

# Bird York, Come Home

Long day  
stabbing at shadows  
blank eyed, just staring out windows  
he's gone, left me again  
same song on permanent repeat,  
a Big Dog on a thin leash, these thoughts,  
have got me lost and wondering  
where he's been  
and who he's kissing  
Come home  
Come home, stop wandering  
come home,  
back to the home of me  
Just like a nicotine addict  
I'm craving drama for my fix  
my past has seized the day  
filling the silence with static,  
sifting through his shiny garbage  
I can't win the war  
when I'm fighting myself  
with the shells of my own thinking  
Come home  
Come home, stop wandering  
come home, back to the home of me  
home, safe inside of my tiny prayers  
nothing out there can harm me  
Come home  
Come home, this tortures me  
come home, back to the  
home of me