

Going Home

dandelion hands

You don't see me like I see you
You don't see me crystal clear anymore
Anymore

You don't see me like I see you
Still black and blue from the times before
Before

So I'm packing my bags
I heard the city was nice and loud

I need something to distract me
From what you've put in my head, a new definition
For maybe

I'm not going home, I'm not going home
I'm not going home, I'm not going home
Oh no, I'm not going home
Oh no, I'm not going home