

# Frenzal Rhomb, Coming Home

I need to cut my fingernails,  
And I avoid reflections they're not help to my cause,  
I quote a line from a movie that seems funny at the time,  
No I won't say it again, I had a dream that I learnt to write,  
on the phone I can't get the time right,  
On the next train when it comes now I'm coming home,  
I get excited by an interesting moment,  
Then I liken it to something that I've heard of before,  
I try to censor all my senses at once resulting in the fact that I am terminally bored,  
I was born to stay awake, I don't want to think of how much more I can take,  
I'll catch the next train when it comes,  
Now I'm coming home, I lay wake and I dream of sleep,  
Well I'm no good with numbers so I'm fucking all the sheep,  
My eyes are closed but my mine is closed too,  
I don't know what that means so I won't say it again,  
Such a straggle to stay awake, don't want to think of how much more I can take,  
I guess the bus is leaving soon, now I'm coming home.

Enough said, too much room in my heard, I'm missing all our dying plants,  
I miss the warm bed, a longing sense is so hard to attack,  
I think of all the good things now I want to comes back,  
I'm not complaining about the life I'm in,  
If I did I wouldn't know where to begin,  
So I will shut up, turn on the light, now I'm coming home  
Well I'm on the next train when it comes, now I'm coming home,  
And I guess the bus is leaving soon, now I'm coming home.