

Christina Perri, home

take me back to my room
on mechanicsville road
with the drawings and flowers all over the walls
my mom downstairs pushing all of our problems under the rug

my friends coming round on a friday night
cause they know i got cigarettes and homemade wine
we walk around side streets just killin time
fallin in love

and i'm sitting here at this party
everyone's talking too loud
nobody here even sees me
can we go right now

oh won't you take me home
oh won't you take me home

la's fine when the sun does shine
but i wanna go back to the eastern time
to the people i know
to the people you don't
so won't you take me home

i wanna go back to the moment in time
with the windows down
driving i-95
singing counting crows
trying to drown out the sounds
of my mind

i hate everyone at this party
cause they're so in love with themselves
nobody here understands me i wish i was somewhere else

so won't you take me home
so won't you take me home

and new york's fine in the summertime
but i wanna be far from the city lights
with the people i know
and the people you don't
so won't you take me home
won't you take me home

i don't belong at this party
i don't belong in this town
i need to go back where i started
can i leave right now

oh wont you take me home
oh wont you take me home
oh won't you take me home