

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

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