

Frenzal Rhomb, Coming Home

I need to cut my fingernails,
And I avoid reflections they're not help to my cause,
I quote a line from a movie that seems funny at the time,
No I won't say it again, I had a dream that I learnt to write,
on the phone I can't get the time right,
On the next train when it comes now I'm coming home,
I get excited by an interesting moment,
Then I liken it to something that I've heard of before,
I try to censor all my senses at once resulting in the fact that I am terminally bored,
I was born to stay awake, I don't want to think of how much more I can take,
I'll catch the next train when it comes,
Now I'm coming home, I lay wake and I dream of sleep,
Well I'm no good with numbers so I'm fucking all the sheep,
My eyes are closed but my mine is closed too,
I don't know what that means so I won't say it again,
Such a straggle to stay awake, don't want to think of how much more I can take,
I guess the bus is leaving soon, now I'm coming home.

Enough said, too much room in my heard, I'm missing all our dying plants,
I miss the warm bed, a longing sense is so hard to attack,
I think of all the good things now I want to comes back,
I'm not complaining about the life I'm in,
If I did I wouldn't know where to begin,
So I will shut up, turn on the light, now I'm coming home
Well I'm on the next train when it comes, now I'm coming home,
And I guess the bus is leaving soon, now I'm coming home.