

# Home

Professor Green

I'm sick of all the problems problems  
Been drinking too often often  
I've been staying out late out late  
I know I said that I'd be home  
But can I even call it home?  
When I don't even feel at home  
Can I even call it

Can I even call it home it's like a war-zone when you're in it  
But I rattle about in it when I'm here all alone  
Tidy room tidy mind but you leave the whole room a mess  
I'm sick of being a pin cushion for you when you was stressed  
Too many nights I've made my bed laid in in and lied in it  
I could pretend I'm better but really who am I to kid?  
I ain't any better my behaviour's just as foul as yours  
Windows rattling from slamming doors as you get out your claws

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But I rattle about in it when I'm here all alone  
Tidy room tidy mind but you leave the whole house a mess  
I'd rather be out the house she'd like me under house arrest  
To think I bought the house to nest  
Security and bricks and mortar  
But this is torture I resent you and everything I bought ya  
Personality disorder potentially borderline  
You think I'm bipolar we're so up and down all the time

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But I rattle about in it when I'm here all alone  
Tidy room tidy mind but you left my whole world a state  
What a twisted turn of fate we're born of love but learn to hate  
And I really can't take the stress I'd rather spend my days alone  
Not waste away, the day you left was the day the house became a home

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