

Her Space Holiday, Home Is Where You Hang Yo

I don't like the way that I've been
So unfeeling and full of sin
Trying hard but you can hardly tell
Home is where you hang yourself

Four months and seven days
You're still here and I'm amazed
I'm not a victim, I victimize
Tell me you love me, but there's hate in your eyes

And I'll be good
And I'll be fair
Just give me a chance
Let me know you care
I'll take it back
And make amends
The way it used to be
The best of friends