

Sarah Buxton

"Back Home"

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Jayhawks play tonight at eight-thirty:
We're all dressed up in the crimson an' blue.
Momma's pissed by the house bein' dirty;
Daddy's got his eyes glued to the tube.

Seems like the rest of the world keeps turnin',
Evolvin' and a-solvin' mysteries unknown.
From where I'm sittin', there's one thing certain:
Nothin' ever changes back home.
No, no.

Grandma's tunin' in to "Sex And The City,"
Thinkin' 'bout the single life she never had.
Puke's on the carpet: damn that kitty.
She's be matted on the wall if it was up to Dad.

Seems like the rest of the world keeps turnin',
Evolvin' and a-solvin' mysteries unknown.
From where I'm sittin', there's one thing certain:
Nothin' ever changes back home.
Yeah.

Well, somebody go an' tell Bumpy that the world didn't
end,

An' Carrie didn't win.
'Cause dinner with the family wouldn't be no fun,
If he don't come.
Yeah, yeah.

:! Instrumental Break .:
(C'mon, Bumpy.)
(I'll fix you up a nice Scotch on the rocks.)
(Please.)

Seems like the rest of the world keeps turnin',
Evolvin' and a-solvin' mysteries unknown.
From where I'm sittin', there's one thing certain:
Nothin' ever changes back home.

Yeah, when life starts feelin' like it just ain't workin',
It's good to know that Momma leaves the porch light

on.

Well, thank the Good Lord that one thing is certain.
Nothin' ever changes back home, no.

Nothin' ever changes back home, whoa;
Yeah, just stays the same.

(Cock-doodle doo.)

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