

# 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 too hard  
To many sinners  
And to many bars

I hope these walls 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 too 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-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