Homesick

Radical Face

One, two, three; one, two, three...
I left my home on hollow bones
While you were curled and sleeping
And I wandered far beneath the concrete star
And I slept along the highways
But even though I've been lost all the time
I've got hooks in my sides that you left there
But you're not the same, you died along the way

Now we're ghosts and we're praying for winter
I found a wheel that squeaks and squeals
And I left it on your doorstep
'cause I heard that you might be broken, too
And I thought it'd keep you company
But even though I've been lost all the time
I've got hooks in my sides that you left there
But you're not the same, you died along the way
Now we're ghosts and we're praying for winter

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