

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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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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