

Can't Go Home

Jelly Roll & Struggle Jennings

Waylon and Willie 2

They say, home is where the heart is, mama[Struggle:]

Made it out of that snake pit

Now snake skin on these boot tips

I see loose lips sank the last ship

So I set sail on a new trip

Some mistakes I never make again

Circle lot no one breaking in

I gotta sit back and try to take it in

I know perseverance, what it take to win

Hard to push when the world pull

When the ones you love they try to burn you

Death coming smell her perfume

Try to make it home before the curfew

I was running late and the doors was locked

And the windows too, no where to turn to

After all the money I done burn through

I woke up broke on a church pew

With a new goal in on a 45

A fire in my eyes and some hunger pains

I spent my younger day just chasing fame

To get burnt by the flames that money brings

Blazed trails and I torched bridges

Ain't no turning back and I've moved on

Home is where the heart is

I've been heartless too long mama

Mama says, you can't go home

You can't go home, you can't go home

Mama says, you can't go home

Can't go home, can't go home I've spent some time in the house of a rising son

Mirror on the wall I'm in fear of what I've become

Same thing I'm living for, same thing I'm dying from

Mama says, you can't go home, you can't go home

I've spent some time in the house of a rising son

Mirror on the wall I'm in fear of what I've become

Same thing I'm living for, same thing I'm dying from

Mama says, you can't go home, you can't go home

[Jelly Roll:]

Early in the morning breath stanking and yawning

I can feel last night from the dranks and the yoda

Heart beatin so fast I was thinkin its over

Now my first thought is that I hate that I'm sober

Dealin with the demons that I can't get control of
Dealing with the ones that I can't get ahold of
How many day away from commitin a hold up
Till we be patient and even the haters will show love
My brother told me Bubba get that check
And don't worry about bullshit cuz you got next
Then we know when you get it that you gonna flex
Then I'll be overlooked like the New York Jets
Pay attention to them homies when they want for ya
Back biting and acting like they get along which ya
But as soon as you catch a case and end you up in the place
The motherfucker won't even hit the phone for ya
I've done seen them stand tall and I've seen 'em fall
You can't me shit I've done seen it all
I ain't worried about chips, you can keep 'em all
But I promise you this I'm gonna bring it raw
I'm just trying to put my people on
I'm just trying to bounce some property from
singing songs
Trying to wake up from the cloud I've been dreaming on
And I ain't planning on going back when I was leaving home
Mama says, you can't go home
You can't go home, you can't go home
Mama says, you can't go home
Can't go home, can't go home
I've spent some time in the house of a rising son
Mirror on the wall I'm in fear of what I've become
Same thing I'm living for, same thing I'm dying from
Mama says, you can't go home, you can't go home
Can't go home...
I've spent some time in the house of a rising son
Mirror on the wall I'm in fear of what I've become
Same thing I'm living for, same thing I'm dying from
Mama says, you can't go home, you can't go home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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