

Train, Last Child

I'm dreaming tonight, I'm living back home
Right!
Yeah...yeah

Take me back to a south Tallahassee
Down cross the bridge to my sweet sassafrassy
Can't stand up on my feet in the city
Gotta get back to the real nitty gritty

Yes sir, no sir
Don't come close to my
Home sweet home
Can't catch no dose
Of my hot tail poon tang sweetheart
Sweathog ready to make a silk purse
From a J Paul Getty and his ear
With her face in her beer

Home sweet home

Get out in the field
Put the mule in the stable
Ma she's a cookin'

Put the eats on the table
Hate's in the city
And my love's in the meadow
Hands on the plow
And my feets in the ghetto

Stand up, sit down
Don't do nothing
It ain't no good when boss man's
Stuffin' down their throats
For paper notes
And their babies cry
While cities lie at their feet
When you're rockin' the street

Home sweet home

Mama, take me home sweet home

I was the last child
I'm just a punk in the street
(Repeat)