

# Go

## H2O

When you talk about your home life, I try to identify  
With my own memories, childhood life was such a breeze  
But now I'm slipping away from the boy my mother made  
I'm growing on but I hold on to the days that made me feel so  
Powerless and ignorant without a cent, without the sense to know  
That one day I would have to try to survive and go  
First time you gotta leave your home, second time you live  
alone  
Third time you just don't know, fourth time you gotta pack your life and go  
On the day my father died, I was too  
naive to cry  
Inside I was so unclear, I always thought he's reappear  
But now I'm slipping away from the lost child he made  
I'm growing but I hold on to his name and to the days  
Of innocence and selfishness, I find these things impossible to shake  
But I won't break, until I take, take a fucking chance and go

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