

The Good Life, You Don't Feel Like Home To Me

He sees her face
The highway signs
The traffic lights
And she's turning red
At a motel
On a double bed
He swears he feels her lying there

And she whispers in his ear
"You can't run away forever"
But sometimes
That feels like coming home to me anymore
It feels like coming home to me
But the further off I get

The more I get upset
I could never make it home

She sees his face
In the sweat-stained sheets
The dirty cups
They keep on piling up
In the backyard
So overgrown
In the dandelions
They peek through the cracks in the patio
She swears she hears the phone
But she only gets a dial-tone
So she imagines what'd she say:

"If you feel like coming home to me sometime
Yeah, if you feel like coming home to me
I'll be waiting at the door
There is nothing to be sorry for
So why can't you come home?
Don't you feel like coming home to me anymore?
You don't feel like coming home to me?"

That's the game you choose
But you don't have to play the loser