

Lindsay Robins, Home

You're so much prettier when you smile
I didn't teach you to be angry
You don't know how lucky you are
Some day you'll thank me

Doesn't matter if I'm depressed
You make sure my face is dressed
With a smile that won't express
What's inside is such a mess

Home is such a happy place
You can lose your mask
You can show your face
Why does it leave such a bitter taste
Home
Home is where the heart breaks

You're so twisted when you fake it
Am I the only one who sees
You never wanted me to make it
Maybe if I said please

Doesn't matter if I'm good
Do everything that I should
You'd slit me if you could
What's wrong with you I'm your blood

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(Home is where the heart breaks)

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