

Go Home

Julien Baker

I went walking again
I'll go out and forget to tell any of my friends where I'm going
I'm just drunk on the side of the road in a ditch when you find me
I wanna go home, but I'm sick
There's more whiskey than blood in my veins
More tar than air in my lungs
The strung out call I make
Burned down on the edge of the highway
"I'm sorry for asking, but please, come take me home"

I quit talking again
But I know you're still listening to see if I sleep or I pierce my skin
Needles to the worn out rags
The folds in my arms, the sickening black
And I haven't been taking my meds
Lock all the cabinets, send me to bed
Cause I know you're still worried I'm gonna get scared
Cause I'm alone again and I don't like the things I see

And I haven't been taking my meds
So lock all the cabinets, and send me to bed
Cause I know you're still worried I'm gonna get scared again
And make my insides clean with your kitchen bleach
But I've kissed enough bathroom sinks to make up for the lovers that never loved me
And I know my body is just dirty clothes;
I'm tired of washing my hands
God, I wanna go home