

# 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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