

Real Friends, I've Never Been Home

White knuckles and sleepy eyes
That's how you and I grew up, that's how we grew apart
You've got some big expectations
Hiding in that small mid-western town that you call home

It's been twenty something years and I've never been home
I don't even know who the hell I am anymore

I'm really just a kid who's stuck with all the fucked up stuff that comes with life
There's nights I think about how there's someone else that feels how I do
It helps to think I'm not alone.