

Good to be back where I'm nothing to no one
Men shaking hands at the station
Scoured the country for a reason I should try
I met a girl on borrowed time, read her letter, crying at the port in Dublin

And the snow was falling
Honest, I was gonna call it
But all I know is to get up, holding on with a mouth full of blood

I guess now the light is showing
I've got no concept of how much I owe but
I was always going to pay you back
Hopelessly devoted to a construct of something to show
Never really knowing what I have

Tried to be free, not to need godless England
Holding the sleeve of the kingpin
Now, if you leave, I'll sell my teeth and crawl back home
Call me the prodigal son
But I was always where I'm from

Now the light is showing
I've got no concept of how long I've known that life was always going to be unfair
Hopelessly devoted to a construct of somewhere to go
When I am getting older and I'm scared

And I'm scared I will wreck it on purpose
I don't think you deserve it
First you're stern, then you're sorry
Saying stay in your body
Won't you stay in your body
Can you stay in your body with me?

Now the light is showing
Now the light is showing