

Suitcase For A Home

The Parlotones

I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed
Boredom has rendered me a narcoleptic head
Groundhog day is here to stay
As the band begins to play
I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed

I'm struggling to sleep without these rolling tyres and streets
Whiskey, women and wine are the only friends we meet
It's peculiar how we shape the rules when we're following our dreams
I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed

The bars are all the same, only the accents change
Man I've seen the world looking through a windowpane
I hope we reach our dreams before we all fall down dead
I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed

I kiss my love goodbye, I wipe the moisture from her cheeks
I say "I'll see every night, my dear, in the place we call our dreams"
She says "It's not the point, honey. I sleep better when I hear you breathe."
You and me and this place is what I call my dreams"
I say "I take you everywhere darling, I hope that you believe"
I kiss my love goodbye to the coffin I must heed

I guess the world's in fact my home, my dreams, my bed
There's nothing in this world I'd rather do instead
Forget about the sadness in the words you may have read
I got the world for a home and my dreams for a bed (2x)