

Old Stomping Grounds

Background: Mom died January 4th. There is no one living in my childhood home now, for the first time since 1962. At the time of this writing, we had not sold it yet. I went by a few weeks after her death to check on the house. I'd been there a few times since her death but with siblings, not alone. This was the first time I was alone. The feel was very different, in the house, and in the neighborhood.

Written: January 2025

Verse 1

I went by my childhood home today
First time alone since Mom died
A lot of her things still sit out
Just as she left them by her bedside

Walking through those empty rooms
The hallways seem so small
This is where I learned how to be
This is where I learned to crawl

Pre-chorus 1

The floor creaks under my feet
I can hear my heartbeat

Chorus 1

So pour another round
I want to fall in and drown
And let it take me down
To my old stomping grounds
So pour another round
This silence has got me down
There's no real going back now
To my old stomping grounds

Verse 2

Remember the smell of freshly cut grass
Summer nights under streetlights we'd roam
Playing Dungeon in the dark
Until we were called back home

That swing in the woods is gone
No more football lines painted in the road
No sounds of kids bouncing balls
Our old dirt bike tracks are overgrown

Pre-chorus 2

I feel alone in my own hometown
I feel like an orphan now

Chorus 2

So pour another round
I want to fall in and drown
And let it take me down
To my old stomping grounds
So pour another round
This nostalgia's got me down
There's no real going back now
To my old stomping grounds

Bridge

Will it be alright?

Will it be alright?

Will it be alright Momma?

Will it be alright?

Will it be alright?

Will it be alright?

Will it be alright Momma?

Tell me it'll be alright

Verse 3

For the first time in over 60 years

This house contains no living soul

No hearts to make it a home

Just old memories and ghosts

We'll sell it off soon to strangers

As if childhood memories could be sold

I hope they love it like we did

And make new memories of their own

Chorus 3

So pour another round
I want to fall in and drown
And let it take me down
To my old stomping grounds
So pour another round
This nostalgia's got me down
There's no real going back now
To my old stomping grounds

Pour another round
Say goodbye to Mr. Brown for me
Cuz I won't be going back down no more
To my old stomping grounds

Outro

Will it be alright?
Will it be alright?
Will it be alright Momma?
Will it be alright?
Tell me it'll be alright
I hope it'll be alright