

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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