

Coming Home

Frenzal Rhomb

I need to cut my fingernails
And I avoid reflections, they're not help to my cause
I quote a line from a movie that seems funny at the time
No, I won't say it again, I had a dream that I learnt to write
On the phone, I can't get the time right
On the next train when it comes, now I'm coming home
I get excited by an interesting moment
Then I liken it to something that I've heard of before
I try to censor all my senses at once
Resulting in the fact that I am terminally bored
I was born to stay awake
I don't want to think of how much more I can take
I'll catch the next train when it comes, now I'm coming home
I lay wake and I dream of sleep
Well, I'm no good with numbers, so I'm fucking all the sheep
My eyes are closed but my mine is closed too
I don't know what that means, so I won't say it again
Such a struggle to stay awake
Don't want to think of how much more I can take
I guess the bus is leaving soon, now I'm coming home
Enough said, too much room in my head
I'm missing all our dying plants
I miss the warm bed
A longing sense is so hard to attack
I think of all the good things, now I want to come back
I'm not complaining about the life I'm in
If I did, I wouldn't know where to begin
So I will shut up, turn on the light, now I'm coming home
Well, I'm on the next train when it comes, now I'm coming home
And I guess the bus is leaving soon, now I'm coming home

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