

When you talk about your homelife
I try to identify
With my own memories
Childhood life was such a breeze
But now i'm slipping away
From the boy my mother made
I'm growing on, but i hold on
To the days that made me fell so
Powerless and ignorant
Without a cent, without the sense to know
That one day i would have to try
To survive and go

First time you gotta leave your home
Second time you live alone
Third time you just don't know

Fourth time you gotta pack your life and go

On the day my father died
I was too naive to cry
Inside i was so unclear
I always thought he's reappear
But now i'm slipping away
From the lost child he made
I'm growing but i hold on
To his name and to the days of
Innocence and selfishness
I find these things impossible to shake
But i won't break, until i take
Take a f*ckingg chance and go