true
I'm always coming back home to you
Through the lies and the sins that ride the wind that
blew
I'm always coming back home to you
As sure as the life in the garden that you grew
I'm always coming back home to you
No matter where I am, no matter what I do

I'm always coming back home to you
If only I had known what you already knew
I'm always coming back home to you
From the heaven I've had to the hell I been through
I'm always coming back home to you
I'm always coming back home to you

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