

Going Home

Brazzaville

It's late September
Summer's over
And I'm on this beach alone
And I'm going home

The wind's grown colder
It's not like the gentle breezes
Back in June
And I'm going home
Summer's gone
I'm going home

Goodbye pain
Goodbye failing liver
I'm going home
Goodbye courts
And detention centers
I'm going home
Summer's gone
I'm going home

The waves and boulders
Wild California coastline
Highway 1
I'm going home
The first breath of water
Leads to a transcendental
Sense of calm
And I'm going home
Summer's gone
I'm going home