

The Hellcopters, A Heart Without Home

Such a long while now
Since my highs dropped to lows
You know the sad part is
It's starting to show
That I ain't been quite myself now
For quite a long time
What looked like a thousand bucks
Now turned out a dime

It's getting cold babe
I've been shivering for days
Not exactly lost
But I have still to find my way
As folks did before me
I guess that I'll roam
But the further I stray now
I wish things weren't so

I've got a heart without home
I sure ain't getting wiser
But I feel I'm growing old
I'm stuck here and I'm freezing
I don't know what to know
Back to where I came from
Is where I need to go

What's claimed as logic
Strike me as absurd
Down right paranoid
Might even be the word
With no method to their madness
And heavy on a roll
It will take whole lotta hard work
And a little more soul

I've got a heart without home
I sure ain't getting wiser
But I feel I'm growing old
I'm stuck here and I'm freezing
I don't know what to know
Back to where I came from
Is where I need to go