

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 mom Don'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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