

I Don't Know How We Made It

Home

Hey Tom, you know I still recall the night we nearly died
Driving home from another gig, both of us so fried
You grabbed the wheel and called my name as I drifted to the side
And saved our families from a life of sorrow

We were young and crazy then, stupid and carefree
At seventeen, yeah, I was sure that nothing could stop me
And by the grace of God or some gentle force unseen
We touched the line but made it to tomorrow

I don't know how we made it home
We were so young, we were so stoned
Was someone watching over us, or did we do it on our own?
I don't know how, but we always made it home

Now every time that I drive back through our old town
I circle 'round the places where some of us fell down
For John and Beth and Wayne are seared forever in my brain
And there they live, forever seventeen

I don't know how we made it home
We were so drunk, we were so stoned
Was someone watching over us, or did we do it on our own?
I don't know how, but we always made it home

Yeah, I was glad I had your back, and you always had mine
And if it ever came to that, could you do it one more time?

So just a word of caution from someone who shouldn't be here
You might think you're invincible, still living without fear
But keep in mind, as you unwind, that danger's always near
And call me if you need safe passage home

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