

The Castle Gone

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A while back I'm wandering down
The streets of this forgotten town.
It seemed that it would do me good
To end up where my house once stood.
And sure enough, it still was there,
The rotting porch, the narrow stair,
The mailbox to the second floor,
The broken lock, the open door.

They say you can't go home again,
But still I've heard it's true
That home is in the presence of
The people that you really love,
The rest is up to you.

The comfy couch, the table round,
The curbside furniture we found,
Remember living like a king,
Just listening to the plumbing sing.
Oh, man, I really miss those days,
When pain was just a passing phase,
But still, I never would disdain
To live in that old house again.

They say you can't go home again,
But still I know it's true
That home is in the presence of
The people that you really love,
It's waiting there for you.