

# Home Grown, Tomorrow

Awake at ground zero,  
Another day wasting away,  
Nothing seems to matter,  
'Cause nothing's ever changed.

California dreamin',  
Has never meant that much to me,  
When living in this nightmare,  
Comes so easily.

Holding on...  
When I don't belong...

If this is right, then I can't go wrong,  
Holding on...  
But I know right now I'll never make it.

Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow,  
And figure out where to begin.  
Maybe I won't feel so hollow,  
But I'm pretty sure that I'll be sleeping in.

Days seem like they're decades,  
And minutes pass like years gone by,  
Still I sit here wasting,  
The time of my life.

California dreamin',  
Will never mean that much to me,  
And you will never understand,  
How it feels to be...

Holding on...  
When you don't belong...

When you don't feel right,  
But it's all you got...

Holding on...  
But I'm pretty sure I'll never make it.

Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow,  
And figure out where to begin.  
And maybe I won't feel so hollow...

It's 3 A.M.,  
(It's 3 A.M.)  
It feels like these stone walls are caving in.

Please tell me I'm not alone  
(I'm not alone...)  
'Cause I'm tired of sleeping in!  
(Whoa!)  
Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow...  
(Whoa!)  
And figure out where to begin...  
(Whoa!)  
Maybe I won't feel so hollow,  
But I'm pretty sure I'll be sleeping in.