Come Home

The Dismemberment Plan

Called in sick to work today, I couldn't have gotten a damn thing done anyhow.

Made myself some coffee and I listened to the rain rattling leaves, yeah.

I told myself there's nothing wrong and stared right through the paper for a long, long time

Stuck inside your dream so long it wears you down and grows you cold....and that's a fact

Cold light comes to clear the fog away from time to time....it'll be back soon

I used to think that justice had to rule for happy lives, but now I'm not so sure at all

Come home
Why don't you come home I could not remember why you left
And I'd rather been happy than right this time

Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba

Called my dad to check in and to maybe find some common sense...more or less

He says common sense is such a scam, and I'm like 'Dad, what do you mean?, oh'

He says you're either wrong or right and life will go on either way, whatever you chose....but I know...

That anger's all right..and bitterness no.

Cold uncontrollably sad, and unable to let it go.

And it should be as easy as telling a scab from a scar
Well I don't know (repeats x6)

Called in sick to work today I couldn't have gotten a damn thing done

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