

## Emerson

Annie DiRusso

Baptized by a pedophile  
In a church that reeks of oak and death  
My parents raised a happy child  
In the house at the bottom of Emerson

Now every time I go home  
All I do is sleep  
I don't know what kind of twisted hold  
My childhood bedroom has on me

When I finally feel like I've moved on  
I keep ending up back where I was  
Guess I've never escaped this for too long  
It's the morning, I'm just waking up

Oh, I've got a bad feeling  
All the wrong things are turning me on  
So I'll fix my eyes on the ceiling  
And pretend that I like this a lot  
(I actually like this a lot)  
While lying in my bed, you said  
"I'll never meet anyone like you"  
Well, I just laughed it off at the time  
But now I'm terrified that it's not true

When I finally feel like I've moved on  
I keep ending up back where I was  
Guess I've never escaped you for too long  
It's the morning, I'm just waking up  
So I'll get out of bed, put my shoes on  
All my bookshelves are covered in dust  
Guess I've never escaped me for too long  
Guess I've only ever been who I was

Only ever been who I was