

Cold, Back Home

When she walks into the room
They look up to see her face
All the glitter falls on her
And the rooms her stage
Dont you think youve had enough
Do their claws make sores
Take my hand and come away
And ill take you home

I wont turn around, cant be afraid
Takin you all the way back home
Innocence gone, cant be the same
Takin you all the way back home

Will the world still be the same
Even if your gone
When the pillars start to fade
And the rooms just walls
Dont you think youve had enough
Do there claws make sores
Take my hand and come away
(And I'll take you home)

Dont you think youve had enough
Whats the gun there for
Take my hand and fly away
And I'll take you home
Dont you think youve had enough
Whats the gun there for
Take my hand and come away
And I'll take you