

American Music Club, Home

It's easy to leave
It's hard to stay behind and rest
With all the stupid things I believe
and watch my life drift like dust
I hope I make it to a warm heart
I hope that's where I belong
I hope I don't end up out of breath
Wherever the washed up are hung

I'm afraid of my own shadow because it's what I've become
Why do I waste my time with people who'll never love anyone?
My only sin, my only sin: I started hating my own skin
Home
Home
Home
I hope I make it home

I got lost and the road dragged on and on
I couldn't remember what I was chasing
No, or what I had become
I always thought my life looked much better at a distance
Now I'm just another set of eyes lost in the blur
and the only thing left in this world that bothers to hate me
is my pride
No one sees me, they don't need to to know I slipped away with the tide

Home
Home
Home
I hope I make it home
I got lost, I started hating my own skin