

367-1000  
Here we go again

The days get longer  
The sun beats stronger  
It gets in my eyes and it warms my face  
Though truth be known  
I've yet been shown  
A better time or a better place

I'll walk the streets  
Of Southern California  
I'll drink black coffee and happily watch the day go by  
I'll pine for crazy  
See the Blasters at the Roxy  
Secretly Wish I could call that place my own

But I know it's an illusion  
I don't have to pander to the day to day  
And in the end  
With Weeks to wend  
I find myself home in the place from which  
I cannot get away

I'm cold  
I'm tired  
I have to warm my feet by the fire  
But  
And here we go again  
I'm home  
I'm home