

Electronic, Gangster

It's not the way that you would listen
Or the way you comb your hair
It's the fact that you are missing
How I feel when you're not there
I went through all the months of January
Locked up in this cell
I'd like to be at home, but on my own
I didn't do too well

Look at me, I always get the blame
But I can't even learn to spell my name
I like to read, I like to write
But where I live I learn to fight
So don't you ever say that we're the same

I don't need a doctor telling me I'm full of juice
It's not a statement that I'm making, but the plain and simple truth
I went through all the months of January
Locked up in my cell
I'd like to think of home, when I'm alone
It doesn't work too well