

The Classic Crime, Far From Home

I've got a bad taste in me
It's like I've been robbed of something that I once was in my childhood memories
And it's buried in sandboxes backyard where we used to see
That dreams could come true if believed
The sidewalks scream our names
We are so far from home
Far from home
I've got a bad pain in my heart
It's like the first time I looked in your eyes
The first time it all feel apart
And it's buried in sandboxes backyard where we used to see
That dreams could come true if believed
The sidewalks scream our names
We are so far from home
Far from home
But now we are so far from home
Far from home
All I have is words
To which I must lay
I scribble them down
Hoping they'll save me
But I'm lost
I'm so lost
These pages will burn
And I will pass away
Yesterday is gone
And I just can't shake
The fact that I'm lost
I'm so lost
But now we are so far from home
Far from home
Now we are so far from home
Far from home
(x3)