

Stitches

Wild Child

I don't feel well
I don't feel right
I doubt I make it through the night
And she swore the stitches wouldn't stay
And goodnight from far away

She said I spoke with a tongue of spears last night
My words so unclear
And she said she hates when I get that way
But it's how I stay safe

And I want to come home
Cuz' I miss your bones
And I'm sick and tired
Of always sleeping alone
And I need to come back
Cuz' the road's to hard
To many sinners
And to many bars

I hope these wall are paper thin
My untied tie
My mouth full of gin
N' I hope that this mirror is a lie
Cuz' I don't recognize that guy
Well I flew the coop
Well I missed the mark
What's important now
Is that I have lost
And while I whittle days away
All I can say
Is I want you here
Now let's share a smoke
Why aren't you here
N' I miss your folks
I swear I can't wait around no more
And this town is such a bore

And I want to come home
Cuz' I miss your bones
And I'm sick and tired
Of always sleeping alone
And I need to come back
Cuz' the road's to hard (hard)
To many sinners
And to many bars

(alright let's go)

Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba da-ba-ba-ba-ba
Da-ba-da-ba-ba da-ba-ba-ba-ba
Ba-da-ba-da-da-ba-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da

Shoo-sha-shoo-sha-we
Shoo-sha-shoo-sha-wa
Shoo-sha-shoo-sha-we

La-ta-da-ta-da
La-ta-da-da-da-da-da-da
La-da-da-da-da-da-da

And you said dear your stitches will stay
As long as your away
So come back home
Really soon