

Not Coming Home

MATOMA

Please don't call my phone right now
'Cause I don't wanna answer
I'm too busy drinkin' and I'm talking to this dancer
If I pick up I know all you wanna do is argue
I don't, no, I don't

Don't know why you think you got me wrapped around your finger
Maybe it's the cigarettes the limes and all the liquor
Girl I hate to say it if you thought that I would miss you
I don't, no

I'm not coming home
Now
Don't wait up too long
Now
Out here on my own
Now
I'm not coming home
I'm not coming home
Now
Don't tell me to slow down
Order me one more
Round
'Cause I'm not coming home
I'm not coming home
Yeah
I'm not coming home
Yeah

They say that you don't know what you got until it's missin'
Girl I tried to hell you but you never fuckin' listen
You ain't gettin' nowhere if you always burn your bridges
I don't, no, I don't

Why we even talkin' right now I don't have the patience
All my friends are with me so I should be gettin' wasted
Who wants to spend all this time on pointless conversations
I don't, no

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