

My hometown



I need no rendezvous with Mona Lisa, don't need the leaning Tower of Pisa.
The day when I am going down, I have to be in my hometown.

In my city where I was born, the news is rare, and it's outworn.
Here I find the things I need for life. Peaceful sheltering boredom is rife.
Even the sun shines only by day and you can't find a wonderful bay.
The time which I can foresee, my hometown is where I wanna be.

I need no rendezvous with Mona Lisa, don't need the leaning Tower of Pisa.
I need no trip on the Champs-Elysees and I shouldn't ever be in Montego Bay.

Even it pours for half the year, fog makes the sunshine stiffen in fear.
A light breeze carrying church bells, narrow lanes full of trusted smells.
I see well-known faces in the streets, I can rely on this steady repeats.
People I've met are the wonders of my world, in front of me paradise is unfurled.

Through the leaves of a scarlet oak a glimmer of an empty bottle of a Coke.
In the sky a sunlight kaleidoscope, my hometown is the real Cape of Good Hope.
Here I can always find peace of mind. I find my ways also when I am blind.
No surprises, everything makes sense, it's the right town for Steve Vance.