

Van Dyke Parks

"I Aint Goin Home"

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Fine day for fishin, fine day for wishin
All that I miss is my fair weather friend
Feelin like foolin around
Somewheres I never be found
Wastin my time
Would it be a crime if I climb
Back in the bottle again

Where a friend meets a friend
Where the bowed may unbend
Where the fast is forgiven
We get what we give in
And livin is easy again

High time for drinkin, high time for thinkin
Down where the cotton would melt in my mouth
Watchin the world go around
Stood up but standin my ground
Standin so tall away from it all when I crawl
Back in the bottle again

Far is further than eye can see
I would go where you won't bother me
Other places I would rather be than there
I aint goin home

Though with disresponsibility
Underneath this domesticity
Even if my missus misses me tonight
I aint goin home

Bring me just another mouth to feed
Care not now where ere the path may lead
Who hath holpen now fill every need
Not me
I aint goin home

Found dis-for-straction, that's my relaxion
Out of the action and happy again
Don't go be mindin me of pity of brotherly love
Birds gotta swim and fish gotta fry when I cry

Back in the bottle again
I aint goin home

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