

Old Stomping Grounds

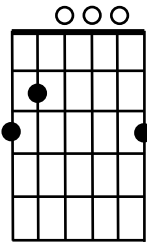
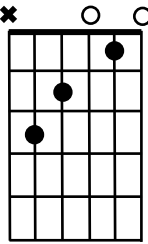
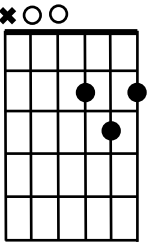
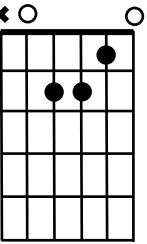
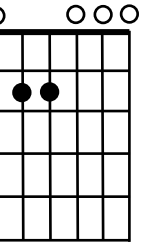
Background: Mom died January 4th. There is no one living in my childhood home now, for the first time since 1962. At the time of this writing, we had not sold it yet. I went by a few weeks after her death to check on the house. I'd been there a few times since her death but with siblings, not alone.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

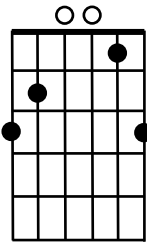
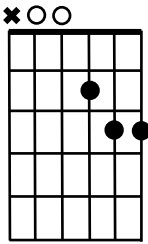
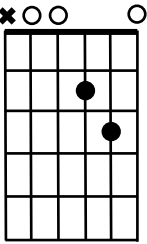
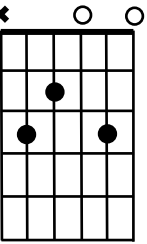
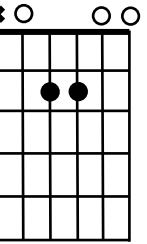
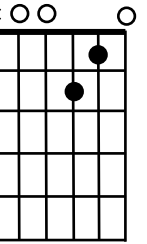
Written: January 2025

Arr.	Key	Time	Tuning	Tempo	Style	Capo
1	G	4/4	Standard	135	Acoustic Rock / Folk	None

Arrangement	1
Intro	C G D G
Verse	G C G C Am C G D
Pre-chorus	Em D
Chorus	C G D G x2
Bridge	Am C G D

Chords Used in this Song

G	C	D	Am	Em
				

Gadd11	Dsus	Dsus2	Cadd9	Asus2	AmAdd11
					

Old Stomping Grounds

Verse 1

G

I went by my childhood home today

C

First time alone since Mom died

G

A lot of her things still sit out

C

Just as she left them by her bedside

Am

Walking through those empty rooms

C

The hallways seem so small

G

This is where I learned how to be

D

This is where I learned to crawl

Pre-chorus 1

Em

The floor creaks under my feet

D

I can hear my heartbeat

Chorus 1

C

So pour another round

G

I want to fall in and drown

D

And let it take me down

C

G

To my old stomping grounds

C

So pour another round

G

This silence has got me down

D

There's no real going back now
G
To my old stomping grounds

Verse 2

G
Remember the smell of freshly cut grass
C
Summer nights under streetlights we'd roam
G
Playing Dungeon in the dark
C
Until we were called back home
Am
That swing in the woods is gone
C
No more football lines painted in the road
G
No sounds of kids bouncing balls
D
Our old dirt bike tracks are overgrown

Pre-chorus 2

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

Chorus 2

C
So pour another round
G
I want to fall in and drown
D
And let it take me down
C G
To my old stomping grounds
C
So pour another round
G

This nostalgia's got me down
D
There's no real going back now
C **G**
To my old stomping grounds

Bridge

Am
Will it be alright?
C
Will it be alright?
G
Will it be alright Momma?
D
Will it be alright?

Am
Will it be alright?
C
Will it be alright?
G
Will it be alright Momma?
D
Tell me it will be alright?

Verse 3

G
For the first time in over 60 years
C
This house contains no living soul
G
No hearts to make it a home
C
Just old memories and ghosts
Am
We'll sell it off soon to strangers
C
As if childhood memories could be sold
G
I hope they love it like we did

D

And make new memories of their own

Chorus 3

C

So pour another round

G

I want to fall in and drown

D

And let it take me down

C **G**

To my old stomping grounds

C

So pour another round

G

This nostalgia's got me down

D

There's no real going back now

C **G**

To my old stomping grounds

C

Pour another round

G

Say goodbye to Mr. Brown

For me

D

Cuz I won't be going back down no more

C **G**

To my old stomping grounds

Outro

Am

Will it be alright?

C

Will it be alright?

G

Will it be alright Momma?

D

Will it be alright?

Am

Will it be alright?

C

Will it be alright?

G

Will it be alright Momma?

D

Tell me it will be alright?

G

I hope it'll be alright

Old Stomping Grounds

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?

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

Old Stomping Grounds

<p>Verse: G C G C Am C G D</p>	<p>Pre-Chorus: Em D Chorus: C G D G x2</p>	<p>Bridge: Am C G D</p>
<p>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</p> <p>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</p> <p>Pre-chorus 1 The floor creaks under my feet I can hear my heartbeat</p> <p>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</p> <p>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</p> <p>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 all overgrown</p> <p>Pre-chorus 2 I feel alone in my own hometown I feel like an orphan now</p>	<p>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</p> <p>Bridge Will it be alright? Will it be alright? Will it be alright Momma? Will it be alright?</p> <p>Will it be alright? Will it be alright? Will it be alright Momma? Tell me it'll be alright</p> <p>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</p> <p>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</p>	<p>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</p> <p>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</p> <p>Bridge Will it be alright? Will it be alright? Will it be alright Momma? Will it be alright?</p> <p>Will it be alright? Will it be alright? Will it be alright Momma? Tell me it'll be alright I hope if will be alright</p>