

## Take Me Home

Russian Red

It's your guitar that discovers you wild  
for all I can see is the dark of a sky  
and the plumbs in a glass jar of wine.

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
how I got here, but now you...

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
how I subsist with candled up nights and pure spirits I  
don't know how you dragged me here.

And it's my guitar that discovers me blind  
for all I can see is the clarity side  
and the bones someone spat  
on the trash from the plumbs...

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
how I got here, but now you...

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
how I subsist with candled up nights and pure spirits I  
don't know how you dragged me here.

If you can call the name of our hope  
that probably means I'm not there.  
Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know  
how...