

Shivaree, Stealing Home

I don't need more light
I just need the phone
Got my bags and my tags
I'm driving home
You say I'm meaner
I know I'm bled
So you hold your tongue and
I'll hold my head

Stealing home

I don't need more rest
I just need a light
What a mess, let me guess
I'll be alright
Look at this party
I'll get them fed
Then you hold your gun
And I'll go to bed

Stealing home

Doesn't it bother you?
You know that it's true
That I just can't take you anywhere
Anyway

Empty out your desk
I'll see you outside
İs she stuck?
Pick her up, give her a ride
I took all the quarters
Paid off some debt
We bent all the corners
Just before we left

Stealing home