

Small Brown Bike "Wrong Hometown"

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Driving through your childhood,
and all the stories that you've told me since we first
met.
I get the feeling that you're forgetting to tell me what
you're trying to forget.
As we walk across the park on the iced over grass
you start to talk about all the times when,
and all the nights when, and the underneath us
breaking like glass.
This is the park where you fell asleep, and couldn't tell
if it was a dream,
when you opened your eyes and saw the man hiding in
the trees.
This is the street where the woman died,
she had the problem of being too sweet,
and how naive of me to think I couldn't get homesick in
a week.
All the sweethearts here litter the streets, the liberal
and artistic minds.
They walk hand and hand and kiss each other's cheeks
when they meet.
They have got everything in common and the
conversations never stop,
they've all got the one about running all night from the
campus cops.
But behind the trees at the overpass-a girl was once
crushed by a train,
running to catch up with her friends, her life turned into
one day.
And the town carries on-and the town heals with time,
everyone tries so hard to chase these ghosts from their
mind.
And how naive of me to think that I couldn't get
homesick in a week.
It starts to snow as the quartet down the street warms
up the strings.
I'm in the wrong hometown.
It feels like it's time to leave.
I'm in the wrong hometown for Christmas Eve.

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