

This Is Home

Cavetown

Often I am upset that I cannot fall in love but I guess
This avoids the stress of falling out of it
Are you tired of me yet? I'm a little sick right now but I swear
When I'm ready I will fly us out of here

Ooh... I'll cut my hair
Ooh... to make you stare
Ooh... I'll hide my chest
And I'll figure out a way to get us out of here

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Turn off your porcelain face, I can't really think right now in
this place
There's too many colours enough to drive all of us insane
Are you dead? sometimes I think I'm dead
Cause I can feel ghosts and ghouls wrapping my head
But I don't wanna fall asleep just yet

Ooh... my eyes went dark
Ooh... I don't know where
Ooh... my pupils are
But I'll figure out a way to get us out of here

Get a load of this monster
He doesn't know how to communicate
His mind is in a different place
Will everybody please give him a little bit of space
Get a load of this train-wreck
His hair's a mess and he doesn't know who he is yet
But little do we know, the stars
Welcome him with open arms

Ooh... time is
Ooh... slowly
Ooh... tracing his face
But strangely he feels at home in this place