I now know no romantic situation
Will won in success, nothing
Can make me happy
No rose gardens for me
That's not self pity, no
That's the truth, yes that's the truth

Nowhere is home to me Nowhere is home to me

I was born here of an Irish family
But that in itself is not too good for me
Because national identity won't fulfill me
I don't fit that kind of all the pagin I read
Oh no that is not me
That's just not me

Nowhere is home to me Nowhere is home to me

I don't know oh, where I belong
I've been all over this great big hell
I never thought there's a place where I could be
But, it's a lie, it's a filthy lie

Nowhere is home to me Nowhere is home to me

No place in the country
There's no kind of city
Not a college ring for me
It doesn't have appeal for me
I gotta be what I believe I can't be
Anybody else'
I just gotta be myself
Take your Irish stereotype and shove it up your ass
Not what I want for me
I am a T bird that is she's not for me
And now I'm gonna be free
Come on
Everybody say

I want to be everything, I wanna be the man of my dreams And I can't be a fucking stereotype
But it's lonely being here and living this fight
But I won't give in
I will not cave in
Until I become free
Until I become free

Ayay, ayay, ayay ah I will become free Ayay, ayay, ayay ah I will become free Yes, yes
Ayay, ayay, ayay ah Tisting pincky ayay ah Tisting pincky ayay ah