

# Radical Face, Homesick

Well, I left my home on hollow bones  
While you were curled and sleeping  
And I wandered far beneath a concrete star  
And slept along the highways

But even though I am lost all the time  
I've got hooks in my sides that you left there  
But you're not the same, you died along the way  
Now we're ghosts and we're praying for winter

Well, I found a wheel that squeaks and squeals  
And I left it on your doorstep  
Because I heard that you might be broken, too  
And I thought it'd keep you company

But even though I am lost all the time  
I've got hooks in my sides that you left there  
But you're not the same, you died along the way  
Now we're ghosts and we're praying for winter