

Homeless

Maria Mena

What is in this wine?
the more I drink the more I wander off
into a stranger's eyes
I like the way that they reflect my thoughts

what is in this air?
it feels like feathery dust everywhere
and as I breathe it in
I breathe the masculine scent of his skin

and I feel homeless

your comfortable caress
has triggered unfamiliar restlessness
you and I are we
I feel I've lost my individuality

you're watching me rebel
believing stories only hearts can tell
but when is it enough?
when do I call my feelings on their bluff

and I feel homeless

and I remember us now
but I forgot what we felt like
somewhere along the way

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