

# Garbage, Happy Home

In my happy home I barely breathe  
In my lovers arms I find relief  
And there's a sky that's changing and a bird that sings  
I never once in my wayward life was heading to run out

In my lovers arms I wait for morning  
I beg my god to speak and tear me apart  
I'd lay down my body I'd lay down my arms  
I never once in my sweet short life meant anybody harm

In my happy home I read the signs  
In my lovers arms I move in time  
There's no more crying and there's no more lies  
I never once in my sweet short life was waiting for desire

And there's no more crying  
And there's no more pain  
I never thought for one second I'd have nothing left but shame

In my happy home I barely breathe  
I never once in my wayward life was heading to run out