

Spitvalves, Second Home

Broken glass
Haulin' ass
I'm out at last
Going wherever
Forever
Returning, for only what is mine
At the right time, at the right time

CHORUS:
When I, I've got
When I've got no place else to go
I'll head away, try to find my home away from home

Locked inside
Forever we will ride
Always moving, maybe one day proving
Not to ourselves
That's the book on the shelf
Covered in dust
But please if you must, leave it to us

CHORUS

Returning, for only what is mine
Forever, forever we will ride
Locked inside
Going wherever
Forever

CHORUS