

# Home

Mac DeMarco

These days I'd much rather be on my own  
No more walking those streets that I once called my home  
Because down every lane there are faces and names  
That have memories attached that I'd sooner let go

Sooner than I'd go home again  
Sooner than I'd go home again  
Sooner than I'd go home again  
Sooner than I'd go home again

I never called, let our friendship dissolve  
Now my welcome's worn out and your hate for me's grown  
To the point when I try to amend all the lies  
All those memories return that I'd sooner let go

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