

## South County

There's a place I rarely go at home, somewhere I'm known  
Far away, little bit in the sticks, in nature's lonely zone  
You can find it hidden in an abyss. It's likely on its own  
Next to everything I did as a kid and hundreds of other homes

And you'll hear the people shopping say, "no place like home"  
And you'll say "that lake is deep". I'm sure it is  
Am I the one that greeted you when we were young getting tetanus shots  
I hope not, cuz that would be awkward

If you think you see a kid in a ditch, that's likely what you saw  
And if you drive for about six more miles, you'll see that's all I'll ever be  
In a vision, a cereal maze, the Easter bunny, long day in April  
I hear you order pesto cavatappi, pesto cavatappi, pesto cavatappi

And you'll hear the people golfing say, "no place like home  
Mulligan, that lake is deep" I'm sure it is  
Am I the one that greeted you when we were young getting tetanus shots  
I hope not, cuz that would be awkward  
That would be awkward

\*Moans in F Major\*