

# Breaking Benjamin, Home

I've got a little red bow  
And I bought it for you  
'Cause I know you're not fair  
I don't get it, oh well  
And you color my skin  
And the colors don't blend  
'Cause I'm gonna get you  
And your little dog too

There's a yellow brick road  
That we follow back home  
And I know you can't wait  
Your belligerent hate

There's no place like home  
There's no place like... home  
Like  
Home

I've got a southern belle too  
In her ruby-red shoes  
With a body of straw  
Are you sick of it all?  
There's a man made of tin  
With an oil-can grin  
And I'm gonna get you  
And your little dog too

There's a yellow brick road  
That we follow back home  
And I know you can't wait  
Your belligerent hate

There's no place like home  
There's no place like home

There's a little white porch  
And you wanted it so  
Can you let me go down  
To the end of the road?  
In the black and the white  
A technicolorful life  
Can I stand by your side?  
We can make it alright

I'm home

'Cause I'm home  
There's a little white porch  
And you wanted it so  
Can you let me go down  
To the end of the road?  
In the black and the white  
A technicolorful life  
Then another arrived  
It's a cowardly lion

What I want from this world  
What I want to resolve  
Well, I want you to stay  
So I want you to wait  
I wanna be bold  
I wanna be cold  
I wanna grow old

I wanna go home