

Manchester Orchestra, Now That You'Re Home

Sweet Jesus I swear that I love you, no matter what the chariot says.
I'm biased and by this I'll judge you on weakness wrapped up in my own innocence
And I think that's fine.

My God you look so much different. From mirrors you looked like fool.
And your skin taste much better with aging not sweet like it was back in our Sunday school.

Just wait, don't go. We're gonna see if this bad boy can fly

Just wait, don't go. We're gonna see if this bad boy can fly

We're gonna see if this bad boy can fly

We're gonna see if this bad boy can fly

Cause I heard that it can after all.

Now that you're home won't you rescue me?

I've been trying so hard to be good again

Now that you're home won't you rescue me?

I've been trying so hard to be good

Now that you're home won't you rescue me?

I've been trying so hard to be good again

Now that you're home won't you rescue me?

I've been trying pretty hard to be good

Well now that you're home I can see again, I can see again

Now that you're home I can see again, God I can see