

# Benjamin Gibbard & Andrew Kenny, You Remind

1, 2, 3, 4

you remind me of home  
the paint cracks when the water leaks  
from the rusty pipes that are just beneath my feet  
you remind me of home  
the heaters warm, that fills the room  
with a of potpouri of dust and gas fumes

you remind me of home  
a broken bed, with dirty sheets  
that creaks when i am shifting in my sleep  
you remind me of home

in a suburban town, with nothing to do  
patiently waiting for something to happen  
but the foundation is crumbling  
becoming one with the ground  
while you lay there in slumber

you're wasting your life  
wasting your life  
you're wasting your life  
wasting your life  
you're wasting you're life  
wasting your life  
you're wasting your life  
wasting your life  
wasting your life

you remind me of home, sitting on a thrift store couch  
I'm trying to get this all down

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