

Hate It Here

Sam Barber

Shaky breathing, subtle speaking, it ain't fierce but it shows
'Cause aimless meaning, Sheetrock and ceiling have turned me in
to a ghost

Endless working, concrete poured in, it all sinks to my chest
Burn the curtains 'cause I'm fairly certain there's only darkne
ss ahead

And I can't escape the way
That you say I've changed
And now I hate the way
That you say my name

All I am and all I was is all I hear
I'd give all just to turn back the years
Where I've been, what I've done is what I fear
Most days, I hate it here
Well, I hate it here

Pictures hanging hung up by shameless ways that I'd never show
Bone-dry, ran through, I can't even blame you for trading me fo
r my ghost

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