

When my mothers acting looney  
& the neighbors throw shit at me  
& i tell myself i'm crazy  
cuz im still chocking myself willfully

why go home?

when i write is when i'm happy  
but someone's always screaming at me  
& the girls all think i'm wacky  
but i'm choking myself willfully

why go home?  
ive got no knife.

when im stuck in psychotherapy  
& i pop the shit they give me  
all y stories keep 'em busy  
& i'm cloaking myslef skillfully

why go home?

sometimes i forget im davey  
& i wake up naked, shaved, & hazy  
& they tell me that im crazy.  
well, i dont need them to forgive me

why go home?  
i've got no knife.