

The Boy Who Trapped The Sun, Home

Home is where you lay your head.
My head lies between the cracks.
Red lights lead to wasted days.
Maybe I better put till' all my days.

Oh, the city's not a home.
But it's somewhere to get alone.

Maybe I'm lying to myself.
I'm not a grapher, I'm not on that of earth.
I have a habit that's a full time occupation.
Cause the grass is always greener when you can't see the garden.

Oh, the city's not a home.
But it's somewhere to get alone.
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But it's somewhere to get alone