

# Back to Home

## Cigar

Once again you've made your point  
But it never really makes a difference  
The only problem is that it's  
Lying on the floor So you want to pick it up  
It's always been in your court  
Just like they've always said  
On the floor it will remain Push your luck o hold your cards up high  
A sense of time, but no sense of danger  
If only possible to bluff your own way out In the line of days been saved  
To show and use as compensation  
No day lives stronger than the day  
I held my own They told me to watch where I would stand  
On thin ice or shaky ground and I would fall right in  
It's taken time to rummage through  
Events that paved the way All this time I'm keeping track  
Of ones to keep and ones to throw away  
My willingness to live carefree and unobtrusive  
Has been trampled by the strain so many know. And the tragic thing is being what's around you  
Ignoring all the signs that let it go Tired, I'm very tired  
Can you see me rounding back to home Wired, I'm very wired  
Can you see me rounding back to home

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