

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