

## Never Here

Thousand Below

And now I lost the feeling.  
Why do I feel like home was never here?  
And now I lost the feeling.  
Why do I feel like home was never here?

Do you see the paint chipping off the walls?  
Marks of anger, marks of love.  
Will I remember this at all?

Why does it happen every time I leave,  
weighing the cost of the life I lead.  
I want to be everywhere I'm not,  
paying the price of the world I see.

And now I lost the feeling.  
Why do I feel like home was never here?  
And now I lost the feeling.  
Why do I feel like home was never here?

Do you see the paint chipping off the walls?  
Marks of anger, marks of love.  
Will I remember this?

Do you see the paint chipping off the walls?

And now I lost the feeling.  
Why do I feel like home was never here?  
And now I lost the feeling.  
Why do I feel like home was never here?  
(Home was never here.)