

Every Town Has An Elm Street

Iron Chic

You took the first fucking chance to get out of town
I'm cool with that but I still want you around
I wouldn't say I'm stuck here but that's irrelevant
Because you're free and clear
But don't sweat it
I'm just saying
I couldn't really make a case for staying
I don't think I'm wrong, I don't think you're wrong
In the worst fucking case we could lose ourselves
Each of us in a personal hell
We can take the heartache
As we stumble our way
Through our old mistakes
And I get it
I don't regret it
I just want to be the one who said it
Right or wrong it's different when you're gone
We made a hell of a mess out of this poor town
We've been given the chance to spread it around
We do things the hard way
We all fall apart at our own pace
Ugly bedrooms bred bad habits
Made it hard to see through all the static
Does it ever end? It never fucking ends
We saw it coming
From a thousand miles away
It's a brand new day
And we all find our way (home)
(Home) is where the heart stays
When the heart strays
Home is where we are today