# Basement

**Bastille**

Greyhound, Megabus, clothes in a plastic bag,
From shelter to shelter, six kids with no dad.
She left the city for a better life,
Ran to a small town where the population was mostly white.
Racial undertones, trying to get back home,
With barely enough to keep shirts on my backbone.
Now ain't this real life, numb to what pain feel like.
Demons knocking like the sound of steel pipes.
Same lady who gave birth never left my hometown
But she the reason I travelled the earth.
Locked the door, my uncle's going through her purse.
"Wake your brother up, they're giving free meals at church."
And I can't justify how my daddy could black your eye,
Now my sister can't trust a guy.
We never had much, but we had us,
And my brother found home in a pair of handcuffs.

How am I gonna get myself back home?
I-I-I, I-I-I, I-I-I

The sound of bullets bounce as I write raps in the kitchen
Daddy in a cell trying to hold his ambition
Witness the transition from a boy to a martyr
Sell dope but go to school to be a barber
The ghetto's like a prison, you locked but you still living
Barely breathing up until if you're leaving
But home is where the hate is,
And my cousin ain't thirty yet but she's got eight kids
Half look up to me, but the other half rarely fuck with me
'Cause apparently, they think I see myself as better
I see my songs as simply therapy
Now let's go back to that whole Greyhound bus bit
Mama worked there for old white folks, wiping up shit,
Tryna save ships, now close your eyes and envision
How she turned a bus ride, into a spaceship

My home is comprised of many elements
Grandaddy was a junkie and found home in a needle filled with daily medicine
Home is far less based on physicality,
(The birds are mocking me)
But embracing the mentality that you can turn even the harshest conditions i
nto an optimistic galaxy
(They call to be heard)
Come home daddy, it's okay now
(The birds are mocking me)
All the tears are dried up, mama's in a better place now
No guns unless they're video games
(They curse my return)
But there's a darker side to sex, rock and roll and cocaine
Come home

How am I gonna get myself back home
I, I, I am lost

From the basement, to the ceiling
Going back home to replace this feeling

From the basement, to the ceiling
Going back home to replace this feeling


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