Kind Of Like Spitting, Just Broken

Take me home tonight, halfway there, we'll fight.
I'll be wrong, I'll be wrong.
Take me home tonight. Grab my arm.
From your house, to the car.
While I change your sheets, I'd rather be changing your life.
I change my pants. Preparation to change my residence.
Take me home tonight, halfway there, we'll fight.
I'll be wrong, I'll be wrong.