

## Home

Kill It Kid

I remember the clashing of tongues  
Second-hand smoke like rust in my lungs  
But when the darkness preys at your door  
Your home can be a home no more

I've pleaded for sick men and liars  
Treat them like sweethearts, my hands in the fire  
But when her clothes were cast to our floor  
My home could be a home no more

Lord what's to be given  
Make damn sure it's given to me

Lord what's to be given  
Make damn sure it's given to me

Lord what's to be given  
Make damn sure it's given  
Damn sure it's given to me  
Damn sure it's given to me  
Don't you take him away from me

I still hear the birds through the back door  
Still see the rain wet toys on the lawn  
As the darkness preys at your door  
Your home can be a home no more  
Your home can be a home no more