

Dave Smallen

"The Place I'm From"

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It was the first time you saw me angry
The cold Brooklyn night, broken glass on the snow
And in the wind on the street, I set down my guitar
I got this feeling, like when they call you son
So I'm headed back to the place I'm from

They called me out here just to say to me
You don't make enough money, you're not worth the
time
Some people don't take responsibility for shifting other
people's lives
They say I'm finished, but I'm not done
I'm just headed back to the place I'm from

And I drove hard through the snow and the heat
I held my ground on the edge of defeat
And all those eyes as they'd tear into me
The subway ride as I'd slide underneath
All those kids sacrificing their souls
For the myth of Rock & Roll
And money and fame and those who crumble for those
things
They'll only leave you
They'll only leave

I think if you're gracious and you work hard
If you're kind to other people and got something to say
Then you can make a living but it might not be much
So you gotta love it, and I won't be stunned
If it takes you back to the place you're from
If it takes you back to the place you're from

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