

# The 7th Guest, Questions

Falling down like a puzzle,  
You leave home  
And when nothing is going to plan,  
When somebody's holding you down,  
When nobody knows you by name,  
I'll be there  
I'll be there, waiting for you to come home.

Where did you bury my soul?  
How did you steal my head?  
When are you coming back home?  
To me  
To me