

Home Is

Trophy Eyes

The tingle in your stomach when you find someone you used to know
Under random circumstance makes you feel a little less alone
The memories come flooding back
The lives you lived, and the hearts you broke
The times you felt safe in all the different area codes
Pack your bags, say your goodbyes
Find somewhere new to go
Make new friends who don't know anything about you
It all starts making sense when you never found what you were looking for
It's not a place but a person who feels like home
Packed my life into a single cardboard box
Stayed out my welcome not wanted anymore
I'll add this home to the path of destruction I know so well
New story new friends
New postcode no pain
It's always the same
The nothing feeling
Crack the door
Let the lights bleed in
I'm so poetic when I've been drinking
Your name's a thought on the tip of my tongue
A hand in my head and I came undone
I guess of nice to know nothing will change when I'm gone
I'll stay numb until my day in the sun
Crack the door
Let the lights bleed in
I'm so poetic when I've been drinking
I've got two legs over your arm rests
Cause I'm too tall for couch surfing
I fucking hate myself but I've got no scars on my forearms
I just can't sleep until I'm fucking wasted
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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