

Rest

Yerin Baek

Waiting for going home feels like a thousand hours
Going on the way home feels like a thousand miles
Maybe, wanna just get along in work
But it seems like it never works
Imma get some bottles of beers on the way back home

Oh, I just wanna be free
Off the ground, off the wall and I

I wanna be somewhere like no need to be clear
No need to be explaining
I just wanna rest

I wanna be somewhere like, really fluffy couch
No need any words
No complain, no watching

Waiting for the weekend comes feels like the time is frozen
Everybody's asking If I got plans for the night
But sure, I know they don't really wonder
And I'm sure I'll be home alone
Imma rent some classic movies, on the way back home

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