# This Is Home

## Caitlyn Bailey

We work and slave the day away.
We're raised in perfect families.
We fucking fight like vagabonds.
We dance like fucking animals.
Don't stop the band is coming on.
Rude boys and punks will shout along.
Police cars bring cuffs and loaded guns.
Kids scream but laughing as they run.
I-I-I, I-I-I, I-I-I hope, do you wanna
let go o-o-o, o-o-o
Cuz this is home.
Gunshots the punks are rioting.
The stage is slowly crumbling.
Smash doors and try to stay alive.

A few drinks and you look of broken light.
They'll hide and call the cavalry.
Let's dance in perfect harmony.
Get close the crowd will come apart.
That girl will try to make you hard.
I-I-I, I-I-I, I-I-I hope, do you wanna
Let go o-o-o, o-o-o, do you wanna
This time I-I-I, I-I-I, I hope you wanna
Let go o-o-o, o-o-o,
Cuz this is Home.
I-I-I, I-I-I, I-I-I hope, do you wanna
Let go o-o-o, o-o-o, do you wanna
This time I-I-I, I-I-I, I hope you wanna
Let go o-o-o, o-o-o,
Cuz this is Home.

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