

Take It Home

Thin White Rope

I love your name, it's like a bad bad flame
and it's a burning thing and it's a goddamn shame

We can't follow this one home

I kiss the flies from your antelope eyes

In the dusty fields under yellow skies

But I can't take this one home

I can't take this one home...

Something moving in an airtight room

Doesn't age a movement for a year in a vacuum

But it dies on the way home

A lean hot love is sustained by drought

In the bright dry fields where they burn the wind out

The fire from my damp and sunlit home

I can't take this one home

I can't take this one home...

Lyrics submitted by Josh Mostek.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>