

Tribe, Daddys Home

(Terri)

When he's not home

Means we move around as we please

But when he gets home the blood that's in my head will
freeze

A big bottle's empty

Another one is still full

And when that's all gone someone's sure to get it
in the end

And when he's home he's home it's not a home

It's just a madhouse anyway

It's two o'clock

Mom says we can stay home again

But at six o'clock we'd rather be at school
again

A hand looms higher

Than a little face, it's 'cause

He knows this child wishes he wasn't here
today