Tell Me Where It Hurts

Feeling Left Out

Indian...Indiana
Hours early, money burns holes in my pockets
One foot after the other, a ring
A phonecall from my mother"I know what was making me sick" said my mom
From across the country
And there's no delaying our voice from a thousand miles away
Though I wish there was
Just wait till i get home mom
And I'll show that sickness in your stomach
Who's boss momDon't worry about me
She said "Don't come home, finally living your dream now"
Phone falls into my pocket
My lungs feel the weight of the world now"I know what was making me sick" said my mom
From across the country
And there's no delaying our voices from a thousand miles away
Though I wish there was
Just wait till i get home mom
And I'll show that sickness in your stomach
Who's boss mom

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